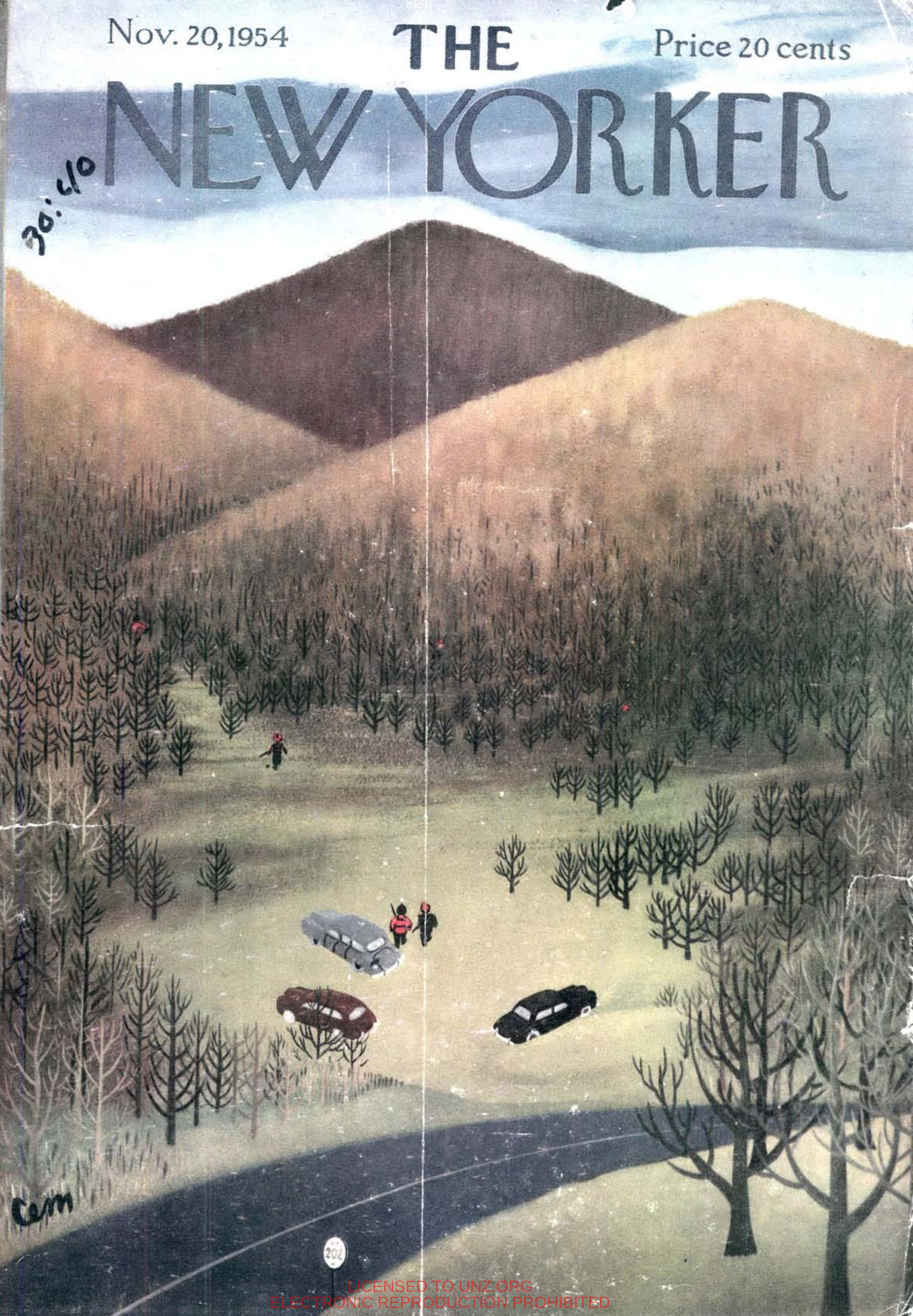
Nov. 20, 1954

THE NEW YORKER

Price 20 cents

30:40



Leave winter behind like magic . . .
Fly TWA to the SUN

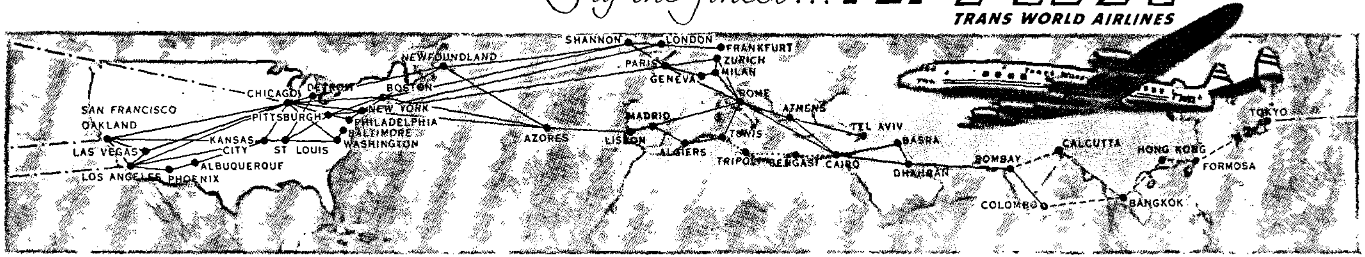
There's no trick to it . . . anyone can do it! With a TWA Skyliner to assist you, it's *presto,* and away you go, leaving winter's ice and snow far behind. With a week off, or even a long weekend, you can take in *days* of sun and fun and rest in Phoenix, Las Vegas or Southern California . . . return home with a bounce in your step, a point of view that's new. Think you'd like it? It's easy to arrange and costs less than you think when you take advantage of TWA's low, *low* Sky Tourist fares. So call TWA today.

Go now . . . pay later with TWA's new TIME PAY PLAN!

Why put off and dream? Take off and go! You simply pay 10% down . . . take a year or more to pay the balance in equal monthly installments. And under TWA's TIME PAY PLAN, no collateral or co-signer is required. There's no delay of any kind!

Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your TWA travel agent. If more convenient, write TWA "Skyliner Holidays," 380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Fly the finest . . . **FLY TWA**
TRANS WORLD AIRLINES


SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
LAS VEGAS
LOS ANGELES
PHOENIX
ALBUQUERQUE
KANSAS CITY
ST LOUIS
CHICAGO
DETROIT
PITTSBURGH
BOSTON
NEW YORK
PHILADELPHIA
BALTIMORE
WASHINGTON
NEWFOUNDLAND
AZORES
SHANNON
LONDON
PARIS
FRANKFURT
ZURICH
MILAN
GENEVA
ROME
MADRID
LISBON
ALGIERS
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
BENGASI
CAIRO
ATHENS
TEL AVIV
BASRA
DHAHRAN
BOMBAY
COLOMBO
CALCUTTA
BANGKOK
HONG KONG
FORMOSA
TOKYO

SHARLAND

Peignoir Coat in Southwest African Persian Lamb

Our beautiful free-flowing coat,
cut on the lovely, easy lines of a peignoir,
in black-dyed Southwest African Persian Lamb,
light in weight, the skins tight-curled,
glossy, soft as silk.
An all-day, every-day beauty.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK 19
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 25. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anniversary Waltz—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do what they can with the remarkably primitive humor of Jerome Chodorov's and Joseph Fields' comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead roistering her way through a new version of a 1944 comedy about illegitimacy. She sees to it that the play, which hasn't improved with age, never gets in her way. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fragile Fox—There is a satisfactory amount of gunfire but not much characterization in this melodrama about the Battle of the Bulge. Dane Clark and Don Taylor are principally involved. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—While this unobtrusive item by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke may lack substance, it has enough real comedy to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Monday and Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Closes Saturday, Nov. 27.)

Quadrille—Noel Coward has written better plays than this, but seldom one that was talkier. The Lunts, with stout support from Brian Aherne and Edna Best, make it a show you may well want to see, regardless. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rainmaker—What with a plain girl as the heroine and a handsome stranger as her awakener, there is an antique air about this melodrama by N. Richard Nash, but Geraldine Page is mightily effective as the drab young lady. Darren McGavin, Richard Coogan, and Cameron Prud'homme also appear in the cast. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Reclining Figure—The mysterious methods of some art dealers and the unhappy predicament of their clients provide Harry Kurnitz with the theme of his comedy. Despite a few funny scenes, the humor, generally speaking, is not very advanced. Abe Burrows directed the cast, which includes Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Tender Trap—Whether to get married or not seems to be the main question here, and you are apt to wind up not caring much one way or the other. With Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA ASSO

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

The Traveling Lady—There isn't too much substance to this play by Horton Foote, which has to do with a young lady determined to make a hopeless marriage work, but Kim Stanley and Mary Perry do a valiant job of trying to get it on its feet. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 20.)

Long Runs—**the caine mutiny court martial:** Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel, with Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **the seven year itch:** At the moment, Elliott Nugent has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl (Sally Forrest) while his wife is away for the summer. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **the solid gold cadillac:** A satire by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann on the business world of today. Loring Smith is at the head of the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **tea and sympathy:** At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the teahouse of the august moon:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. Burgess Meredith, Scott McKay, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly involved. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	104
BOOKS	196
THE CURRENT CINEMA	74
FOOTBALL	76
LETTER FROM PARIS	184
MUSICAL EVENTS	138
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
CHRISTMAS GIFTS	140
THE RACE TRACK	195
TABLES FOR TWO	181
TELEVISION	179
THE WAYWARD PRESS	168

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give postal zone numbers for both addresses.

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Living Room—Barbara Bel Geddes in a play by Graham Greene. Presented by Gilbert Miller and Donald Albery, and directed by Hugh Hunt. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—This satire on 1920 musical comedy is one of the funniest and liveliest of our imports from London. Sandy Wilson and Vida Hope are mainly responsible for the form and content of the entertainment, and Julie Andrews is wonderful as the blond heroine of the preposterous story. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

By the Beautiful Sea—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means memorable. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, nostalgic Coney Island setting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Fanny—A musical play, by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, that abounds in people, production, and plot. There is color and gaiety in it also, and good music by Harold Rome, sung with force and charm by Ezio Pinza, Walter Slezak, and other interpreters of Marseille waterfront life. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:25; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina is lithe and lovely in the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, the Rodgers and Hart songs are still charming, and there is some nimble dancing, but the 1936 book shows painful symptoms of its great age. George Abbott is the director, George Balanchine did the choreography, and the cast includes Bobby Van, Elaine Stritch, Ben Astar, and Kay Coulter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

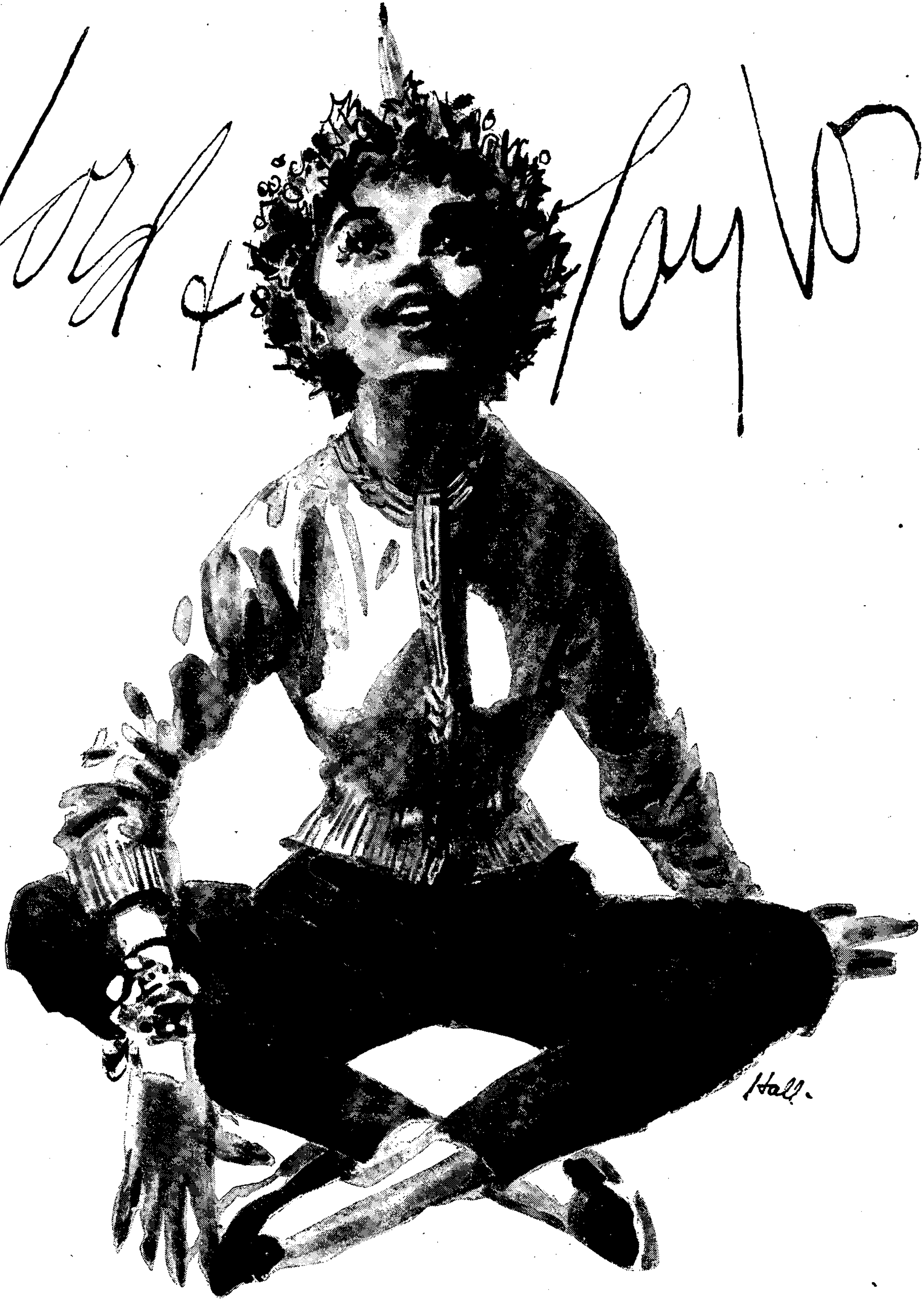
The Pajama Game—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory that makes an absolutely splendid musical. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse worked out the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard in probably the best rendering of the Barrie fantasy in the history of our theatre. Jerome Robbins is the director, and there is quite a lot of new incidental music by various hands. Kathy Nolan, Margalo Gillmore, and Joe E. Marks are also in the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)

Long Runs—**can-can:** Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith and Lilo are among the resident Parisians. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **comedy in music:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXX, No. 40, November 20, 1954. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1954, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved: No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

Lord & Taylor



"Come here and let me thank you—for my beautiful Ballantyne!"

The fabulous cashmere, made expressly for us in Scotland—self-trimmed with a cable-woven cashmere band. Platinum, light blue, cherry, coal. 36-40. 39.95

The tapered black velveteen slacks, 17.95 On the Sports Floor, Fifth

Lord & Taylor—New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Nov. 24, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.)... **KISMET:** Alfred Drake is the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Abie's Irish Rose—Anne Nichols' revamped version of her 1922 comedy, with Ludwig Donath and Neil Fitzgerald. Staged by Miss Nichols and produced by Michael Rose. Opens Thursday, Nov. 18. (Holiday, Broadway at 47th St. CI 5-5530. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Wedding Breakfast—A four-character play by Theodore Reeves. The cast, directed by Herman Shumlin, is made up of Lee Grant, Harvey Lembeck, Anthony Franciosa, and Virginia Vincent. Kermit Bloomgarden is the producer. Opens Saturday, Nov. 20. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8:20. The matinée schedule is still in doubt.)

One Eye Closed—Tom Helmore, Constance Ford, and John Baragrey in a comedy by Justin Sturm. Presented by Haila Stoddard and directed by Romney Brent. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 24. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Nov. 19-21: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."...¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 26: "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Sandhog," a musical play by Earl Robinson and Waldo Salt, based on Theodore Dreiser's short story "St. Columba and the River." Among those in the cast, under the direction of Howard Da Silva, are David Brooks, Jack Cassidy, Alice Ghostley, and Betty Oakes. Opens Tuesday, Nov. 23. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

President Theatre—"Sands of the Negev," an Israeli play (the first to be performed here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn. Celia Adler and Peter Capell head a cast directed by Boris Tumarin. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—Fridays through Sundays, at 8:40: Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest," presented by the Provincetown Repertory. Opens Friday, Nov. 19....¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 23-24, at 8:30: The local première of "The Tenor," an opera written by Hugo Weisgall, directed by James Lucas, and produced by a new company, Opera 55, under the auspices of the New School for Social Research. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894.)

Shakespearewrights—"Twelfth Night," directed by Norman Peck. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Theatre de Lys—A revue, "I Feel Wonderful," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and sketches by Barry Alan Grael. The cast, directed by Mr. Herman, includes Phyllis Newman and John Bartis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—"The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays and Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day. Through Sunday, Dec. 19.)

Ballets Espagnols Teresa and Luisillo—Classical ballet and traditional and flamenco dances by a company of Spanish dancers, which is appearing here for the first time, in a four-week engagement. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, Nov. 28.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, the newest addition to the *toujours-la-politesse* circuit, is a delusion of grandeur come beautifully true. Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten; then dance music by Quintero's rumba men and the orchestra of the veteran Chauncey Gray. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Friends, Romans, and countrymen gather in profusion in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour to listen to soft music every day but Sunday (silent), and for the same purpose in the Madison Room from seven to nine every day but Saturday, Sunday, and Thanksgiving (shut). No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If only there were a ticker in the lobby, most of the inmates wouldn't even have to go to the office. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Cotillion Room is the most recent spot to become a Latin Quarter. The ringleaders are Manuel Capetillo, a singing Mexican matador, and his rout of vocal and dancing followers. As usual, Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bandsmen are sounding off, too. Only a dinner show Sundays; closed Mondays....¶ A small orchestra, generally Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Thompson is striding about the Persian Room again in her seven-league pajamas as she declaims her high-style lyrics. Ted Straeter's band, whose dance measures are vintage *vin rosé* and whose vocal interludes are full of bounce, accompanies the footwork of the house guests. Mark Monte's instrumentalists are also on hand. Closed Sundays. ...¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another....¶ At cocktails, Leo LeFleur's music ornaments the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which, in accordance with its custom, carefully observes all speed restrictions. Closed on the Sabbath.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Fernanda Montel, a fashionable Parisienne, is delivering her laments of the lovelorn (largely in her native tongue) at dinner and supper, which otherwise are as festive feasts as you'll find in town. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Vaughn Monroe, the Voice of Doom, is thundering in the Café Rouge, where Richard Hayman's orchestra is on the bandstand. On Monday, Nov. 22, the latest version of the unique Sauter-Finegan band will occupy the premises. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The *who's-that-with-him-tonight?* set comes in here to get out of the cold and get into the papers. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The retrospective show of Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz music in residence here suggests that people just don't write such songs any more. The interspersed humor, some of which is just tomato soup, is well handled by Paul Gray, who's been around a long time (mostly at Lindy's, on a guess), and by Louise Hoff, and the interspersed dancing is well handled by Tommy Wonder and a fey hoyden named Rain Winslow. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine and between shows.

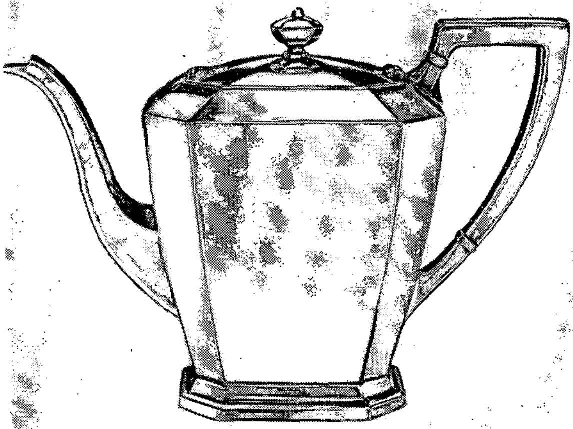
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Maureen Cannon sings her last song and Gloria and Jaro York dance their last dance on Thursday, Nov. 18. Next evening, Patachou and her family-style French ditties will be returning. Nat Brandwynne's dance band, which will continue on the podium, is still top-echelon. Closed Sundays. ...¶ Alex Fogarty's piano embellishes an alcove of Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra is at work from eight-thirty to one; on Sundays, Mischa Borr's dance orchestra does all the honors, from six to twelve.

Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one may do a comprehensive job of window-shopping midtown Manhattan. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

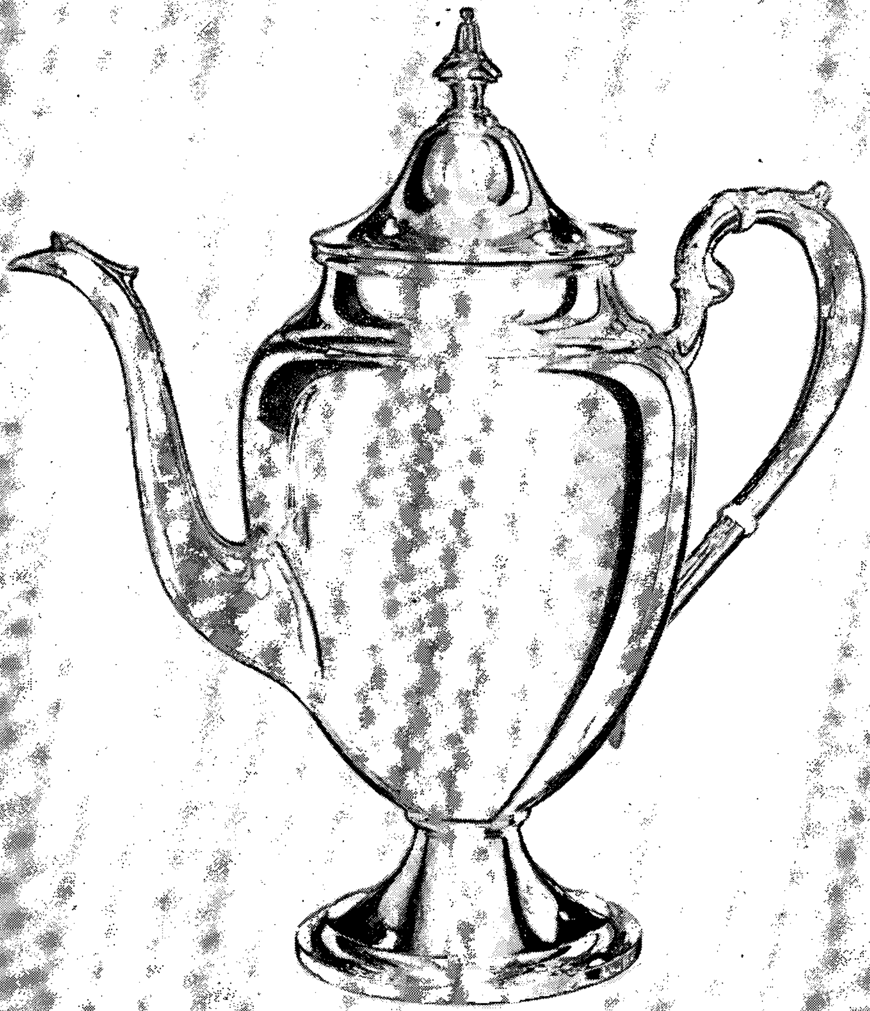
LITTLE CLUB, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was technically dry territory, and done to the life. Except Sundays, there's Continental piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, master of the let-me-take-you-away-from-all-this brand of tableside violin, prowls the room. Bud Gregg makes quiet piano music at supper on Sundays.... **WEYLIN ROOM**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The piano recitals of Cy Walter, which run from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday, manage to be crisp and cool and, at the same time, full of joy.... **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sunday is his day of rest.... **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The lays of that ancient minstrel Eddie Davis and his helpmeets take care of the dancers after nine. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day.... **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. ... **CAFÉ NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014):



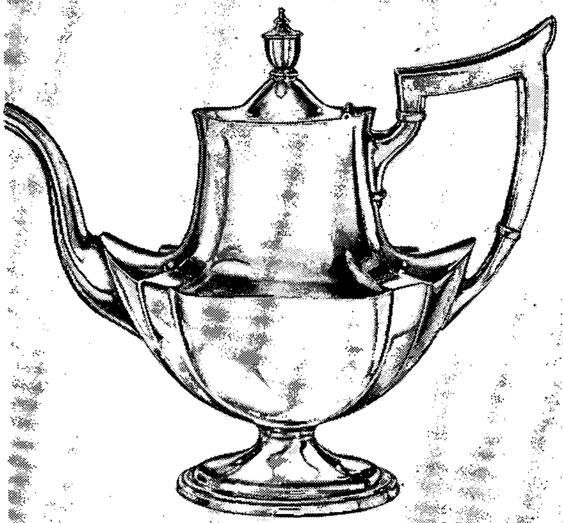
Fairfax Coffee Pot . . . $155.00

FIVE BEAUTIFUL REASONS WHY YOUR NEXT BIG IMPORTANT GIFT SHOULD BE A GORHAM STERLING COFFEE POT

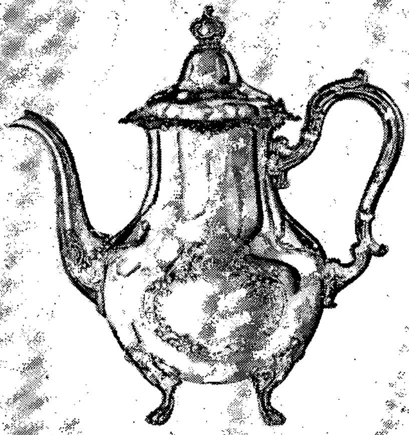
Start with this most used piece first; then collect your Gorham Coffee and Tea Set the easy way with Gorham's Add-a-Piece Plan.



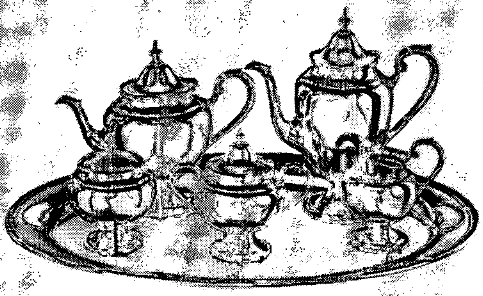
Puritan Coffee Pot . . . $105.00



Plymouth Coffee Pot . . . $140.00



Strasbourg (hand-chased) Coffee Pot . . . $180.00



Puritan Tea Service (Tea Pot, Coffee Pot, Sugar, Creamer, Waste) $295.00; Waiter $265.00

Did you know how easy it is to have your own precious coffee and tea service in Gorham* Sterling? Using Gorham's Add-a-Piece Plan, you can budget your payments and collect your very own set, piece by matching piece.

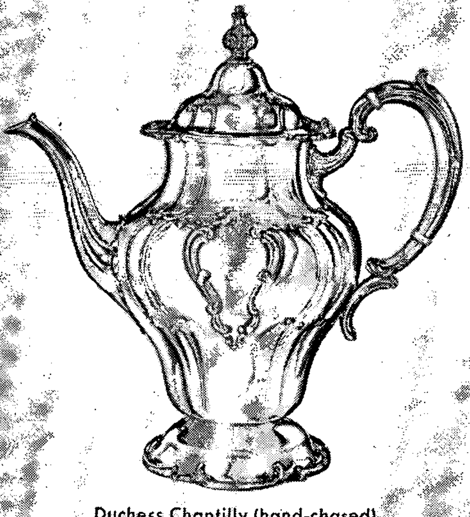
And, of course, the coffee pot is the piece you'll want first. Right from the beginning you'll find it so useful, lending its distinctive beauty every time you serve coffee, and making your fine china look even finer! To select your very own coffee and tea service, see all 26 timeless patterns in Gorham Sterling, the finest in the world. Look for the Gorham seal under each piece. Your guarantee of finest original design in sterling silver.

PRICES SHOWN INCL. FED. TAX.

Gorham
STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831.

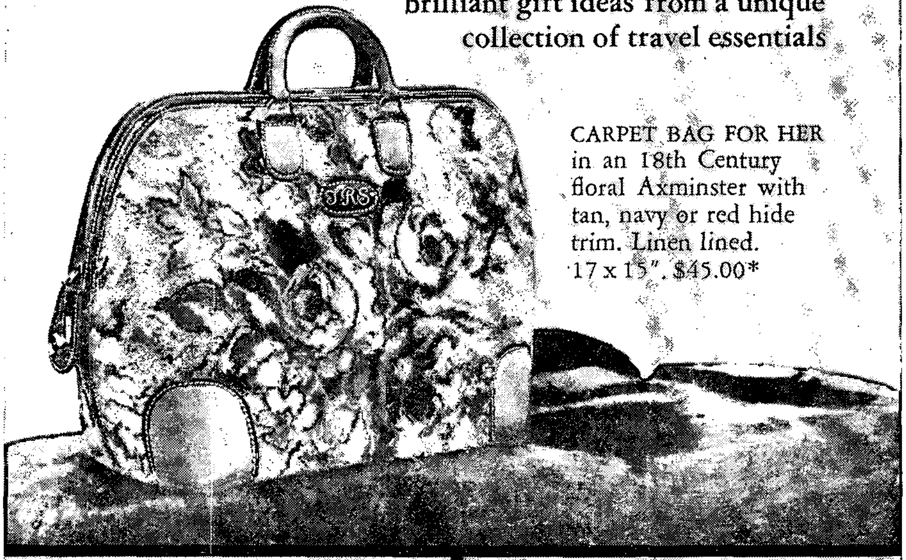
*TRADE MARKS ©1954 BY THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



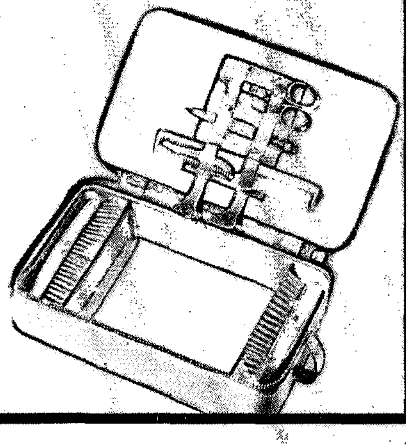
Duchess Chantilly (hand-chased) Coffee Pot . . . $300.00

The Mark Cross way to Travel...

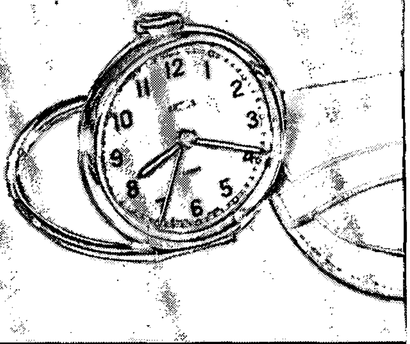
brilliant gift ideas from a unique collection of travel essentials



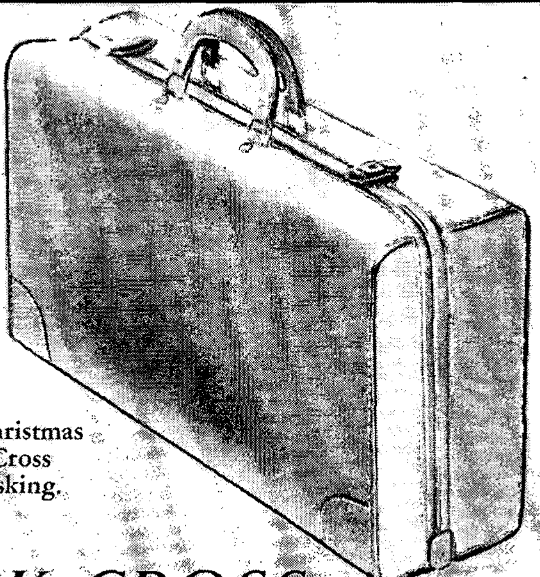
CARPET BAG FOR HER
in an 18th Century
floral Axminster with
tan, navy or red hide
trim. Linen lined.
17 x 15". $45.00*



TRAVEL PACK-UP FOR HIM
thoughtfully fitted with room
to spare. 10 x 6". Tan hide
$19.50*. Pigskin $22.50*.



TRAVEL ALARM FOR HER,
in our golden
'wedding ring' design,
with tan pigskin case.
8-day, 7-jewels. 2½"
diameter. $52.50*



PIGSKIN FOR HIM
in the form of one
of the finest 2-suiters
going. Saddle stitched.
French edged. Linen
lined. Brass fitted.
Tan. 24". $100.00*

*Plus 10% tax.
Mail and Phone
Orders. SU 7-4000

Happy way to do your Christmas shopping: the new Mark Cross Catalog—yours for the asking.

MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th, New York 22, N. Y.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Herman Arminski softly strokes a piano at cocktails and Tommy Hughes does the same at dinner and supper in the bar, which is decorated in a pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey manner. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . **CHEZ CARLO,** 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): From five-thirty to ten, except Sundays, Norbert Faconi (*q.v. supra*) plays violin, and there is further music, plus a song or two in the grand-opera voice of Stephen Ballarini, later on. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 302 E. 58th St. (PL 9-7245): A neighborly beach club where nobody bothers about introductions. Louis Hawkins, its moving spirit, and Bob Printz operate the baby grands from eight-thirty on. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): An amphitheatre dedicated to nationally advertised products and, paradoxically, strictly regional humor. Since the handsome Betty and Jane Kean and gloomy old Myron Cohen are supplying the humor at the moment, it's the very best of its kind. Dancing. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The imperishable Mae West has brought her version of the Delilah legend to town. Her assortment of Samsons, all faintly embarrassed in their gym suits, engage in a sort of elephant waltz with their loved one. Customers can dance, too, but not at the same time.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): George La Faye's little people (it's hard to believe that they're just puppets) begin with some quiet folklore and wind up with a real surprise ending. There are big people here, too—Jonathan Winters, who's a dozen Mark Twain characters in modern dress; Susan Johnson, a saffron-haired slip of a balladeer who should be among the finalists in the singer-of-the-year awards; and Mort Sahl, a San Francisco wit on his first visit East. The fervent background music is the work of Bart Howard, Otis Clements, and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey's footnotes on Shakespeare offer an eerie insight into the Bard's collected works; Dorothy Loudon, a healthy blond mockingbird, takes some Hit Parade ballads for a death ride. The cajoling music of Julius Monk, master and mentor of this merry household, and the unique Norman Paris Trio bring out the best in all parties. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Robert Clary, a Pogo stick with a miraculously mobile face and voice attached, does a merry hop-skip-and-song act all over the place. Ruth Price, a newcomer, has the soprano assignment. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The occasional bits of floor show are mostly the work of neophytes. There's also Herb Corey, a funnyman in the Village vein, who's on duty every night but Monday. Besides that, vigorous double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, as well as solo piano by Hazel Webster. Bygone movies are added Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers; the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, trots forth agreeable piano every night but Monday. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Neighborhood vaudeville in the anything-for-a-laugh style. Mae Barnes, an inexhaustible steam calliope; Jimmie Daniels, a lush-life singer; the Three Flames, the house band; and Bruce Kirby, the house fall guy, comprise the permanent party.

Right now, the guest artists are Tony and Eddie, who make rowdy fun of practically everybody, and Marion Colby, a startlingly good-looking soprano. Closed Mondays. . . . **JORIE'S PURPLE ONION**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Pretty nearly all the problems women have amassed for themselves are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. There are also Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, two progressive-school children, whose jump tunes belong in any self-respecting course in music appreciation. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The New York sales office of a long-established Dixie enterprise in which Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon are anything but silent partners. Ted Roy is at the piano during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The long-absent Hazel Scott is the same old Vesuvius—restless, decorative, cajoling the ringsiders—as she and her trio scamper through an elegant collection of jazz classics. The quartet headed by Don Elliot and his diversified gallery of instruments makes the soft, thoughtful, inventive music that is now Mr. E.'s hallmark. They start at nine. Sundays, Jack Elliot, a light-fingered progressive pianist, and his trio have the floor. . . . **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Just about the best of the West Side foxholes. Woody Herman and his Third Herd (now symphonic, now cacophonic), the trio topped by the masterful Erroll Garner, and the sonatinas of Lea Mathews are all high-protein. Closed Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band gives the dust little chance to settle anywhere. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): The magnificent band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, Eddie Gibbs, Don Kirkpatrick, and George Foster, is way, way down upon the Swanee River. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A new, comfortable, and reasonably sedate music room, offering, after ten, the soft-pedal modernities of George Wallington's piano, backed by bass and drums. He's there every night but Sunday. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): On lodge nights, you can't always tell the players from the customers, even with a score card. The wily voice of Sarah Vaughan, though, can be recognized anywhere. With her are Lester Young's quintet and the now inescapable mambo group (in this instance, Bonnemere's sextet). Mondays, when these hands are at rest, are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill comes wide-awake when Conrad Janis and his tailgaters tee off. They get to work early (six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, five-thirty Sundays). This Sunday afternoon, Nov. 21, Wild Bill Davison and his cronies will also be sitting in. Dancing after nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, Marian McPartland, one of the least showy but most imaginative of the girl pianists, applies a light touch to some progressive gymnastics. She's backed by a two-man rhythm section. The interlude piano is provided by Johnny Mehegan, who shuttles from Juilliard to jazz without ever losing sight of either. No action on Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, the trio headed by Herman Chittison, professor emeritus of the keyboard, begins playing good, steady rhythm music at nine-thirty every evening but Sunday. While they're out in the alley, Joe Moon has the use of the piano. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): From the long runway behind the enormous bar, jet-propelled Dixiecrats (among them Jimmy McPartland, Cozy Cole, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Bud Freeman, Zutty Singleton, Buster Bailey, Milt Hinton, Charlie Queener, and Russell Moore) are

Young-Timers whirl through the holiday season merrily in a froth of nylon tulle. Shoulders bared . . . torso bodice artfully draped . . . defining decolletage-to-hem grosgrain band and buttons.

49·95

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

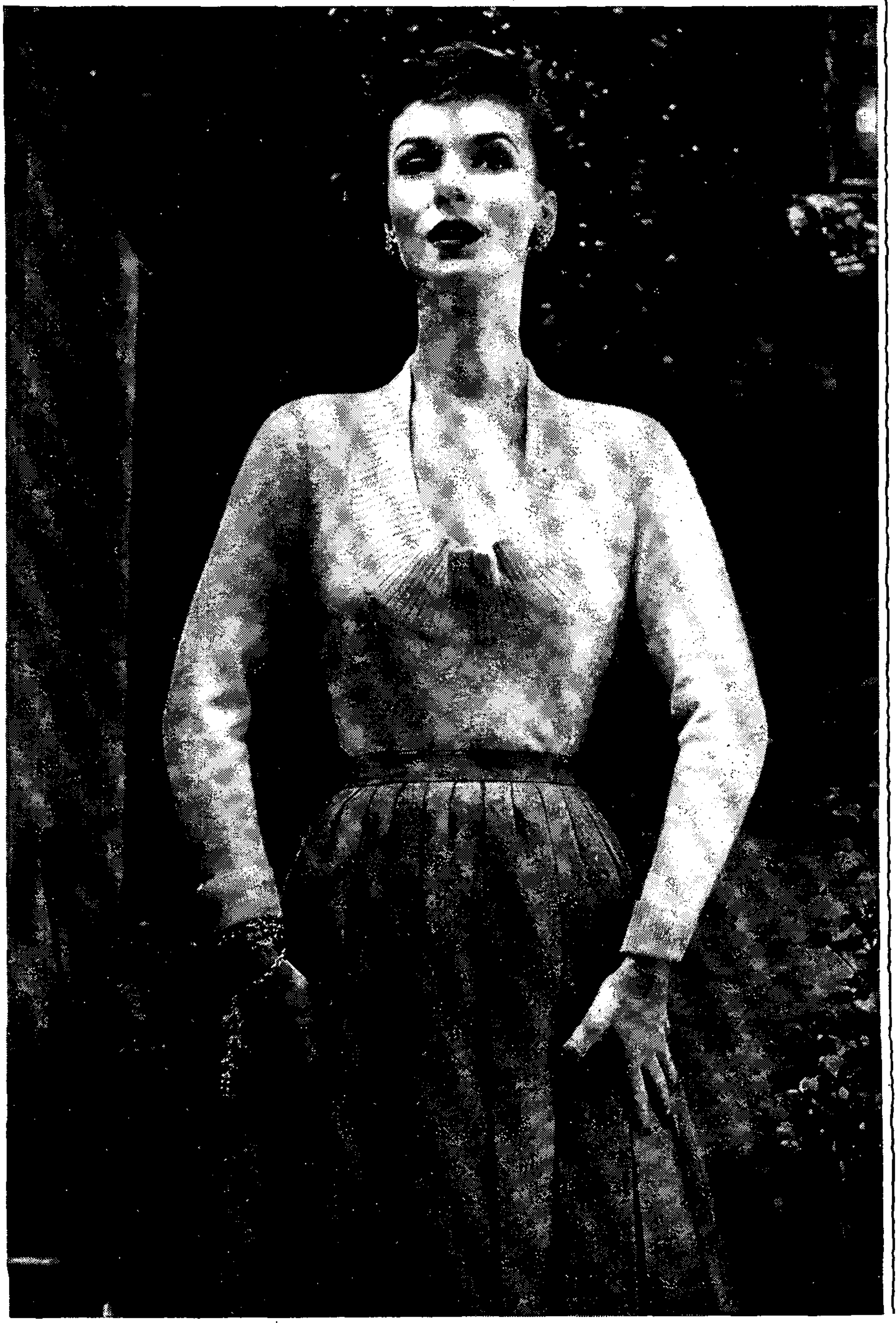
Cornflower blue, red, white, ice aqua . . . sizes 7 to 15.

CHRISTIAN DIOR
CASHMERES MADE BY
Lyle and Scott
HAWICK, SCOTLAND

Virginia Thoren

Couturier cashmere...designed by Christian Dior, carried out in the finest Scottish tradition. "Ellen", 100% cashmere with horseshoe neckline, in Dior Pink, Dior Blue and 6 other lovely colours. Mitin® mothproofed. Sizes 34 to 40. About $45.

BERGDORF GOODMAN, New York • I. MAGNIN, California • NEIMAN-MARCUS, Dallas.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

taking off on definitely non-scheduled flights. The hours are from 3 P.M. (1 P.M. Saturdays and Sundays) to 3 A.M.... **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A weekend gathering place for the topnotch hot-shot musicians. On Friday, Nov. 19, such pitchmen as Billy Butterfield, Buck Clayton, Max Kaminsky, Pee Wee Russell, Zutty Singleton, Pop Foster, Joe Sullivan, Tony Parenti, Snub Mosely, Ken Kersey, and Frank Orchard are expected. Dancing.... **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another all-year weekend resort. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, Charlie Shavers, Tyree Glenn, Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, Sonny Greer, Art Trappier, and Henry Goodwin should be comparing hot notes. Monday, Nov. 22, at eight, taps for the never-to-be-forgotten Oran Page will be blown by upward of a hundred of his compatriots.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day, except as noted. Most of the museums will be open Thanksgiving Day, a few at special hours, as indicated.)

GALLERIES

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Landscapes in water color, all done with a kind of overlay of engaging fairy-tale imagery; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

PAUL BURLIN—New oils, Abstract-Expressionist in style and boldly handled, if at times a bit confusing in concept; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (The Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

RALSTON CRAWFORD—Abstractions, grave and austere in design, based on themes of New Orleans and elsewhere; through Dec. 4. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

STEPHEN ETNIER—Landscapes, principally in Maine and the West Indies; through Dec. 4. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Eleven oils, for the most part large abstractions, painted during the last two years and on view for the first time; through Dec. 4. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

RUTH GIKOW—Paintings of young people mostly; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

CLEVE GRAY—Paintings on a variety of subjects, including Biblical themes, landscapes of Arizona and Maine, and still-lifes; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GROPPER—Figures, as seen in various landscapes, are the dominant subjects of this group of oils, water colors, and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St. Open Thanksgiving Day from 1 to 5.)

TOM HARDY—A selection of sculptures and drawings dealing primarily with animals; through Dec. 4. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

HANS HOFMANN—A one-man show of recent oils; through Dec. 11. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

ILONKA KARASZ—An exhibit of fifty original covers done for *The New Yorker* during the past twenty-five years; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Galerie De Braux, 131 E. 55th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—New sculptures in hammered and welded metal, very clean in their handling and fresh in their imagery; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

DE HIRSH MARGULES—Water colors painted on Cape Cod in 1948, shown for the first time in New York; through Nov. 30. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St. Daily, 11 to 5:30.)

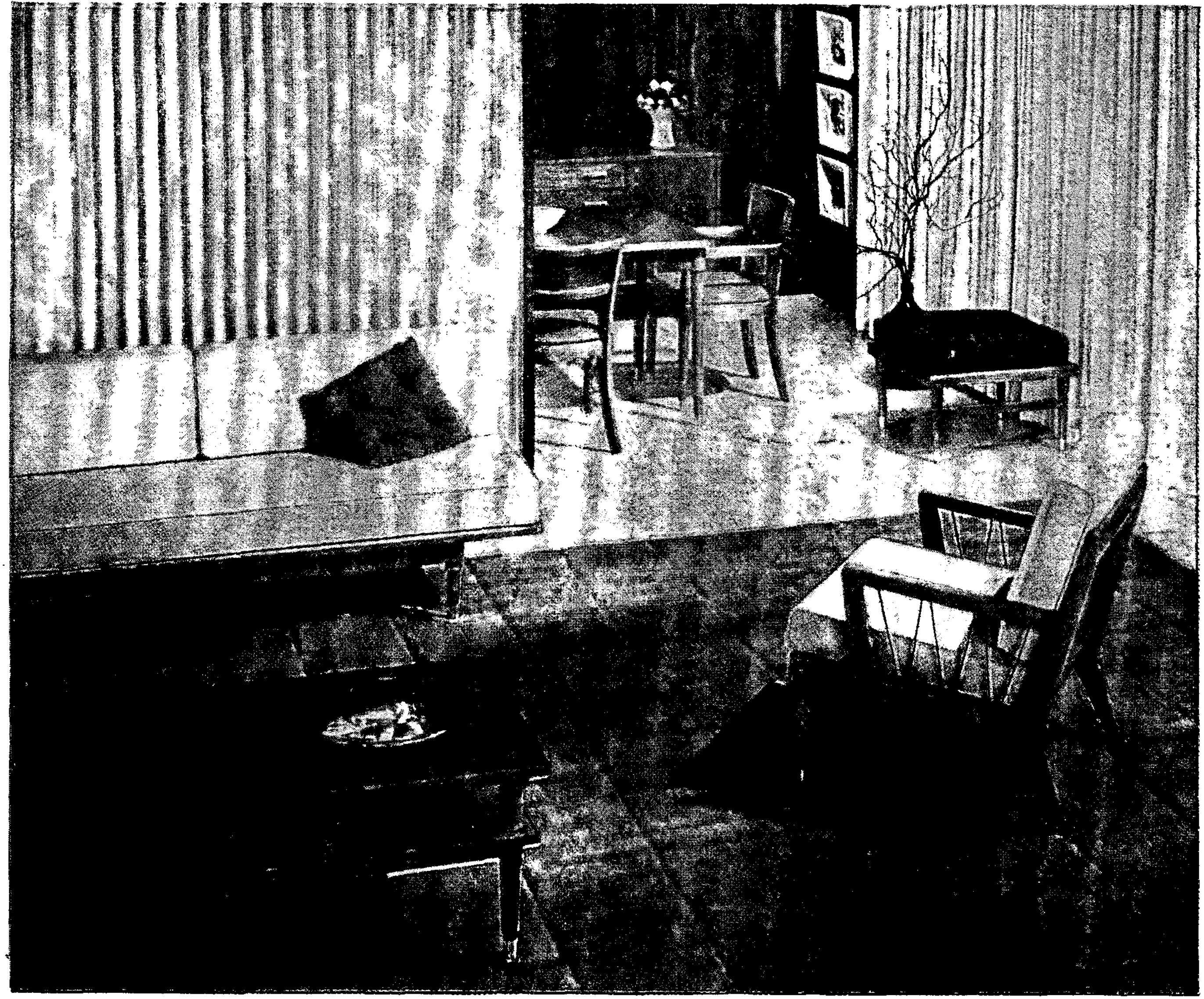
ZYGMUNT MENKES—Figures, still-lifes, and interior scenes, painted in oils by this Polish artist; through Dec. 4. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

HENRY MOORE—A selection of thirty-two bronze sculptures, mostly figures, in addition to drawings, water colors, and pastels; through Dec. 4. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

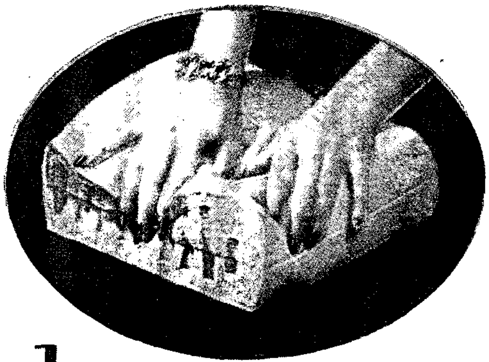
PICASSO—A group of oils, water colors, and drawings, 1900-52; through Saturday, Nov.

The Biscayne Group by Drexel
Cushioned with U. S. Koylon Foam

SETTING BY REGINALD STYERS, A. I. D.



Richly Modern, this furniture makes superb use of the beauty and comfort inherent in its materials. Honey-toned walnut and pecan woods have smooth, silken lustre in keeping with the clean simplicity gained by the cushioning of U. S. Koylon Foam. This most luxurious seating allows light, perfectly tailored lines without any appearance of bulk. The Biscayne Group is modern at its best—completely fresh, completely functional. U. S. Koylon Foam Cushioning is the choice of leading designers and makers of fine furniture, and your guide to lasting enjoyment and satisfaction. Furniture by Drexel at fine stores near you or write Drexel Furniture Co., Drexel, North Carolina.



U.S. Koylon® FOAM Cushioning

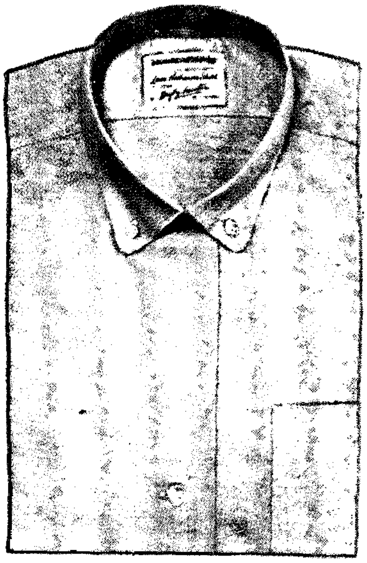
US RUBBER

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER • NEW YORK

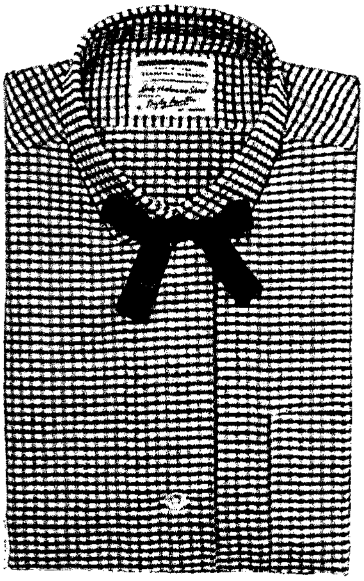
New shirts for the girls by Lady Hathaway

THE MAKERS of famous Hathaway shirts for men now share their most precious fabrics with the ladies. In canny cahoots with top English designer Digby Morton, couturier from London, Hathaway cuts and shapes these magnificent shirtings to a girl's best advantage (i.e. natural contours). At better stores *only*. For the name of your nearest store, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine.

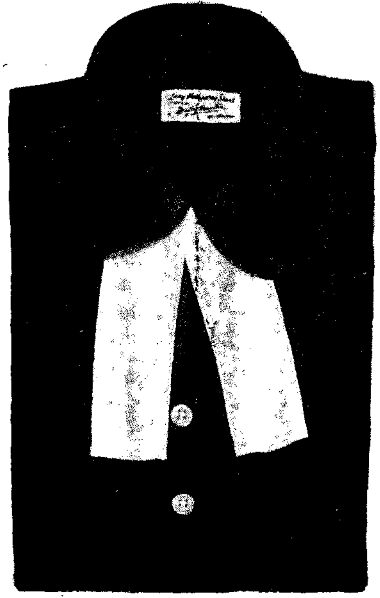
"West End" Oxford with candy-striped dickey front, collar and cuffs. $9.95.



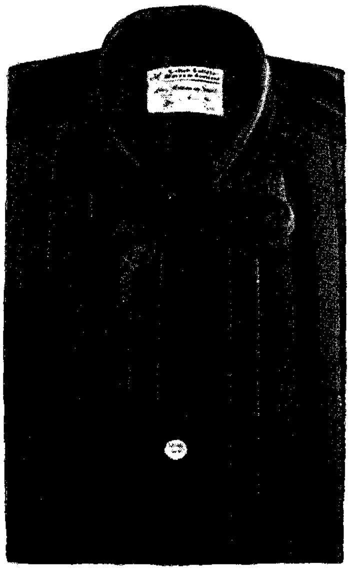
PENOBSCOT Oxford in iridescent colors. Deceptively simple in the hand, but devilish alluring on you. $8.95.



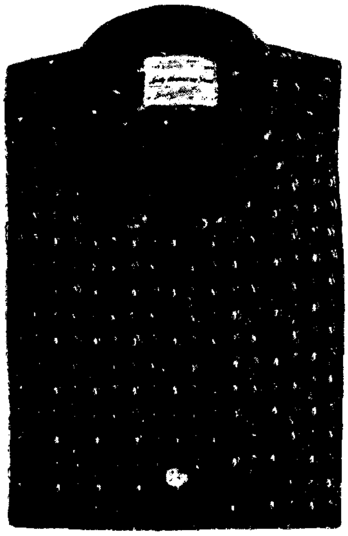
IMPORTED classic gingham, woven in England for Hathaway. A masterpiece of British understatement. $8.95.



ENGLAND'S soft, warm, light Viyella gets a high-fashion fillip from "barrister bands." $11.95. *(Bands, $1.50 extra.)*



COTTON TAFFETA in authentic tartan stripes, from James White's famous old Scots mill. Trig elegance. $13.50



HAND-BLOCKED traditional designs by London's inimitable Aldwinckle—on superlative wool challis. $28.50

DESIGNER Morton adds the swirl of a striped broadcloth kerchief to Scotch cotton taffeta, classically cut. $15.00.

LIBERTY of London handprinted th floral design on silk of rare qualit A fabulous collector's item. $45.0

20. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Rudy Pozzatti—A first one-man exhibition by an artist who uses oils and water colors with an encouraging, if at times frankly experimental, versatility; through Dec. 4. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

Frederic Remington—Both paintings and bronzes, largely of the West, loaned by the Remington Art Memorial, in Ogdensburg, N.Y.; through Dec. 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Mitchell Siporin—Twelve oils and four drawings, many of them showing the influence of his year in Italy, make up the artist's current New York show; through Dec. 4. (Alan, 32 E. 65th St.)

Vlaminck—About two dozen oils painted in his "blue period," between 1908 and 1914; through Dec. 24. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

John von Wicht—Abstract oils, attempting, very often quite successfully, the difficult task of translating musical experience into painting; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Old Master Drawings—The Durlacher Gallery's eighteenth annual exhibit of drawings, ranging in date from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, by Jordaens, Canaletto, William Blake, and many others; through Saturday, Nov. 27. (11 E. 57th St.)

Allied Artists of America—Robert Brackman, Cecil Larson, and Frank Klein are among the group of artists who have works in the Forty-first Annual Exhibition of Contemporary Painting and Sculpture; through Dec. 5. (National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6. Open Thanksgiving Day.)

African Sculptures and Cubism—A few examples of Cubism (by Survage, Zadkine, Laurens, and others) compared with a group of African sculptures; through Friday, Nov. 26. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Danish Artists—Seventeen Danish contemporaries, mostly young, in a lively, somewhat scattered exhibition; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Brown Stone, 146 E. 57th St.)

Americans; Group Show—A show for the benefit of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, with pieces by Loren MacIver, William Zorach, Ben Shahn, and other artists who are or have been members of the school's faculty; through Saturday, Nov. 20. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Europeans; Group Show—Mondrian, Severini, and Braque are some of the artists represented in this show of works in a variety of mediums; through Dec. 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

French; Group Shows—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: French paintings by contemporary artists, among them Bonnard, Utrillo, and Chagall; through Dec. 31. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: A well-selected showing of paintings and other works by Jean Arp, Matisse, Miró, Picasso, and other modern masters; through Nov. 29. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Over thirty French eighteenth-century paintings by Chardin, Watteau, Hubert Robert, and others, arranged by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts for the benefit of their education program; through Dec. 11.

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the CRESPI, 205 E. 58th St.: Mary D. Coles; starting Monday, Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 1 to 6.) . . . GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St.: Rhea Brown; starting Monday, Nov. 22. (Weekdays, 11 to 6:30, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.) . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: Chen Chi; starting Tuesday, Nov. 23. . . . PANORAS, 62 W. 56th St.: Peter Ostuni; starting Monday, Nov. 22. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Wallace Putnam; starting Monday, Nov. 22. . . . THE STABLE, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.: Isamu Noguchi; starting Tuesday, Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—About a hundred Dutch masterpieces (Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, and others) loaned,

YARDLEY
Shaving Soap
33 OLD BOND STREET
LONDON

By appointment purveyors of soap to the late King George VI, Yardley & Co., Ltd., London

How to enjoy six months of English luxury

(for only 9 shillings*)

One Chicago man we know purchased a Yardley Shaving Bowl in London on October 24, 1952, and received his last shave from it on January 24, 1954. Six months of luxury shaving, however, is more the average.

This pure soap originates in England—home of so many of the best things for men. You sense the English authority when you stir your brush over the creamy surface. A rich, heavy lather forms, without bubbles, giving a close, luxury shave and leaving the skin soft and soothed. The wooden bowl absorbs excess moisture so that the soap remains firm and in its original condition for the next shave. The soap, in consequence, outlasts others.

No finer shaving product can be bought. And it's yours to enjoy, for only nine shillings*.

*$1.25, in American terms

At good stores everywhere

YARDLEY
SHAVING
BOWL

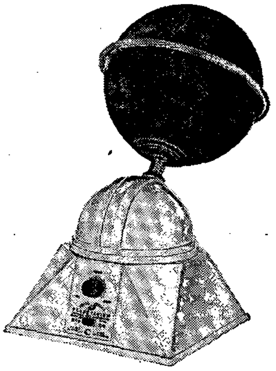
Make a fresh, clean start with **Yardley** for Men

Makers and distributors for U. S. A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York

"THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD"

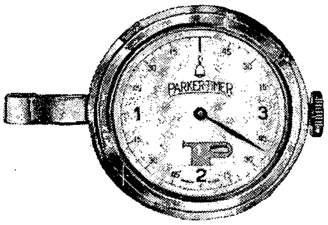
Over the wide world

At A&F your search for new and unusual gifts can end most happily. Assembled from finest foreign and domestic sources, appropriate ideas abound, and many are obtainable only here.



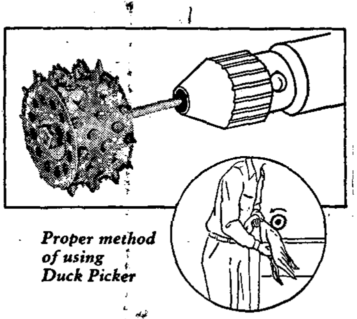
JUNIOR PLANETARIUM

A scientifically correct instrument that projects major star constellations on ceiling and walls of any darkened room. Monthly motion and latitude easily changed. As good as a course in astronomy with the 32 page book included. $14.95



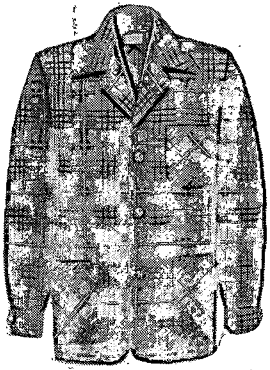
PARKING METER TIMER

Avoid expensive overtime parking tickets with this wristwatch sized personal alarm timer. Clips in pocket like pen . . . sounds a warning signal 5 minutes to 4 hours after setting. Reminds businessmen of appointments . . . busy housewives that roasts are done. Tarnish-proof metal case $12.95


Proper method of using Duck Picker

PICK DUCKS WITH POWER

This duck picker is designed to fit any power unit which has a ¼" or larger drill chuck. With a little practice a Mallard can be picked in 5 or 6 minutes $5.50



MEN'S PENDLETON TOPSTER

This handsome all wool jacket comes in authentic tartan plaids of McQueen, Clan Cumming, Malcolm or 42nd Black Watch. Leather covered buttons. Small, medium, large, extra large . . . $17.50

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

CHICAGO STORE: VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE 9 NORTH WABASH

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

primarily, by European museums and private collectors; through Dec. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and José Gaudelupe Posada; through Nov. 28. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, Degas, and a number of other French Impressionists, in a show of paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ African art, with examples of native sculptures, goldwork, and textiles; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914, has been extended through Dec. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—Over a hundred American paintings and sculptures, owned by Roy and Marie Neuberger, dating from 1910 to the present and ranging in style from realistic to non-objective. Among the artists are Alexander Calder, Lyonel Feininger, and Charles Sheeler. Through Dec. 19. (Daily, except Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, Jerome Hines, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Lisa Della Casa, Mildred Miller, Eugene Conley, and Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall, Maria Leone, Leonard Warren, and Giacinto Prandelli. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov 20, at 8: "Aïda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Mario Del Monaco, Frank Guarrera, and Luben Vichey. Mia Slavenska, the Met's new prima ballerina, will also appear. (A benefit for the Yeshiva University Women's Organization.) . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 22, at 8 "Faust," with Victoria de los Angeles, Mildred Miller, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, Cesare Siepi, and Frank Guarrera. . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Licia Albanese, Heidi Krall Maria Leone, Ettore Bastianini, and Giacinto Prandelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 25, a 8:15: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Robert Peters, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena Frank Guarrera, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 26, at 7:30: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Herta Glaz, Pau Schoeffler, Kurt Boehme, and Hans Hopf . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Victoria de los Angeles Margaret Roggero, Eugene Conley, an Frank Valentino. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 27, a 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zink Milanov, Mildred Miller, Thelma Votipka and Richard Tucker; and "Pagliacci," wit Lucine Amara, Mario Del Monaco, Rober Merrill, and Frank Guarrera.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Bruno Walter conducting on Thursday, No 18, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 19, at 2:3 (both with Clifford Curzon, piano); Sunda Nov. 21, at 2:30 (no soloists); and Thursda Nov. 25, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 26, 2:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ André Kostelanet conducting on Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:45 (soloists).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Charles Munch conductin

(Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra—Howard Shanet directing a program that will include the première of "The Cask of Amontillado," a one-act opera by Julia Perry, with soloists. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30. For free tickets, call UN 5-4600, Ext. 2081.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Robert Casadesus, piano, and others. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

American Opera Society—Arnold U. Gamson directing the Concert Choir and an orchestra in a performance of Rossini's "Otello," in concert form, with Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Hayward, tenor; and others. The first in a series of four programs. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Town Hall; same program. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8:45.)

Boston University Chorus and Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" (the first New York performance) and Normand Lockwood's "Prairie." (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Pete Seeger—Folk singer; the third in a series of six programs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call TR 9-5500, Ext. 497, except Saturdays and Sundays.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Jacob Lateiner—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Martial Singher—Baritone. A benefit for the Mannes College Scholarship Fund. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. RE 7-4476. Friday, Nov. 19, at 8:30.)

Roland Hayes—Tenor. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 2:30.)

National Association for American Composers and Conductors—A program of music by various composers, among them Cecil Bentz, John Gruen, and Arthur Foote, performed by Georgiana Bannister, soprano; Isabelle Bynam, piano; and the Kohon String Quartet. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 5:30. No tickets necessary.)

Budapest String Quartet—The first of two concerts at Washington Irving High School. (Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.) . . . ¶ The second in a series of five programs at Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 8:40.)

Nathan Milstein—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:30.)

Philharmonic Chamber Ensemble—Conducted, in part, by Dimitri Mitropoulos; the first in a series of three concerts. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 8:40.)

Concert Society of New York—The Zimbler String Sinfonietta, together with Fernando Valenti and Daniel Pinkham, harpsichords. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 5:30.)

Maurice Wilk—Violin. (Town Hall. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8:30.)

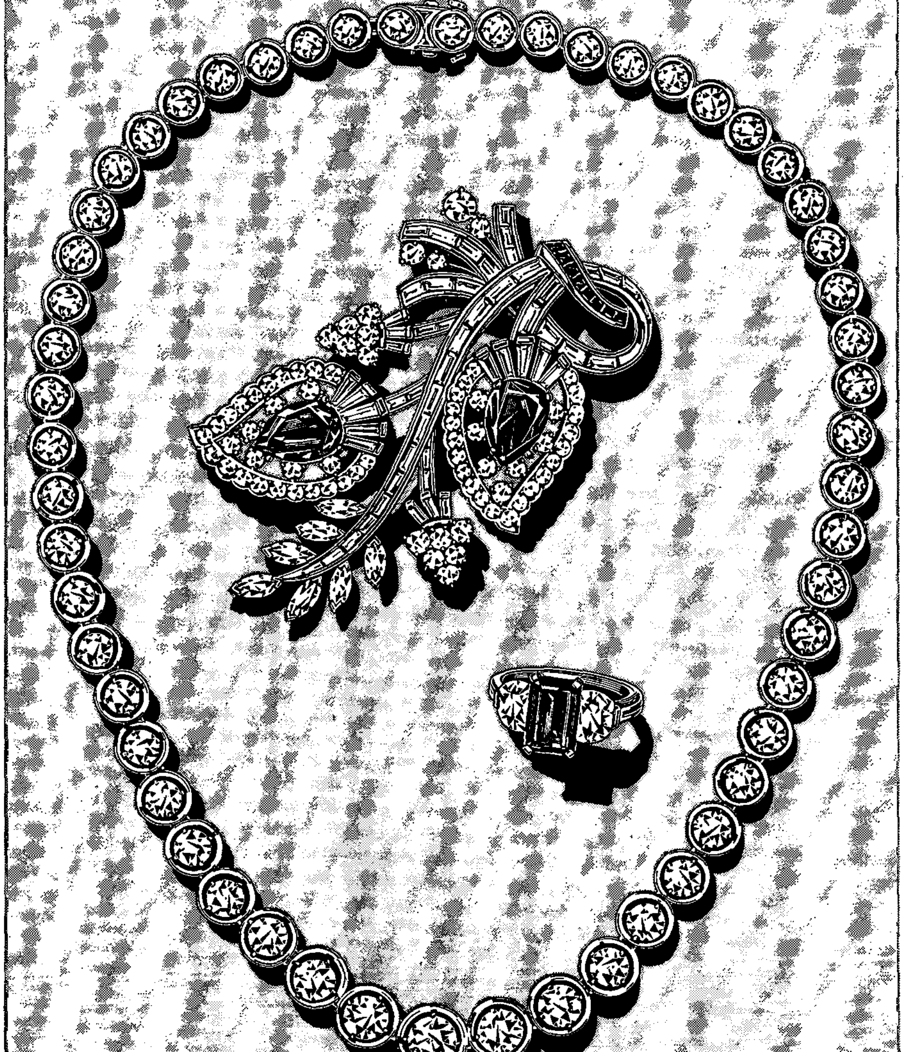
Mieczyslaw Horszowski—Piano; the third of twelve Beethoven programs. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Nov. 22, at 8:40.)

Jan Peerce—Tenor. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 8:30.)

Erna Sack—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Antiqua—The second in

Precious beyond words . . . her magnificent gifts of Tiffany emeralds and diamonds.

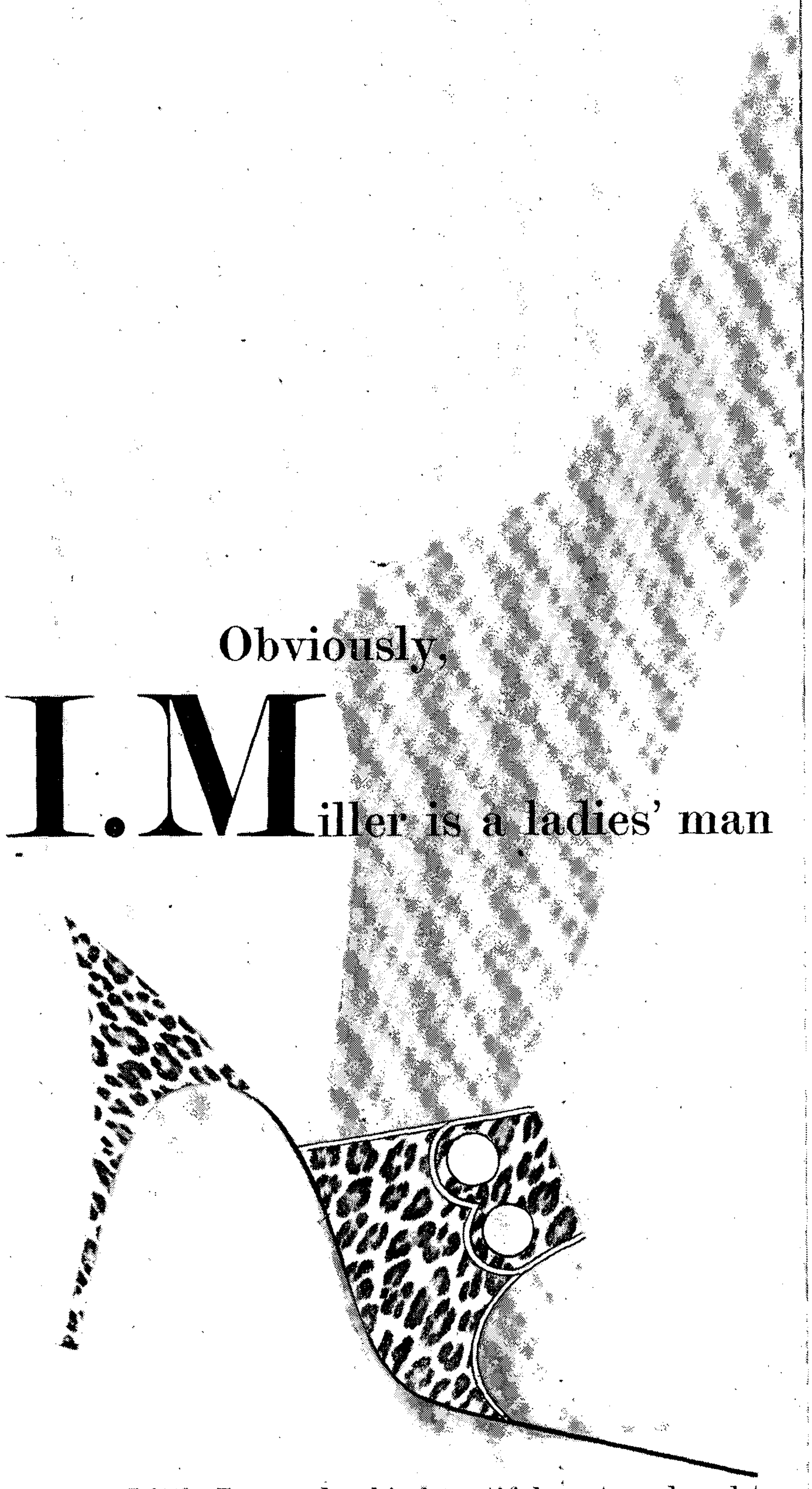


Clip Brooch with Marquise, Round and Baguette Diamonds, set with two large pear-shaped Emeralds . . . . $ 14850.
Emerald Ring set with two half-moon Diamonds . . . . 8050.
Necklace of Round Diamonds . . . . 11000.
Prices include reduced Federal Tax

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET OF GIFT SUGGESTIONS WILL BE SENT UPON REQUEST

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE & 57TH STREET, NEW YORK 22 · PLAZA 5-8000


Obviously,
I. Miller is a ladies' man

witness Little Leopard...his beautiful spots reduced to bite-size, then printed on a fine Indian fur. In a gently clinging mule bound to be your pet of the resort season!

Available at I. Miller stores in New York,
I. Magnin & Company, California and stores in
principal cities or write to I. Miller & Sons Co.,
Empire State Building, New York City.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a series of five concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music, this one devoted to music of the Spanish Renaissance. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:40.)

Eugene List and Carroll Glenn—Piano and violin, with an ensemble. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

College Jazz—The Williams College Spring Street Stompers and Stan Rubin's Tigertown Five, from Princeton University. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 27, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Nov. 19: Floyd Patterson vs. Willie Troy, middleweights, 8 rounds.... ¶ Friday, Nov. 26: Percy Bassett vs. Teddy Davis, featherweights, 12 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 20 (all at 1:30): Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field. ... ¶ Fordham vs. Syracuse, at the Polo Grounds.... ¶ Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge.... ¶ Princeton vs. Dartmouth, at Princeton.... THANKSGIVING DAY: Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 10:30.... ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Cornell, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. ... SATURDAY, NOV. 27 (all at 1:30): Army vs. Navy, at Philadelphia.... ¶ Boston College vs. Holy Cross, at Boston.... ¶ Fordham vs. Villanova, at the Polo Grounds.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Los Angeles Rams. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 2:05.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, Nov. 21: Rangers vs. Toronto.... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 24: Rangers vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

Horse Show—Secor Farms Horse Show. (White Plains. Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 20-21.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night, starting Saturday, Nov. 27. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At Bowie, Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45, from Monday, Nov. 22, through Saturday, Dec. 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Macy's Thanksgiving-Day Parade—Huge balloons (among them a turkey and a soldier) bobbing along above Peter Pan and Noah's-ark floats (to mention a couple), plus two thousand costumed marchers and thirteen bands. Starts at 9:45 A.M., at Central Park West and 77th Street, moves down Central Park West to Columbus Circle, and thence along Broadway to 34th Street, arriving at Macy's at about 11.

Concerts—By the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Wilfrid Pelletier conducting, with Robert Notkoff, thirteen-year-old violinist. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 11.) ... ¶ Mr. Pelletier conducting, with Anna Russell, narrator. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 3.) ... LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Robert Notkoff, thirteen-year-old violinist, and Max Leavitt, narrator. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 11. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Plays—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) ... Y PLAYHOUSE COMPANY: "The Emperor's New Clothes." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Friday, Nov. 26, at 11, 1, and 2:40.) ... JUNIOR THEATRE: "The Cobbler," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 26-27, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.) . . . **SALOME GAYNOR THEATRE:** "The Nuremberg Stove." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 27, at 3.)

EXHIBITION OF BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS—Over three hundred items, including the dedication manuscript (1695) of the "Contes de Ma Mère l'Oye" (Tales of Mother Goose), and a copy of the first edition in English (1729), as well as other notable manuscripts, such as "Tom Sawyer," "Penrod," "Ivanhoe," and "Rip Van Winkle," each accompanied by the first printed edition. Starts Friday, Nov. 19. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

VARIETY SHOW—"Puss in Boots," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus several other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 20, at 3.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 26, from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. Closed Thanksgiving Day. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658. (Closed Thanksgiving weekend.)

POETRY CENTER READINGS—T. S. Eliot's "The Family Reunion," read by a company of actors that includes Helen Gahagan, Basil Langton, and Blanche Yurka. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Nov. 21, at 8:40.)

INTERNATIONAL WINTER SPORTS SHOW—Exhibits from Scandinavia, Switzerland, New England, and many other spots, demonstrations by international sportsmen, and displays of winter fashions. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 20, through Sunday, Nov. 28, from noon to midnight.)

NATIONAL POSTAGE-STAMP SHOW—Abraham Lincoln is the big man at the show this year; the Emancipation Proclamation will be exhibited and the new four-cent Lincoln stamp will be printed on the spot. Otherwise, stamps. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, Nov. 21, from noon to 8.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Thanksgiving Day, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 19-20, at 1:45: Examples of American and English eighteenth-century cabinetwork; Early American silver, including a bobbin-shaped pitcher by Paul Revere; paintings by such artists as James Peale and John A. Whiteside; plus some Georgian needlepoint pictures, linens, laces, and hooked rugs. The property of Gailey B. Wilson, M. Shaler Allen, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 23, at 1:45 and at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 24, at 1:45: A series of John Baskerville publications, together with literary and historical autographs, letters, and manuscripts; from the collections of the late Reverend Dr. Harris E. Kirk and others.

One of a series of Christmas drawings by Paul Brown, famous American artist.

RED COW INN
Paul Brown

whether shopping in person or by mail...
MAKE THIS A REMEMBERED CHRISTMAS WITH GIFTS FROM BROOKS BROTHERS

Your thoughtful gift from our distinctive selection will be both individual and personal and (what is so important to both the giver and recipient) not generally obtainable elsewhere. We invite you to come in, or send for our attractively illustrated Christmas catalogue showing the many products of our own skilled craftsmen and our fine imports.

Every item, from the smallest and most moderately priced, is unmistakably Brooks Brothers in quality and good taste.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

346 MADISON AVENUE, COR. 44TH ST., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.
BOSTON • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Bread, Love and Dreams—Vittorio De Sica and Gina Lollobrigida in a diverting Italian film dealing with the frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police as he goes about wooing a bumptious peasant girl who has little respect for anybody, let alone amorous elders. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Caine Mutiny—Queeg and the mutinous lads stalwartly enacted by a cast led by Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Nov. 20.)

Carmen Jones—Bizet's opera done in what is supposed to be an American Negro idiom. Oscar Hammerstein, who wrote the book and lyrics, serves up some pretty dubious corn-pone-and-chitlin dialogue, but the picture offers a fine Carmen in the person of Dorothy Dandridge. The singing for the most part is done off screen by Marilynn Horne, LaVern Hutcherson, and Marvin Hayes; Pearl Bailey, on the other hand, does her own vocalizing, and does a good job of it, too. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

High and Dry—A group of carefree Scottish mariners making a hash of the plans of an American shipping magnate whose cargo of household effects is accidentally entrusted to them. Alex Mackenzie, Paul Douglas, James Copeland, Abe Barker, and Tommy Kearins figure pleasantly. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Little Kidnappers—A delightful team of small fry, aged five and eight, makes this story of Nova Scotia in 1904 a memorable item. Vincent Winter is the younger of the pair and Jon Whiteley the older. They are ably supported by Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A fitfully funny romp at a seaside resort with the solid French comedian Jacques Tati. The dialogue, in both French and English, is held down to a minimum. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Nov. 23.)

On the Waterfront—A fine dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted. Neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Sabrina—Audrey Hepburn's celebrated charm is rather overworked in this exercise about a chauffeur's daughter who is anxious to play Cinderella to a Long Island princeling. However, a fine performance by Humphrey Bogart shores up the film, and there are funny scenes here and there along the line. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Vanishing Prairie—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his cameras loose on the great American prairie. The animals do pretty well, considering the odds. And the prairie dogs, incidentally, are cute as all getout. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 7-9653; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Nov. 21-23.)

REVIVALS

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Nov. 24.)

The Blue Angel (1930)—Marlene Dietrich as a cabaret singer, and Emil Jannings as a schoolmaster. A German film. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

The Captain's Paradise (1953)—Alec Guinness demonstrating that bigamy can be a rather blessed state. An English film, with Celia Johnson and Yvonne De Carlo. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 24.)

Gunga Din (1939)—Kipling's India. Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Nov. 21-23. . . . ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 24.)

Major Barbara (1941)—The English screen version of Shaw's Salvation Army comedy. With Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 18.)

Never Give a Sucker an Even Break (1941)—W. C. Fields doing his best as a kindly uncle. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Nov. 20.)

Pygmalion (1938)—More G.B.S. A British picture, with Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Nov. 18.)

Roman Holiday (1953)—A princess slips away from her entourage in Rome and winds up seeing the sights with an American newspaperman and a photographer. Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 21-23.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Nov. 21-23.)

Tarzan Escapes (1936)—Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan swinging along in the trees. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Nov. 21-22.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock derring-do. A British film. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Nov. 21-23.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Nov. 21: "Shooting Stars" (1928), with Brian Aherne and Annette Benson; and "Her Screen Idol" (1923), produced by Mack Sennett, with Ford Sterling and Louise Fazenda. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 22: "Sherlock, Jr." (1924), with Buster Keaton; and an excerpt from "Doubling for Romeo" (1921), with Will Rogers and Raymond Hatton. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
"Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronic puppets.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
Through the afternoon of Nov. 18: "The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.
From Nov. 18, at 8:30: "The Last Time I Saw Paris," Elizabeth Taylor, Van Johnson, Walter Pidgeon. (Opening night will be a benefit for the North Shore Hospital, Manhasset, and the New York Infirmary.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through Nov. 24: "A Bullet Is Waiting," Jean Simmons, Rory Calhoun.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through Nov. 24: "Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"White Christmas" (in VistaVision), Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Drum Beat" (in CinemaScope), Alan Ladd, Audrey Dalton.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CARMEN JONES (in CinemaScope).

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Désirée" (in CinemaScope), Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Michael Rennie.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Phffft," Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Lucrezia Borgia" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère.

THE LOGIC OF WEARING "DACRON"

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX created this Year 'Round "Viracle" suit. It's worn by an astute young executive who quite logically accepts scientific improvement, whether in the form of an electronic business machine or a suit improved with science's textile fiber, "Dacron".

Blended with wool, "Dacron" makes worsteds even more logical for business wear. The *resiliency* of this fiber helps give a suit extra wrinkle resistance, as well as a remarkable facility for freshening itself overnight on a hanger. Since "Dacron" has an inherent tendency to hold its shape when set by a pressing iron—even through rainy weather—it can make a press extremely long-lasting. And since the fiber is naturally resistant to moisture, many spots can be easily sponged away with soap and water.

All in all, "Dacron" makes this handsomely tailored "Viracle" a most logical choice for business, for travel, for any busy day. Another example of the clothier's skill in using "Dacron"* polyester fiber to give you quality clothing with new, modern-living advantages.

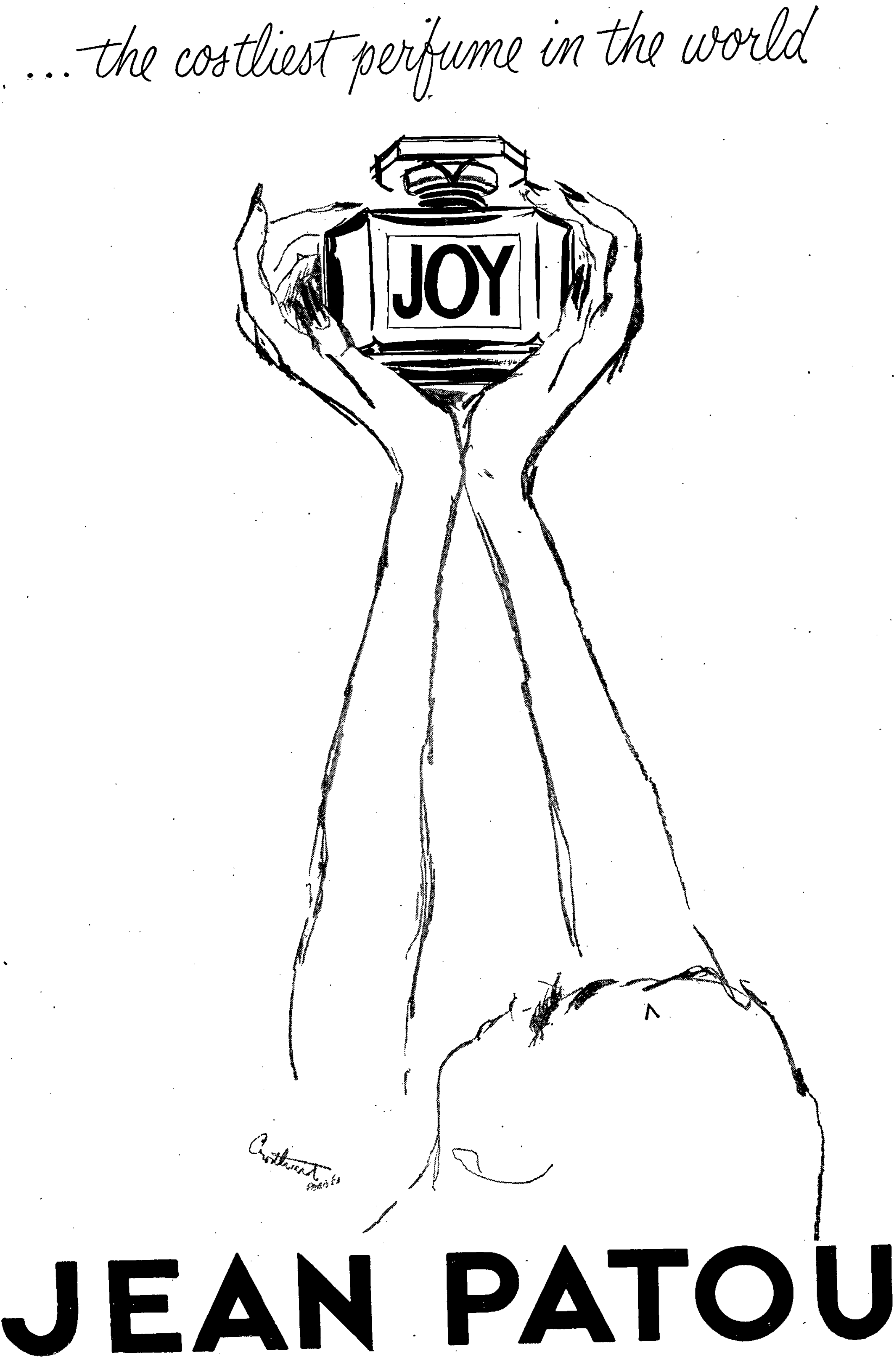
**Registered trade-mark for Du Pont's polyester fiber.*

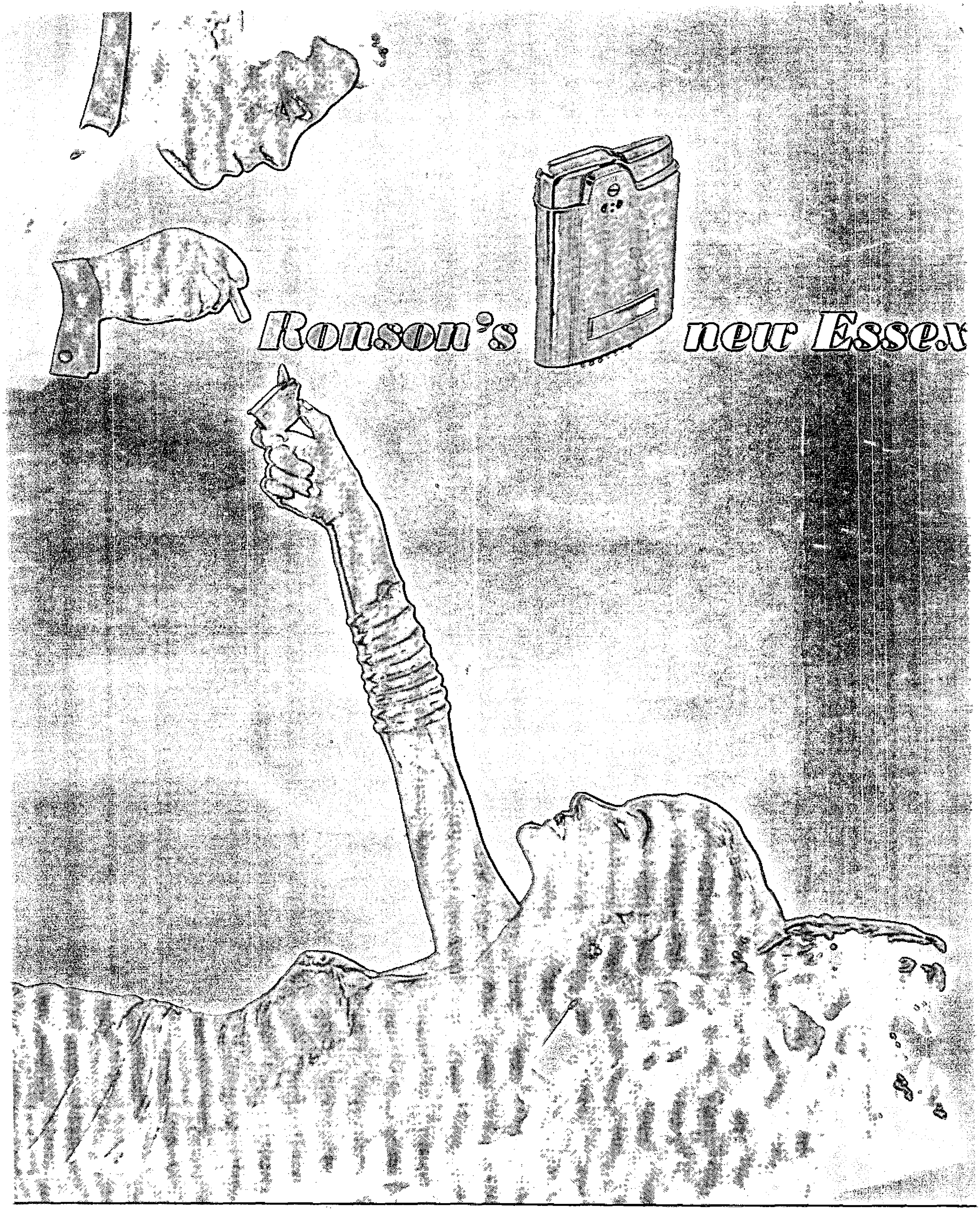
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Hart Schaffner & Marx tailored this suit of 55% "Dacron", 45% wool, in charred brown, grey, blue or plain grey, about $79.50. At the following stores:

Atlanta, Ga	Zachry's
Chattanooga, Tenn	Miller Bros.
Chicago, Ill	Baskin
Cleveland, Ohio	The Higbee Co.
Detroit, Mich	Clayton's
Evansville, Ind	Strouse & Bros.
Houston, Texas	Leopold & Price
Jacksonville, Fla	Levy's
New Orleans, La	Stevens
New York, N. Y	Wallachs
Oklahoma City, Okla	Lewinsohn's
Phoenix, Ariz	Hanny's
Portland, Ore	Rosenblatts
Salt Lake City, Utah	Arthur Frank
San Antonio, Tex	Joske's
San Diego, Calif	Jacobson's
San Francisco, Calif	Moore's
San Francisco, Calif	Hastings
Seattle, Wash	Klopfenstein s
St. Louis, Mo	Wolff's


. . . the costliest perfume in the world
JOY
JEAN PATOU

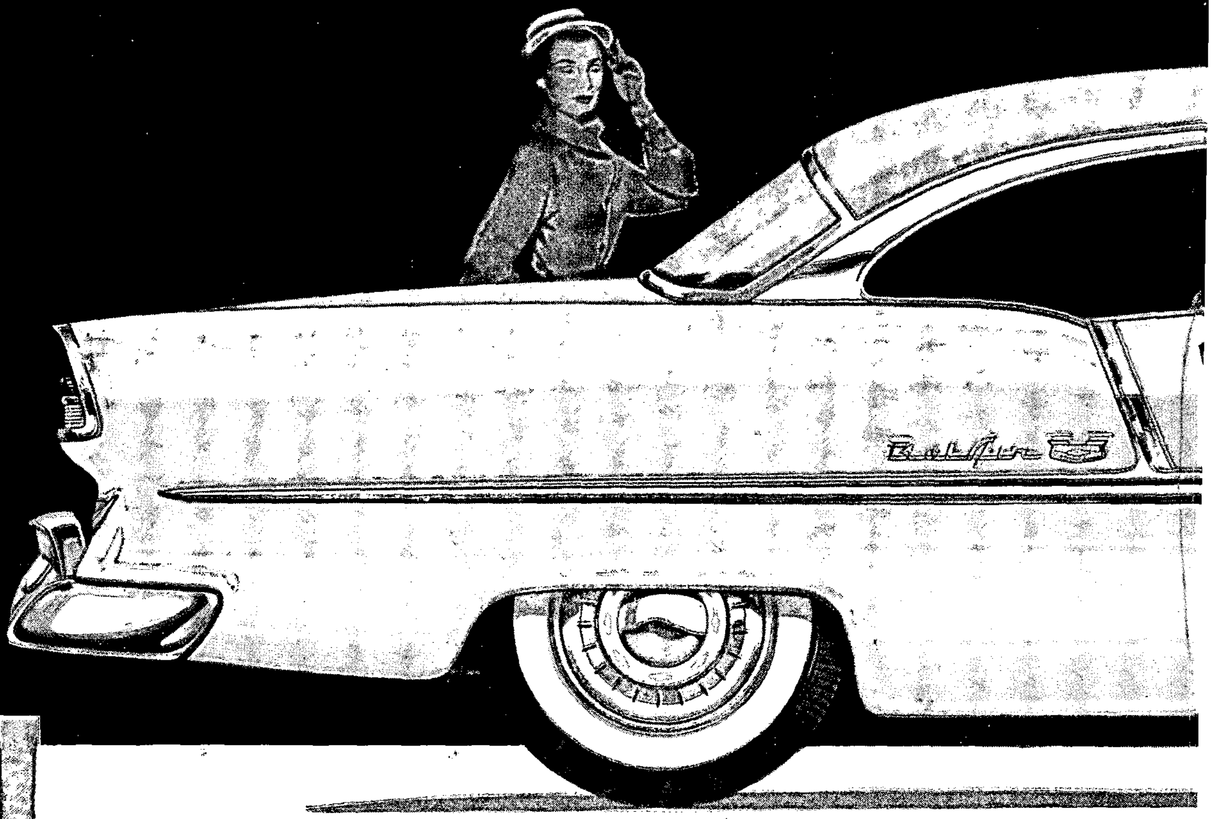


re's the world's most luxurious lighter . . . the gift so *new* it could never be given before! Twenty-four karat gold plate, gned with incredible elegance. For someone you don't mind impressing . . . no other gift can *touch* the Essex! 12.50* Also in Jewelers Bronze, 8.50.

! Exclusive easy-fill swivel base, swings wide open for fast, spill-proof fuelings! *Look for the name* RONSON® *world's greatest lighter.*

TAX ©1954 RONSON CORPORATION

Low...and behold! A new concept of



Here is excitement on wheels . . .

the newest, freshest thing you ever laid eyes

And it's even more exciting to drive

than to look at!

Take a good look, and you'll know that the Motoramic Chevrolet is far more than just a new model. Take the wheel and you'll realize that it's more, even, than a completely new car!

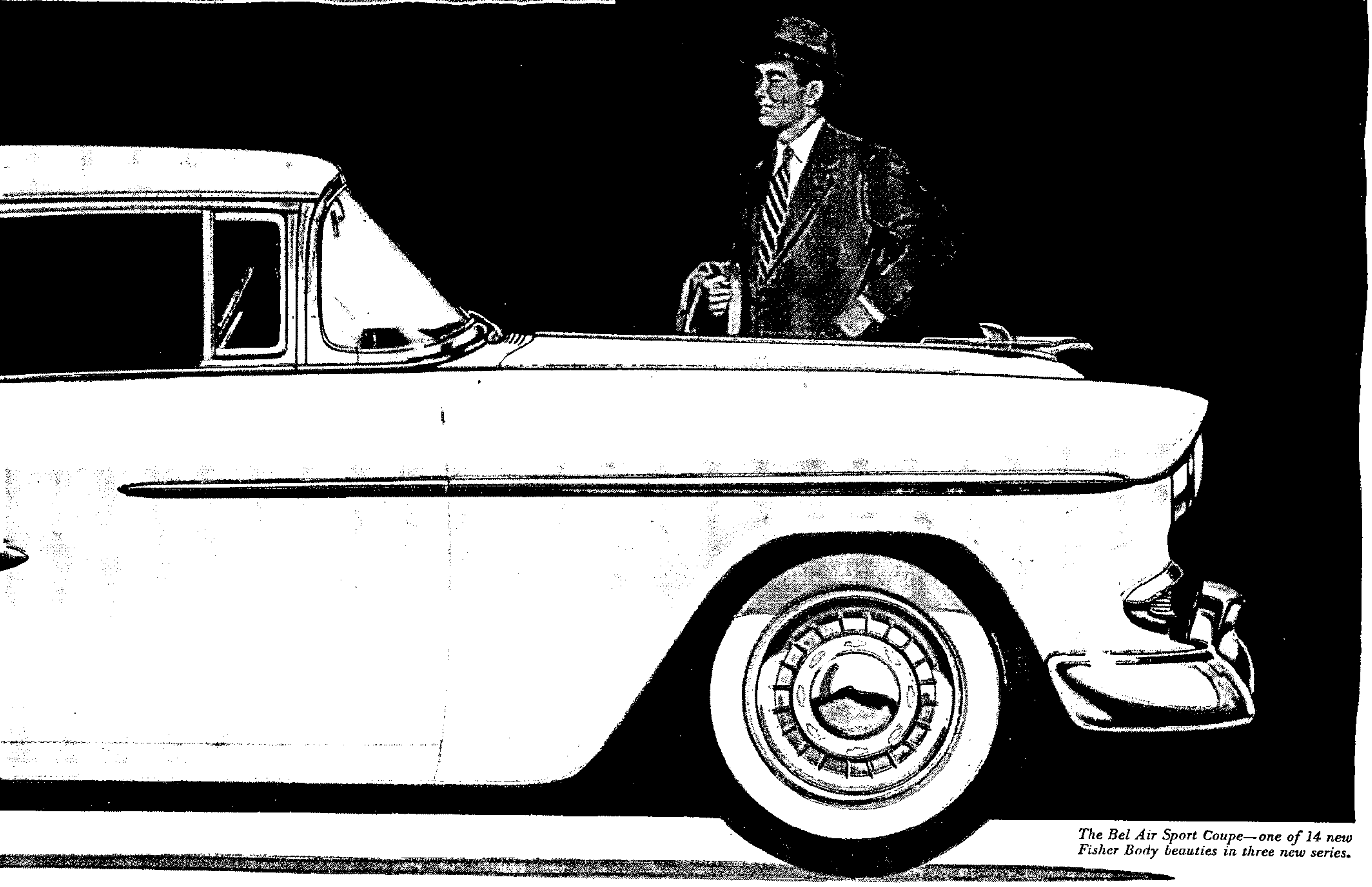
For this is the Chevrolet that began with a whole new idea—the idea that a low-priced car can be made to look, ride and perform like the very finest and highest-priced automobiles.

Big order? You bet! So big that only the world's leading car builders could have fille Chevrolet and General Motors alone have resources and the facilities it takes to this great new idea on wheels.

Everything's new in the Motoramic C rolet—from its tubeless tires to its lower Come drive it, first chance you have.

See Your Chevrolet Dealer

ow-cost motoring!



The Bel Air Sport Coupe—one of 14 new Fisher Body beauties in three new series.

the motoramic Chevrolet for 1955!

GREAT NEW V8—TWO NEW 6's! New "Turbo-Fire V8" delivers 162 h.p. with an ultra-high compression ratio of 8 to 1. Two new 6's, too—the new "Blue-Flame 136" with Powerglide (optional at extra cost) and the new "Blue-Flame 123."

SWEEP-SIGHT WINDSHIELD WITH FOUR-FENDER VISIBILITY! Chevrolet's new Sweep-Sight Windshield curves around to vertical corner pillars. And you can see all four fenders from the driver's seat!

OVERDRIVE JOINS THE POWER TEAMS! Take your choice. There's new Overdrive teamed with the new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 123." There's Powerglide teamed with the new V8 or the new "Blue-Flame 136." (Powerglide and Overdrive are extra-cost options.) And there's a new standard transmission teamed with the new V8 or the "Blue-Flame 123."

WONDERFUL NEW GLIDE-RIDE FRONT SUSPENSION! New spherical joints flex freely to cushion road shocks. New Anti-Dive Braking Control, exclusive with Chevrolet, assures "heads up" stops.

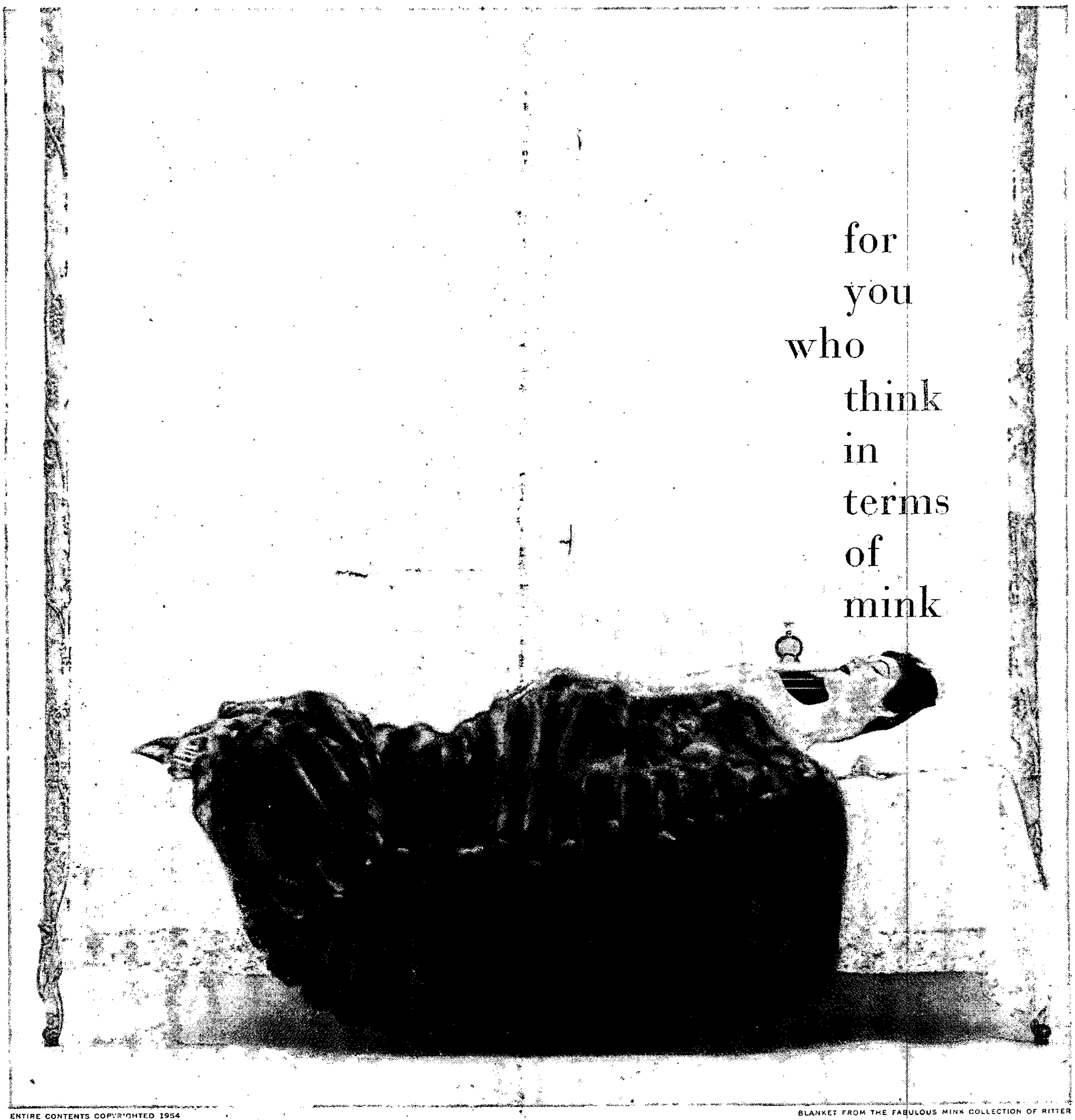
A VENTILATING SYSTEM THAT REALLY WORKS! Chevrolet's new High-Level Ventilating System takes in air at hood-high level, away from road heat, fumes and dust.

NEW OUTRIGGER REAR SPRINGS! Rear springs are longer—and they're attached at the outside of the frame to give you greater stability in cornering.

EVEN AIR CONDITIONING, IF YOU WISH! Air is heated or cooled by a single highly efficient unit. This is only one of the wonderful extra-cost options you can get!

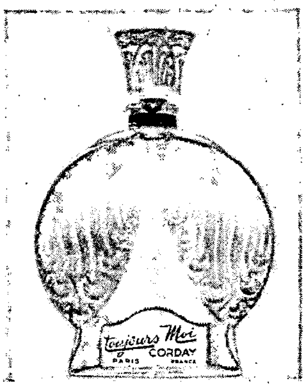
MORE THAN A NEW CAR . . .
A NEW CONCEPT OF LOW-COST MOTORING

Chevrolet


for
you
who
think
in
terms
of
mink

ENTIRE CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1954

BLANKET FROM THE FABULOUS MINK COLLECTION OF RITTER

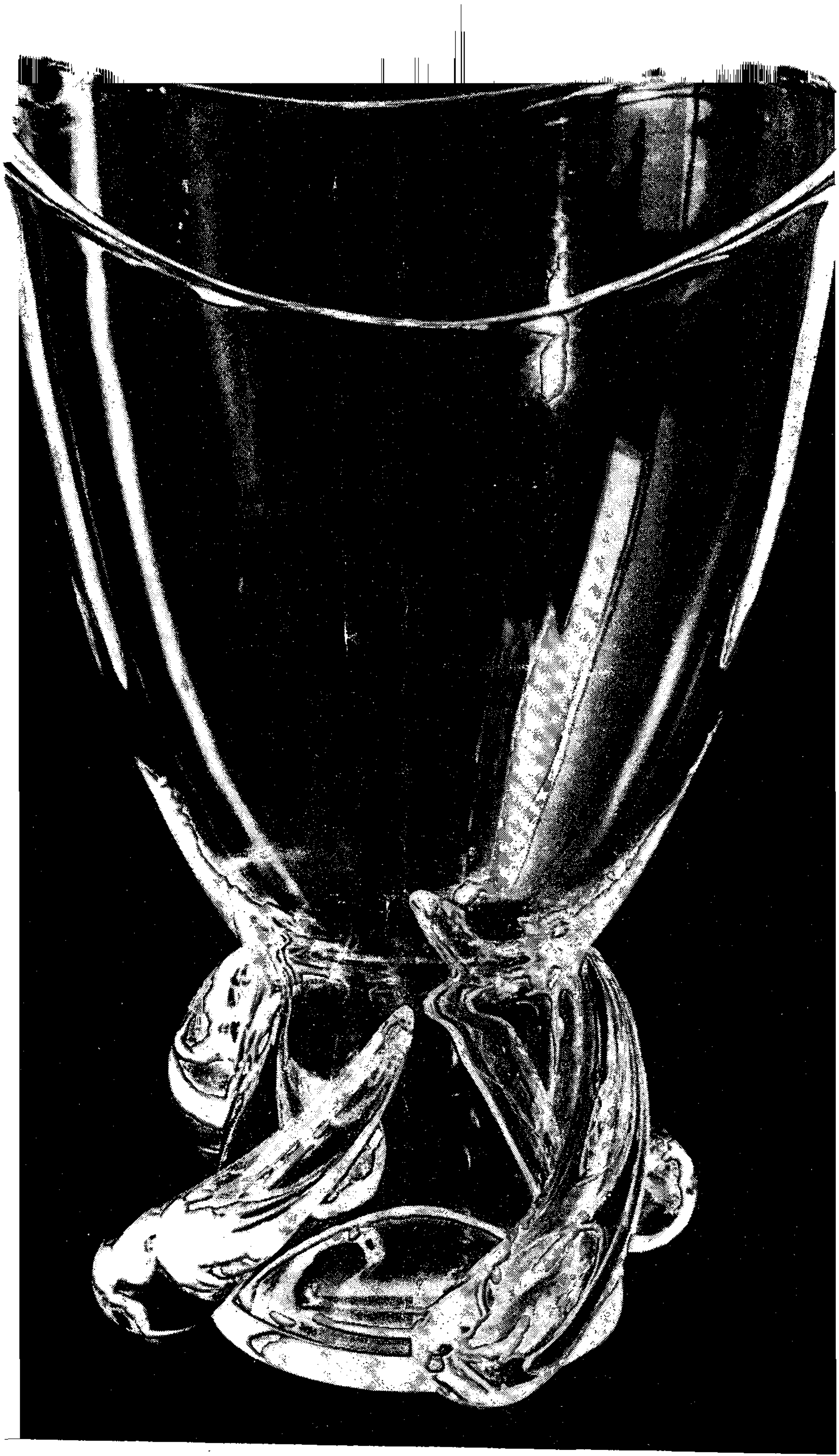

toujours Moi
CORDAY
PARIS
FRANCE

toujours moi

(ALWAYS ME)

Conceived, born and bred in Paris for you whose instinct leads to the most alluring in everything you wear. No other perfume lingers so long and lovingly, especially on your furs . . . so seductively adds a new dimension to your charm. $125* to $5.50*. Purse size, $3.00*. Other famous Corday perfumes: Fame, Toujours Toi, Jet, Zigane and Possession. *plus 10% tax.

Parfums CORDAY *Paris*



, WITH SWIRLED DROPS AROUND THE BASE • HEIGHT 10¼ INCHES • $60

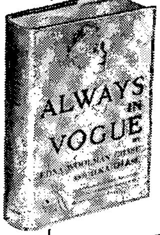
AN ILLUSTRATED CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE ON REQUEST

STEUBEN GLASS

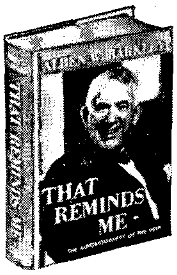
718 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

PRIVATE LIVES

intimate closeups of the famous . . . and infamous



ALWAYS IN VOGUE by *Edna Woolman Chase & Ilka Chase.* The autobiography of the astonishing woman who has edited Vogue for 40 years! Incredible anecdotes about Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, Robert Sherwood, Dior, Fath, others. Lavish illus. **Doubleday. $5.00**

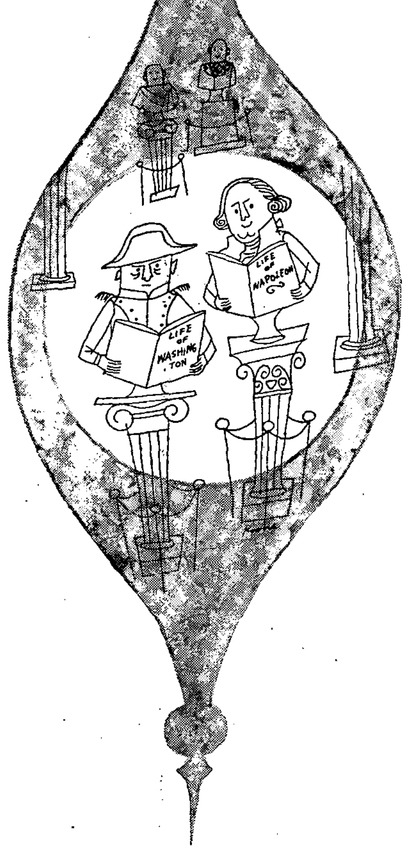


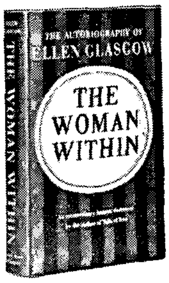
THAT REMINDS ME by *Alben W. Barkley.* The informal biography of the most engaging figure in American politics. Not a sensational exposé, but the "Veep's" own amusing, off-the-cuff memoir of a half-century of public life. **Doubleday. $4.50**

MELBOURNE by *Lord David Cecil.* Now, in one magnificent volume! The young *Melbourne* in the brilliant Whig world—his stormy marriage; the finished product—Prime Minister, counselor, beloved friend to Queen Victoria. "A masterpiece." **Bobbs, Merrill. $5.00**

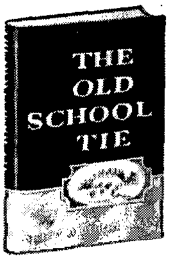
THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL by *Hermann Hagedorn.* The story of the joys, struggles, defeats and triumphs of a family that made headlines and history for a quarter of a century! "...few novels could surpass it in point of drama." Joseph C. Grew. **Macmillan. $5.00**

SATCHMO: My Life in New Orleans by *Louis Armstrong. Satchmo's* own story! Inimitably *re-creates the teeming,* lusty life of back-o'-town New Orleans in the early days of the fabulous Jazz Age! Illus. **Prentice-Hall. $3.50**

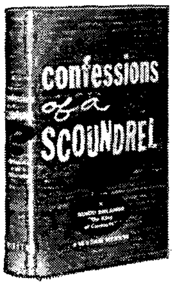




THE WOMAN WITHIN by *Ellen Glasgow.* Revealing autobiography of the great Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist's most private and interior life ...triumph over handicap and loss. A document of extraordinary human interest. **Harcourt, Brace. $5.00**

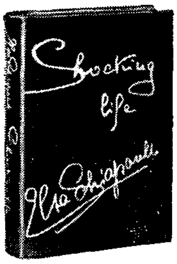


THE OLD SCHOOL TIE by *Arthur Tuckerman.* A gay, irresistible account of life at English schools, and how one poor report card changed the course of this American's education. Shrewd, witty, wonderful! **Macmillan. $3.50**

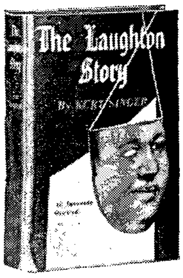


CONFESSIONS OF A SCOUNDREL by *Guido Orlando, as told to Sam Merwin.* From Broadway to international political intrigue! A press agent reveals the stories behind the headlines! Racy, ribald and not a little shocking! Illus. **Winston. $3.50**

SUSAN B. ANTHONY: Her Personal History and Her Era by *Katharine Anthony.* Sensitive portrait of the great 19th century reformer and the tumultuous times in which she lived. By the author of *Queen Elizabeth, Catherine the Great, Dolly Madison!* Illus. **Doubleday. $6.00**



SHOCKING LIFE by *Elsa Schiaparelli.* Schiap's own, revealing story! This rich and adventurous life will fascinate and surprise those who know only the quixotic arbiter of fashion. Illus. in thrilling color and black and white. **Dutton. $4**



THE LAUGHTON STORY by *Kurt Singer.* Intimate, behind-the-scenes story of the great performer-director. How he rose to fame in London, Hollywood, Broadway. An incisive portrait revealing a sensitive, profound personality. Illus. **Winston. $3.95**

R.S.V.P.: ELSA MAXWELL'S OWN STORY by *Elsa Maxwell.* Her whole fabulous career amongst the great, notorious, fantastic celebrities of two whirling generations! Inside stories about *Caruso, Aly Khan, Bernard Shaw, Noel Coward,* others. Many photos. **Little, Brown. $5.00**

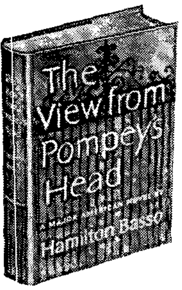
double delight *Santa's couriers sometime "double in books"*
and leave two of the very same title. That's why each
and every book from our shops carries a note offering gladly
to exchange it. Another happy reason your gift is bound to please.

Doubleday Book Shops

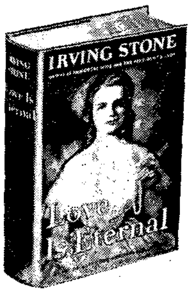
america's most complete book and record service

FOR MORE PLEASURE

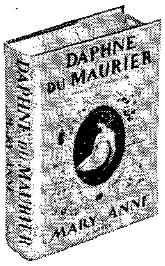
a sparkling galaxy to light up your gift list . . .
bright new stars in fiction and humor



THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD by *Hamilton Basso.* A major novel about a successful New York lawyer whose life is changed by a second look "back home". Reveals the broad sweep of contemporary society from Manhattan to small town. A tender love story with a moving theme. **Doubleday. $3.95**



LOVE IS ETERNAL by *Irving Stone. Irving Stone's* third big novel about the wives of great Americans: the tempestuous love story of Mary Todd and *Abraham Lincoln.* The most misrepresented woman in American history...as she really was! **Doubleday. $3.95**



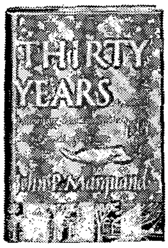
MARY ANNE by *Daphne du Maurier. Du Maurier's* newest best seller about the English Pompadour — who pulled herself up by a dropped shoulder strap to the highest pinnacle of Georgian society. All the appeal of *Rebecca . . . My Cousin Rachel!* **Doubleday. $3.50**

Good Morning, Miss Dove

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE by *Frances Gray Patton.* The *New Yorker* author writes a tender, loving story about a dear, dreaded schoolmarm. A brilliant novel that leaves you with a warm, nostalgic glow. Illus. by *Garrett Price.* **Dodd, Mead. $2.75**

American Captain

AMERICAN CAPTAIN *by Edison Marshall.* The author of *Yankee Pasha, etc.* creates his most dynamic hero yet . . . a bold, irresistible sea hearty whose exploits in love and battle range from Maine to terror-filled Africa! *Farrar,* **Strauss & Young. $3.95**



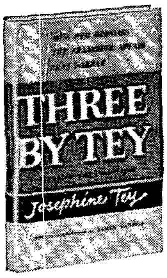
THIRTY YEARS by *John P. Marquand.* Three decades-worth of stories, articles, in book form for the first time! *Marquand magic* in a variety of backgrounds from Boston to Peking; Hawaiian natives to Harvard men; prize-fights to Iwo Jima. **Little, Brown. $5.00**

YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING!

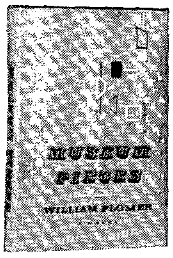
YOUR SLIP IS SHOWING, *Ed. By Kermit Schafer.* The funniest *faux-pax* in the history of radio and TV—with riotous cartoons. Hundreds of hilarious bloopers, flubs, boners, from Godfrey to Grauer. "I laughed from beginning to end." *Arlene Francis.* **Grayson. $2.00**

ERNEST K. GANN

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE *by Ernest K. Gann.* The author of best-selling *The High and the Mighty* writes a magnificent new novel...a beautiful, unusual love story, set against the background of today's feverish, intrigue-ridden Hong Kong! **Sloane. $3.50**



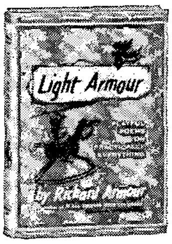
THREE BY TEY by *Josephine Tey.* A superlative omnibus by one of the greatest modern mystery writers! Complete and unabridged: *Miss Pym Disposes; The Franchise Affair; Brat Farrar.* A delight for mystery fans! **Macmillan. $3.95**



MUSEUM PIECES by *William Plomer.* A brilliant and witty novel by the great English humorist. Read it, and see why *E. M. Forster* asked, "Why, dear America, do you not read *William Plomer* more?" **Noonday. $3.50**

One White Star
GLADYS HASTY CARROLL

ONE WHITE STAR by *Gladys Hasty Carroll.* An absorbing new novel by the author of *As The Earth Turns.* "...a serious study of mother-daughter relationships in several generations." Sure best-seller! **Macmillan. $3.50**



LIGHT ARMOUR by *Richard Armour.* A modern master of light verse gives a sharp, witty view of the human predicament! Wild, wonderful Leo Hershfield line drawings add waggish charm to this grown-up's garden of verses. **McGraw-Hill. $2.75**

Doubleday Book Shops, Mail Order Department
575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

Please send me books indicated below:

QUANT.	TITLE	PRICE

Name________________ ☐ Check encl.
Address________________ ☐ Charge my acct.
City________ Zone____ State____ ☐ Gift-wrapped free

On purchases under $3.00 please add 25c packing charge. On purchases for delivery outside Metropolitan New York please add 25c shipping charge.

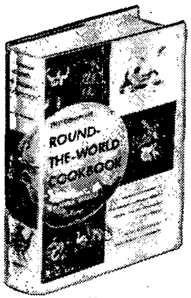
order now. prices subject to change without notice.

Doubleday Book Shops

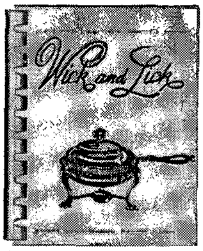
america's most complete book and record service

FOR EVERY HOME

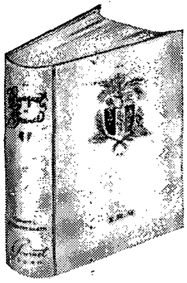
a potpourri of how-to-helpfuls
no home can be without!



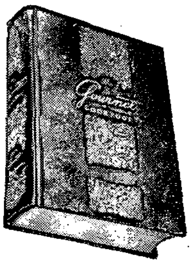
THE COMPLETE ROUND-THE-WORLD COOKBOOK by *Myra Waldo.* 500 exotic, tested recipes from abroad! Native dishes from 84 exotic lands served on *PAA* flights. Tips on *travel, foreign* measurements; even local markets for foreign ingredients. Illus. **Doubleday $4.95**



WICK & LICK: A Gazette of Chafing Dish Specialties by *Ruth Chier Rosen.* 200 eye-appealing, palate-delighting recipes and menus for meat, fish, poultry, eggs, desserts—*flaming exotic fare!* Tabbed, indexed, color illus. Gay gift box. **Rosen. $1.50**



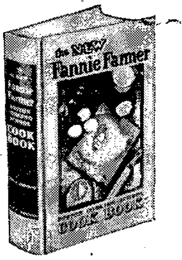
BOUQUET DE FRANCE *by Samuel Chamberlain.* An epicurean tour thru France. Restaurant guide, cookbook combined! Over 600 pages! Hundreds of photographs and illustrations! A DeLuxe delight! **Gourmet. $10.00**



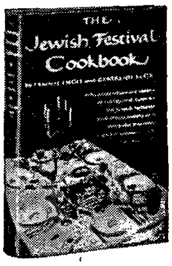
THE GOURMET COOKBOOK. The most fabulous cookbook of all! Over 2,300 marvelous recipes from all over the world, selected by *Gourmet,* the Magazine of Good Living. 93 *color* photos! Hundreds of illus. 781 pages. Luxuriously bound! **Gourmet. $10**

FRYER-COOKER

ELECTRIC FRYER-COOKER RECIPES by *Julia Kiene.* Opens a new world for owners of this miracle appliance. 250 yummy, fix-in-a-minute recipes, menus, from *lower-caloried* French Fries to Pêches Flambées! Company lunches, brunches, more! **Barrows. $3.00**

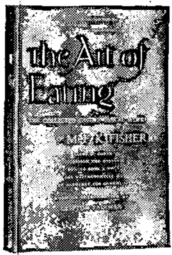


THE NEW FANNIE FARMER BOSTON COOKING-SCHOOL COOK BOOK, 9th Editon, by *Wilma Lord Perkins.* Backbone of the kitchen library, completely revised; enlarged intro. includes menus, marketing tips, more! Over 3,000 cream-of-the-crop recipes, 100 full-color illus. **Little, Brown. $3.95**

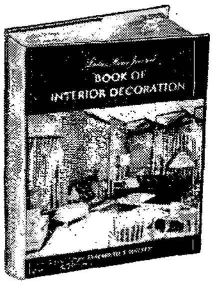


THE JEWISH FESTIVAL COOKBOOK by *Fannie Engle & Gertrude Blair.* Mouths will water at these traditional, tantalizing recipes and menus! Show-how directions. Customs, legends, symbols of their holiday origin! 224 pages of fine eating! **McKay. $3.50**

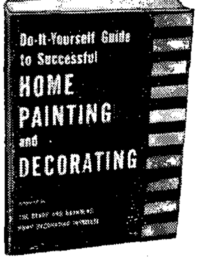
LA CUCINA: THE COMPLETE ITALIAN COOKBOOK by *Rose L. Sorce.* 800 "bravo" easy-fix recipes. Antipasto, spaghetti, to fabulous pastries! Tips on Italian cheeses, herbs, more! "...best Italian cookbook on the market." *Mademoiselle.* **Twayne. $3.00**



THE ART OF EATING *by M. F. K. Fisher.* In one gala volume, 5 complete gastronomical books including *How to Cook a Wolf; Consider the Oyster.* A gourmet's recipes and reminiscences. "What better gift for anyone still in firm possession of a palate?" *Clifton Fadiman.* 766 pages. **World. $6.00**



LADIES' HOME JOURNAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION *by Elizabeth T. Halsey et al.* All the basic styles of architecture, furniture—color, fabrics, floor coverings, lighting, accessories; practical planning; room layouts. *Lavish illus.; 64 pages in color!* **Doubleday. $6.95**


Do-It-Yourself Guide to Successful
HOME PAINTING and DECORATING

DO-IT-YOURSELF GUIDE TO SUCCESSFUL HOME PAINTING AND DECORATING by *Devoe & Raynolds Home Dec. Inst.* Everything to know *to make your home* more beautiful, *indoors and out.* Easy-do instructions for walls, floors, furniture, *color schemes.* Illus. **Simon & Schuster. $3.50**

FURNITURE TREASURY

FURNITURE TREASURY *by Wallace Nutting.* Every exciting page and illustration from the most famous work on American antiques ever published! Originally a 2-volume $25 edition, now, in one unabridged volume, *popularly priced!* Beautiful! **Macmillan. $10.95**

shop by phone *Just check the 'phone book for the Doubleday Book Shop nearest you in New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Miami Beach, Palm Beach, New Haven, West Hartford, Rochester and Minneapolis. In Boston, call The Old Corner Book Store.*

Doubleday Book Shops

america's most complete book and record service

THE GIFT THAT'S ALWAYS RIGHT

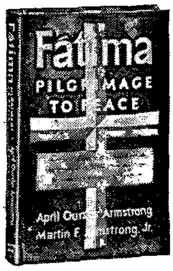
your choice of 12 ultra-special gifts
to please their special interests!

Commemorative
STAMPS
of the
U.S.A.

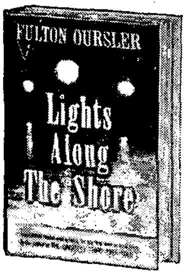
COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS OF THE U.S.A. by *Fred Reinfeld*. The whole, intimate story of history's great events and outstanding Americans, illus. with over 330 commemorative stamps. From the pioneers to modern science! Perfect for history fans and collectors. (All ages). **Crowell. $4.50**

AND
HIS TIMES
By DANIEL-ROPS

JESUS AND HIS TIMES *by Daniel-Rops.* Capture the true spirit of Chrismas by giving this great, inspiring book—a most brilliant and reverent new life of Christ that stirs the imagination and moves the heart! 640 vivid pages. **Dutton. $5**



FÁTIMA: Pilgrimage to Peace *by April Oursler Armstrong; Martin F. Armstrong, Jr.* An inspiring personal account! Interview with *Sister Lucy,* only living witness to the Apparition! Exclusive prophecies to the *whole* world! **Hanover House. $2**



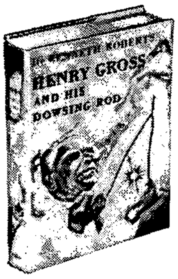
LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE *by Fulton Oursler, author of The Greatest Story Ever Told.* 42 articles and short stories of cheer, hope, courage, for people of every faith...humor and common sense shining through every inspiring piece! **Hanover House. $2.95**

THE
BEST PLAYS
1953-1954

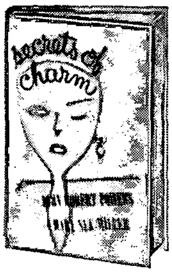
THE BEST PLAYS OF 1953-1954. *Ed. by Louis Kronenberger.* Bigger, livelier, best *Burns Mantle* annual! 10 top plays incl. *Tea House of the August Moon; The Caine Mutiny Court Martial;* summaries; hit show tunes; best performances; more photos! Marvelous Hirschfeld cartoons! **Dodd, Mead. $5.00**

The
Gentle Reminder
1955

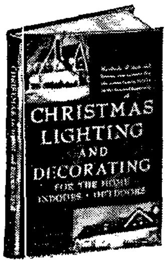
THE GENTLE REMINDER 1955 Of things to be done by *Florence M. Hurley.* New, larger (9⅛x11) de luxe month-at-a-glance calendar! Ample space for notes on dates, shopping, records, more! Opens flat. Colorful! In gift mailing envelope! **Grosset & Dunlap. $1.50**



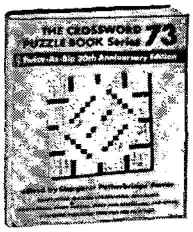
HENRY GROSS AND HIS DOWSING ROD *by Kenneth Roberts.* The account of a Maine water diviner whose experiences over several years proved that a competent water dowser can locate flowing underground water anywhere in the world. **Doubleday. $4. The Seventh Sense, fascinating sequel, $4.**



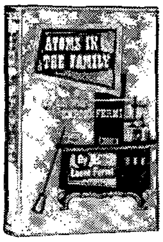
SECRETS OF CHARM *by John Robert Powers; Mary Sue Miller.* For teenager to grandmother! Personalized tips on fashion, diet, grooming, makeup, hair styles, that "bandbox" look! Diagrams, charts, show-how photos. 416 pages. **Winston. $4.50**



CHRISTMAS LIGHTING AND DECORATING *by Theodore Saros.* "Know-how" fun for young and old on festive indoor-outdoor lighting! Hundreds of ideas, how-to tips on eye-catching ornaments, gift wrappings, cards, more! Illus. **Van Nostrand. $1.95**



The Twice-as-Big 30TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION CROSS WORD PUZZLE BOOK #73. 100 new puzzles for experts, in gala format! **THE DOUBLE-SIZE 20th EDITION OF KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTICS #33.** 100 new literary puzzles. **Simon & Schuster. Ea. $2.95**



ATOMS IN THE FAMILY: My Life with Enrico Fermi, *by Laura Fermi.* The whole, fascinating world of nuclear fission revealed, in this amusing, gay account of life with the "Father" of the Atom bomb ... Nobel Prize winning physicist. Closeups of *Einstein, Oppenheimer, Fuchs.* **Illus. Univ. of Chicago Press. $4.00**

Treadmill
to Oblivion
by FRED ALLEN

TREADMILL TO OBLIVION *by Fred Allen.* Revealing, hilarious stories of radio's Golden Age—programs, people, actors, guests, denizens of *Allen's Alley.* Emceed by the unique humorist and acidulous comic historian, in person! **Atlantic-Little, Brown. $4.00**

Doubleday Book Shops, Mail Order Department
575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York

Please send me books indicated below:

QUANT.	TITLE	PRICE

Name ______________________ ☐ Check encl.

Address ______________________ ☐ Charge my acct.

City __________ Zone ______ State ______ ☐ Gift-wrapped free

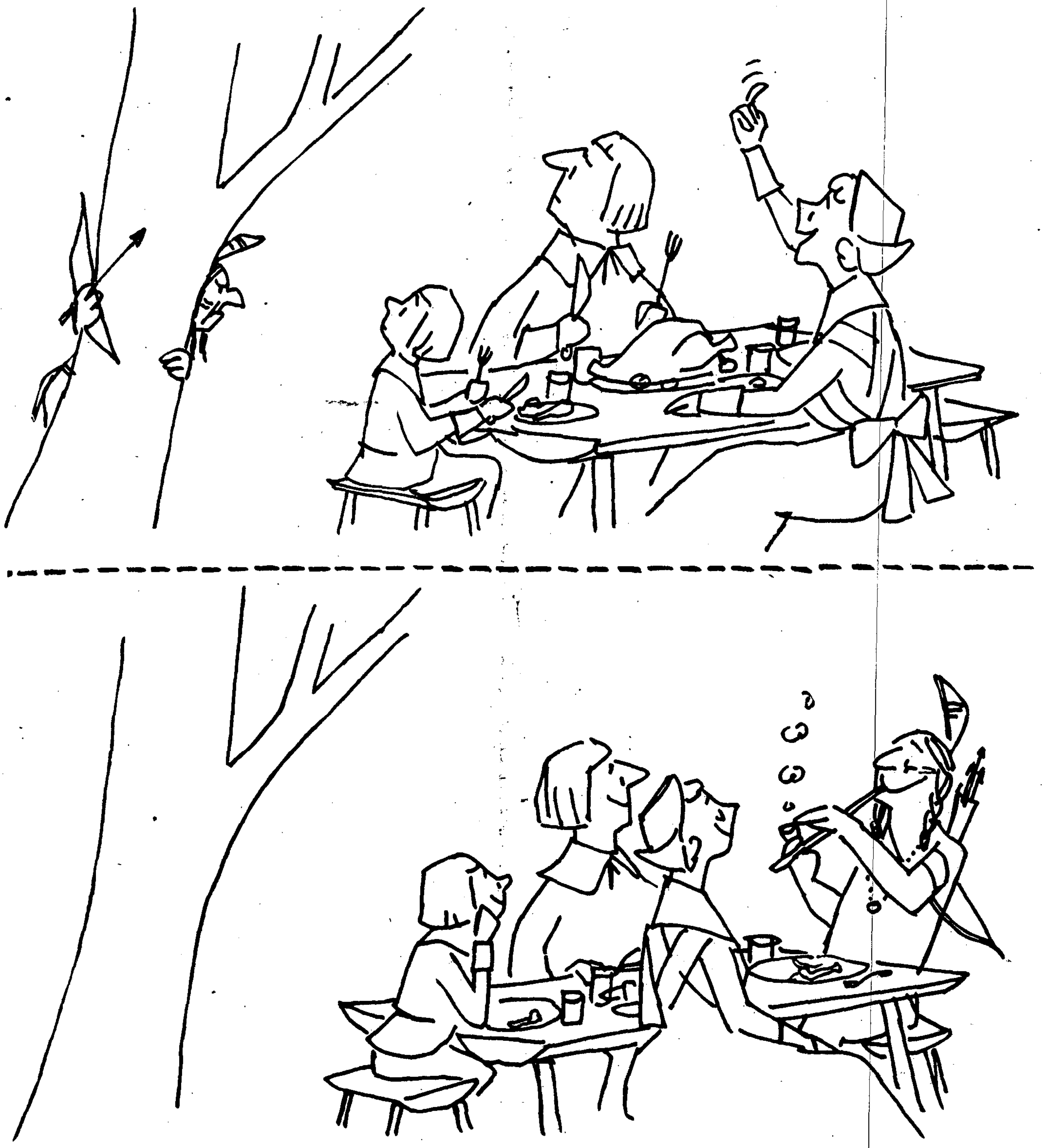
On purchases under $3.00 please add 25c packing charge. On purchases for delivery outside Metropolitan New York please add 25c shipping charge.

order now. prices subject to change without notice.

Doubleday Book Shops

america's most complete book and record service

Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!



Nor the power of the magazine that makes more friends with more women than any other magazine on earth! Ladies' Home JOURNAL

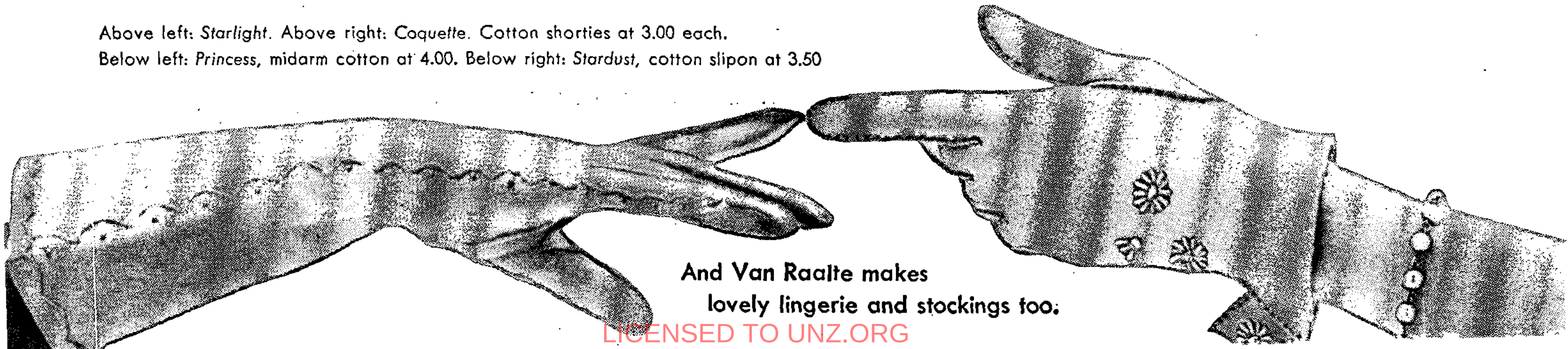
A CURTIS PUBLICATION

We read a
glittering future in your hand
...because you love nice things

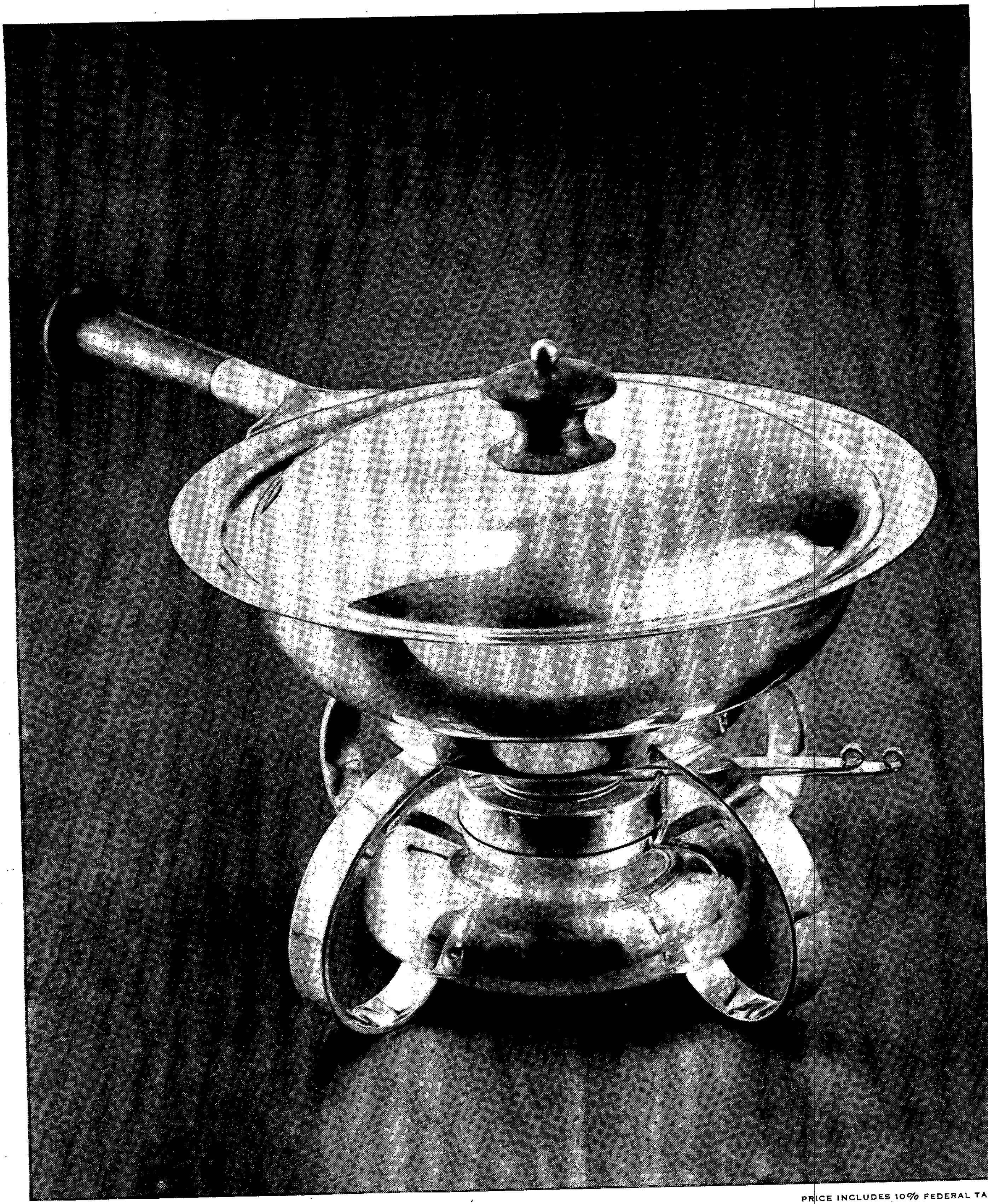
HAT BY GUSTAVO

and Van Raalte makes the nicest! It doesn't take a sorcerer to see that you're a girl who feels lovelier when you're surrounded by lovely things. Things like a sparkling-new handsewn glove, to cross your palm with all the silver-and-gold excitement of a brand new season . . . Our jewel-sprinkled Fall cottons, for instance. The finest fabric ever to touch your fingertips, because (like all our materials) we took care to make it ourselves. Gloves you'll cherish because they give you that cherished look you love. At fine stores everywhere.

Above left: *Starlight*. Above right: *Coquette*. Cotton shorties at 3.00 each.
Below left: *Princess*, midarm cotton at 4.00. Below right: *Stardust*, cotton slipon at 3.50



And Van Raalte makes
lovely lingerie and stockings too.



PRICE INCLUDES 10% FEDERAL TA

CHAFING DISH IN SILVER PLATE, DIAMETER 10¾", HEIGHT 9¾". COMPLETE WITH CANNED HEAT HOLDER, $115.00. AT FINER SILVERWARE STORES.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Allen Solly hose
RUIKSHANK
Ronald Searle

Still, and Splendidly, a Nation of Shopkeepers

It was beneath the dignity of a gentleman to be "in trade" as Tom Allen was during the early years of the eighteenth century. But the dignity of history now clothes those years — and, besides, Adam Smith neatly gilded our role.

Trade, in that youthful Age of Reason, was the basis of empire. Trade, in this Age of Anxiety, can be the basis of friendship. If customers didn't become friends, it would be hard to account for the warm feelings that so many men have for Allen Solly hose.

WORN BY GENTLEMEN THE WORLD OVER
Allen Solly
hose

ALSO WOOL SWEATERS, WOOL POLO SHIRTS, LISLE BEACH SHIRTS

Sold in better stores. Write us for names: 2 West 46th Street, New York 36, N. Y.

ALLEN SOLLY & CO., LTD. 32 SAVILE ROW, LONDON, ENGLAND

Fleur Sauvage

the latest, most seductive perfume

from Paris

by

MONTEIL

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOT so many years ago, we read where Mr. Dewey said he didn't have any money. He wasn't on relief, but he just didn't have any money. Now we see in the *Tribune* that he has bought a ten-room coöperative apartment at 141 East Seventy-second Street. Say!

ALBERT EINSTEIN has said that if he could begin life again he would choose to be a plumber. The remark was, of course, designed as a lament—a criticism of the bad air in today's science laboratory. But it need not be taken too seriously. Professor Einstein, if he were to start again, would not fit pipes together; he would fit ideas together, just as he always has, being incapable temperamentally of doing anything else. Everyone dreams of being a plumber (independent and rich), or a clerk (independent and poor), or some other worker at a relatively exact and circumscribed job. A writer, at five in the afternoon, when the office buildings start emptying, gazes with infinite envy at the citizens whose day is over, who have shed their work as they would a garment, and who can relax and re-create themselves till nine the next morning. Albert Einstein is just a dreamer when he allows himself the pleasure of fondling a pipe wrench in his imagination—just a talented old dreamer.

ACTUALLY, the world of plumbing could use Einstein very nicely indeed, if he were at liberty. Take the commonest of all plumbing problems in a land of running water—the problem of the uncertain little valve that controls the flow of water in a flush toilet. The vagaries of this mischievous contraption are well known to millions of male householders, particularly the ones who dwell in the country and are dependent on their own water supply, and whose wells and springs are pumped dry if a toilet goes into a runaway mood. We can think of no other mechanism quite so delicately balanced, so subject to slight distempers and ill humors. A male has to familiarize himself with the standard causes of failure: the bent rod that needs straightening, the metal arm that lacks the proper curve and binds the rod, the flake of rust in the collar, the loose nut on the handle, the loose bulb on the rod. And so on. For forty years or so, this capricious Goldbergian device of the plumbing world has kept American homes in a state of flurry and flux. Perhaps Albert Einstein is just the fellow.

IT'S not only bad air in scientific life that is worrisome these days, it's bad air in political life, too. The ousting of John Paton Davies, Jr., may have been a wise move, for all we know, but it was done in a foolish way, in our opinion. Mr. Davies was discharged on the score of "security." He was also specifically declared to be "loyal." A layman is in no position to judge whether Mr. Davies was a good public servant or a bad one, but Mr. Davies unquestionably went out under a cloud and the layman can't escape the notion that he was a naughty fellow. The word "security" is the joker. It's absolutely essential that Foreign Service men be reliable, and that their work be "clearly consistent with the interests of the national security." But we don't see why an unsatisfactory employee of the State Department can't be let go in exactly the same way as an unsatisfactory industrial worker. The more sensitive a man's position is, the more security comes into the picture, but "security" is a fighting word, and the machinery of security is quite capable of becoming monstrous. The ineptitude of even the least of us endangers the Republic, and if more than half the people were lazy or indiscreet or ineffectual, the nation would be in peril. Security is, basically, a state of reasonably good health, and no country can stay healthy indefinitely if it manages to make its honest servants who have been convicted of no wrongdoing appear in the role of scallawag.

AMONG Senator McCarthy's complaints about the select committee is that "it became the Communist Party's involuntary agent." Almost every day since that day in 1950 when he discovered the Communist menace, the Senator has pointed to individuals and groups who, he says, are unwittingly doing the work of the Reds. The ranks of us dupes have swelled amazingly and are now of staggering proportions. We estimate McCarthy's Red Dupes at something like a hundred million. The Dupes should have a marching song, and we have written one—rather hastily, and without any chance to get Mr. Nash's permission:

Oh, involuntary dupes of the Reds are we,
Victims of our own simplicity!
At least a hundred million strong,
We err, we err, as we march along.
Oh, we are Freedom's clumsy hordes,
Trampling where Junior's grapes are stored.
We raise the banner of civil liberties
And associate with flibberty-gibberties.
We take unorthodox people to luncheons
And heed the dictates of our cuncheons.
We get our land in a frightful pickle—
We can't tell a flaming sword from a sickle.
Involuntary! Involuntary! Involuntary!

Guidance

THERE'S practically no limit to the variety of services we're prepared to render our readers, and what better proof of this fact need we cite than that, in anticipation of the Christmas mailing problem, we have been looking over the United States Postal Guide and have acquired a formidable amount of information on what sorts of presents may *not* be sent to friends in foreign places? Say, for example, that you have an artificial-honey fancier on your Christmas list. Let's hope he doesn't live in France, because the French won't permit the importation of so much as an ounce of the stuff. For that matter, they also forbid the importation of funeral urns, presumably full ones. (The Japanese, on the other hand, place no restrictions on either urns or ashes.) Or take snuff. If you have an uncle in the Fiji Islands who would like nothing better, bear in mind that not more than eleven pounds of snuff may be sent to him in a single parcel. As for ostrich feathers to Bechuanaland, we trust that it isn't too late to inform you that they may not be sent to that far land unless they have been made up into stoles, boas, or hats. What about leeches, you ask, to the Belgian Congo? We're sorry, but they won't let the least leech in.

The Postal Guide doesn't go into the complex question of why certain items are forbidden or limited in amount, but we got the impression in the course of our reading that an answer could probably be found in such mundane considerations as international business rivalry, politics, and public health. Countries with a shaky silk industry would naturally frown on the importation of silk; countries where revolutions are frequent and bloody would naturally frown on the importation of weapons; and hot countries would frown on the importation of food that is quick to spoil. We noticed that one of the Latin-American republics is wary of knives concealed in fans, while the English appear to be afraid of goat hair. Tasmania and Thursday Island prohibit lucky stones and radio-hypnotic crystals, whatever they are, and the Bahamas prohibit skim milk in cans. Aden, which struck us as exceptionally edgy, prohibits parcels containing Mexican jumping beans, toy pistols, shaving brushes that have been manufactured in Japan, or quinine that has been colored pink. The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan, which has post offices in Bethlehem, Hebron, Jericho, Ramallah, and Babelsahira, will accept bees that are in rude good health, yet Argentina lists as "dangerous" absorbent cotton, asphalt, oilcloth, oil paintings, washcloths, and sealing wax. This is fairly mysterious, but the Guide boasts still greater mysteries. Why may one not send solid rubber tires to St. Lucia, in the Windward Islands? Why may one not send metal playing cards to Yugoslavia or toy cigarettes to Hungary? Why does the Union of South Africa reject outright eau de cologne addressed to Basutoland and why does Trinidad reject earth? Why does St. Helena reject jonquils and Spain reject flints for lighters? For some reason, Mexico refuses to permit the importation of baby pacifiers of any description, but Italy permits baby pacifiers provided they're not hollow. Italy is also liberal enough to permit the importation of up to a hundred grams of glass beads, for use in crowns, and up to two hundred grams of canary grass or soapwort, for the usual canary-grass or soapwort purposes. This attitude contrasts favorably with that of Jamaica, where coconuts in the husk are not to be thought of, Christmas or no Christmas. By getting permission in advance (but you haven't a moment to spare), you may send rouge to Peru. Similarly, a collector of matchbox covers in the Soviet Union must have permission to receive more than one matchbox cover at a time. The Soviet Union allows the importation for personal use, without special permission, of up to eleven pounds of gruel, one and a half ounces of needles, two glass eyes, and two pounds of capers. A couple of the most readily understandable prohibitions in the Guide concern Liberia and Bolivia. The first country forbids the importation of counterfeit money, and the second goes a step farther and forbids the importation not only of counterfeit money but of machines for making counterfeit money. When it comes to Mother Ireland, we throw up our hands. It's all very well for her to say she will accept neither plumage nor straw, but why, oh, why does she require a permit from the Ministry of Agriculture for the importation of corn flakes?

•

OVERHEARD in a department-store employment office, personnel man to job applicant: "Sorry, we don't want a Santa Claus with a Southern accent."

Alger Figure

FREDERICK H. ECKER, eighty-seven, rounding out his seventy-second year with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, of which he is honorary chairman of the board and of which his son, Frederic W. Ecker, is president, received us in his office the other morning, shook us firmly by the hand, fixed us with a commanding look, and advised us that he is a Horatio Alger figure. "I was born in Phoenicia, Ulster County, one of seven brothers and sisters," he said. "I moved to Kingston when I was four, and then to the Williamsburg section of Brooklyn. My father, whose father was an officer under Napoleon, came here as a boy from Alsace. He was a brevet major in the Civil War. He went into the furniture business, but he did not prosper. He couldn't say no. He'd give away bedroom suites." Ecker graduated from school at fifteen and had a couple of jobs—bookkeeper, and office boy in a law firm—before joining Metropolitan. The company was a client of the law firm he worked for, and he was sometimes sent over there with documents. "I admired its furniture," he said. "The head of its real-estate department was superintendent of my Sunday school, and I asked him for a job. He said to write him a letter. Look." He handed us a photostat of the letter, dated January 29, 1883. "I would like to get a position where I would have a good chance for advancement," it concluded.

Mr. Ecker smiled the smile of a man who has advanced—from office boy to mail boy to coupon clipper to real-estate clerk to supervisor of mortgage investments to comptroller to treasurer to vice-president to president to chairman of the board to honorary chairman of the board. "I came up in the company on the investment side," he said. This is a good side to come up on, since Metropolitan's current portfolio stands, or teeters, at twelve and a half billion dollars. Mr. Ecker believes the most important factors on this side are safety, a rate of interest commensurate with safety, and public interest. "Unemployment and housing," he said. "That's public interest. I've given great attention to our building projects—Parkchester, Stuyvesant Town, Peter Cooper Village, and others, including ones in Los Angeles and San Francisco. I'm a believer in work. I've never known any hours myself, and I don't think much of today's trend toward more leisure. The time will come when we'll pay for the privilege of working. I suppose my situation is rather unique. I've drawn no salary since 1937. As head of the company, I was the author of our retirement plan, which calls for retirement, with a pension, at age sixty-five, but which, with the consent of our executives, may be postponed until age seventy. Well, I became seventy, and the board of directors asked me to stay. I said I would, on my terms—that I couldn't in good conscience go on taking a salary. But I still think our retirement plan is sound; we have forty-five thousand-odd employees, and when you strike a balance, it has to be on the side of compulsory retirement."

Mr. Ecker's salary as president and his pre-retirement pay as board chairman averaged $173,000 a year. He draws a retirement annuity of $33,544. He has had a number of dazzling offers from banking houses, but he is no man to desert a childhood sweetheart. "I come in every day," he said. "I like the big wood-burning fireplace in this office. I have a certain knowledge of real estate. I try to render assistance without being troublesome or interfering."

We asked Mr. Ecker for his hobbies.

"*Hobbies!*" he said. "None. Neither a steam yacht nor a yaller-haired girl. Work! I used to play golf. My score got to be equivalent to my age, so I quit. I used to read biographies; now I read whodunits. If I hadn't kept working, I'd have dried up and been dead long ago."

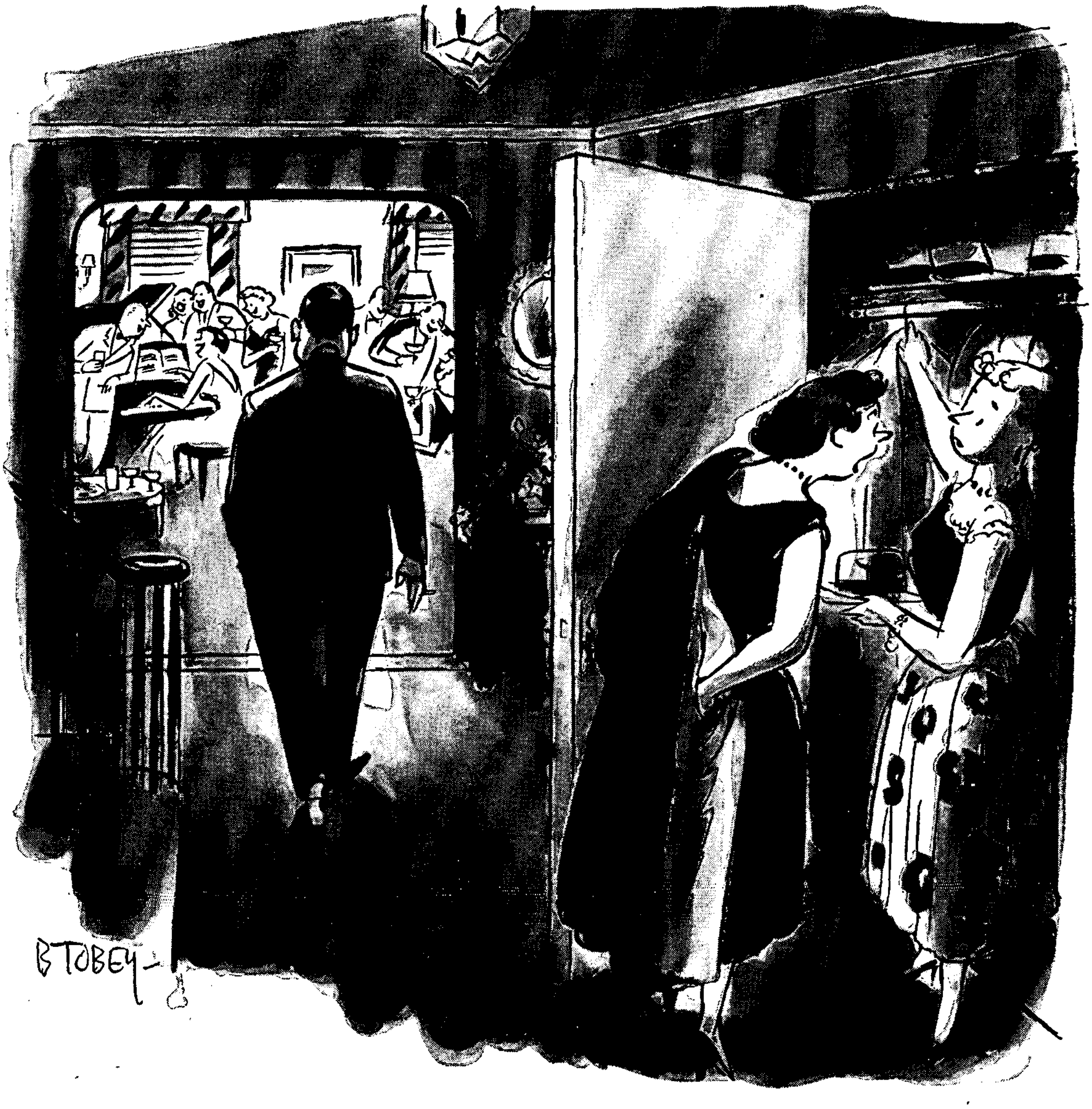
Nature Copies Art

A LADY photographer has a friend who recently bought a place in Vermont, and he asked her to make enlargements of some snapshots he had taken of his new home. This she did, but with difficulty, for the negatives turned out to be badly scratched. Indeed, a shot showing a corner of the house was so marred at one side that she retouched it extensively, dubbing in a little pine tree to cover the scratches. When she next visited her friend, a few weeks later, she found that he had approvingly planted an almost identical little tree in just that spot.

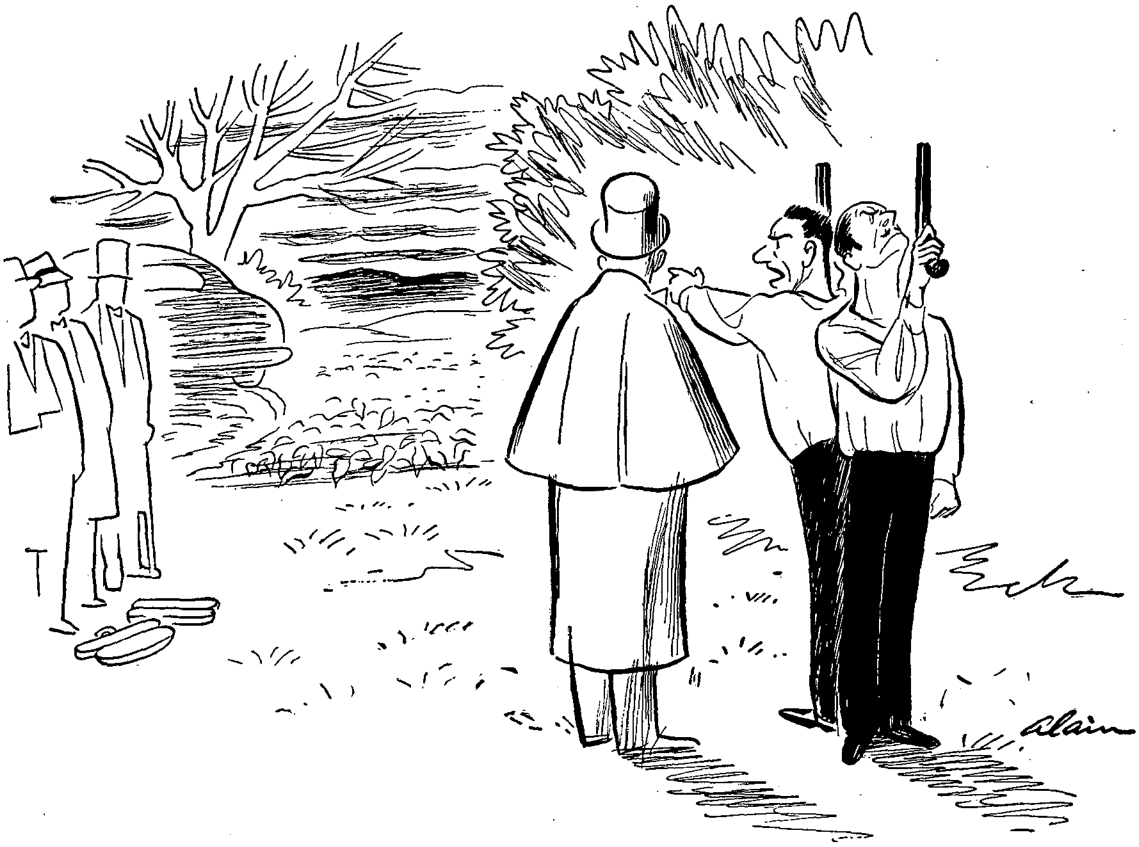
Dollars and Skulls

BACK in the thirties and forties, when most of the founders of big old American fortunes had died off (and had apparently taken their servants, if not their fortunes, with them), it was thought that the big old European mansions they had reared to their glory on the upper East Side would soon follow them into dust. Instead, the mansions have survived to become a more important and, in nearly every case, a more lively part of the contemporary scene than they were in their supposed prime. The reason for this unexpected reversal of fortune is, of course, the variety of uses that have been found for imitation-Renaissance *palazzi* and girder-Gothic keeps. Some have been remodelled into shops and apartments; others, having been left pretty much as they were, inside as well as out, are occupied by schools, art galleries, book publishers, consulates, delegations to the United Nations, temples of obscure religious or economic cults, and foundations. We don't know how many of the last are currently in residence on the East Side, but there must be a couple of dozen at least, and the old houses seem to suit the foundation spirit to a T, or maybe a $. And why not, since the getting of fortunes and the spending of them are in certain respects as alike as inhaling and exhaling.

We were moved to these reflections by a recent visit to one such foundation mansion—an imposing five-story-and-two-basement town house at 14 East Seventy-first Street, built in 1912 by a wealthy lawyer named William W.



"Just in case I don't get a chance later, I want to apologize now for the way my husband will behave before the evening is over."



"But ten paces will take me right into that poison ivy!"

● ●

Cook. The house is now owned and occupied by the Wenner-Gren Foundation, which is the only one in the country devoted entirely to anthropology. Established in 1941 by the Swedish industrialist Axel Wenner-Gren, it was originally known as the Viking Fund; ten years later, the board of directors voted to change the name in honor of the donor's seventieth birthday. The Foundation derives its income from sizable chunks of stock in two of Mr. Wenner-Gren's most successful ventures—the Electrolux Corporation, which makes vacuum cleaners, and Servel, Inc., which makes refrigerators and air-conditioners. (The house has been air-conditioned by Servel.) The Foundation prefers to spend its income in small amounts, the average grant-in-aid running to between three and five thousand dollars, and Dr. Paul Fejos, its research director, positively rejoices in acting as a sort of permanent guardian angel to some seven hundred and eighty anthropologists who, with the help of Wenner-Gren, are at present accumulating knowledge in every corner of the world, from Long Island to New Caledonia.

As Dr. Fejos led us briskly through the house, he explained that the Foundation not only gives anthropologists funds with which to pursue researches at home and in the field but lends them whatever technical equipment they may need (including mine detectors, which are used to detect not mines but buried artifacts); repairs the equipment when the anthropologists bring it back (it is no cinch getting Samoan fungus off a tape recorder); provides a handy local meeting place and library for visiting anthropologists; helps university presses finance the publication of anthropological books that are beyond their means; helps to underwrite the expenses of scholars who bring out books through the ordinary channels (for example, Dr. Hortense Powdermaker and her "Hollywood: The Dream Factory"); and publishes some arcane works itself ("Sexual Behavior in West Arnhem Land" is typical), which it sends out free to twelve hundred-odd museums, libraries, universities, and scientists.

We were surprised to see how neatly and resourcefully a private house can be put to other uses. The old Cook wine cellar, for instance, serves as a mail room, the old laundry as a photographic laboratory, and the numerous pantries as just-the-right-size repositories for tape recorders, oscilloscopes, and audio-oscillators, which anthropologists require for linguistic research and musicology. The old drawing room, dining room, and master bedroom are the library, meeting room, and board of directors' room, respectively. The Foundation's elaborate repair shop was originally the sub-basement, its drafting room was a glassed-in stairwell, its laboratory for chemical analyses was the butler's bedroom, and its microfilm room was the cook's bedroom. Most of the other servants' bedrooms, of which there were eight, are now laboratories, while several old bathrooms now hold X-ray and ultraviolet-ray equipment. (A purportedly Incan mirror proved, when inspected under X-ray, to have beneath its mother-of-pearl back the teeth marks of a saw—an implement Incan artisans wouldn't have used.) On shelves in the old chauffeur's quarters we were startled to see a grisly array of skulls. Dr. Fejos told us that a few of them were real and that the rest were mostly reproductions of the skulls of such celebrated anthropological discoveries as the Solo man and the Tepexpán man. "We use the real skulls to practice our skull-measuring technique on," Dr. Fejos said. "When it comes to measuring skulls, you can't afford to get rusty."

•

WHEN the employees of the Louis XIV Restaurant went on strike recently, the pickets' signs, logically enough, carried the legend "LOUIS XIV UNFAIR TO ORGANIZED LABOR."

Young and Happy

ONE of the great moments in the theatre is supposed to be when a shining-eyed young actress first sees her name on a marquee. That great moment actually arrives every now and then, and we're glad to say that we were on hand when it arrived last week. The girl was Julie Andrews, the nineteen-year-old English ingénue who plays the lead in "The Boy Friend," and she is the only member of either the local company or the company in London, where the original version of the musical comedy is still running, to be so honored. We met the pretty creature at her hotel in midtown, where she shares a two-room apartment with Miss Dilys Lay, also of "The Boy Friend," and three stuffed poodles. Miss Andrews is a tallish girl with a gentle voice, large blue-gray eyes, and brown hair, which she parts in the middle. On the occasion of our visit, she was wearing a red cardigan, a blue skirt, and high-heeled blue sandals. "Do sit down!" she exclaimed, sweeping a box of Chinese checkers from a couch. "I was just mailing some photographs of myself in the show to Mother. She hasn't seen me in it and wants to know how I look. There's a chance she may come over after the first of the year, and I'll be so happy if she does. I do hope I've put enough stamps on the envelope. I'm terribly homesick. Not that I don't love New York, but one *does* get homesick. Would you like a cup of tea?"

We were aware that "JULIE ANDREWS" had just that day been affixed to the marquee outside the Royale Theatre, and we asked the owner of the name if, since it was getting on toward time for the evening performance, we might skip tea and escort her to the theatre, to which she replied that we might indeed. "Still, it *is* a comfort to have this little flat to drink tea in, isn't it?" she said. "And to sit in on Sundays and watch the television? Dilys and I share a dressing room at the theatre, too. We share almost everything. Each of us has a dog at home, whom we miss dreadfully. Mine is a Welsh corgi, the sort the Queen has. No tails, you know, and sweet little faces and tiny little bodies. Such lovely dogs! I was thinking of getting one here, but then I realized how stupid it would be to try and keep a dog in a flat in New York. Dilys gave me that stuffed white poodle over there, instead—as a present on my birthday, which was the day after the show opened. It was a marvellous birthday; except for the fact that I wasn't home, I think it was the best I've ever had or am ever likely to have."

Home to Miss Andrews is Walton-on-Thames, a small town eighteen miles south of London. "My pop used to be in show business with Mummy," she said. "His name is Ted Andrews and he has *such* a lovely voice. He used to sing ballads like 'Love, Could I Only Tell Thee How Dear Thou Art to Me.' It's a beautiful number, and I'd rather listen to it than *any*thing. Mummy always wanted to be just Mummy, so Pop gave up show business. Now he has a nine-to-five job, and a very good one it is. I have three brothers, John, Donald, and Christopher, all younger than I am. If you've seen the show, you've heard me whistle. I say that if you can't whistle in a house that has three boys in it, you're simply no good. Perhaps we'd better be off." Miss Andrews sang a few bars of "Love, Could I Only Tell Thee" in a melting soprano as she put on her coat, then announced proudly that she had been practicing scales for a solid hour. "My voice really needed it," she said. "It was so stale. I had *such* a good practice. I feel very righteous."

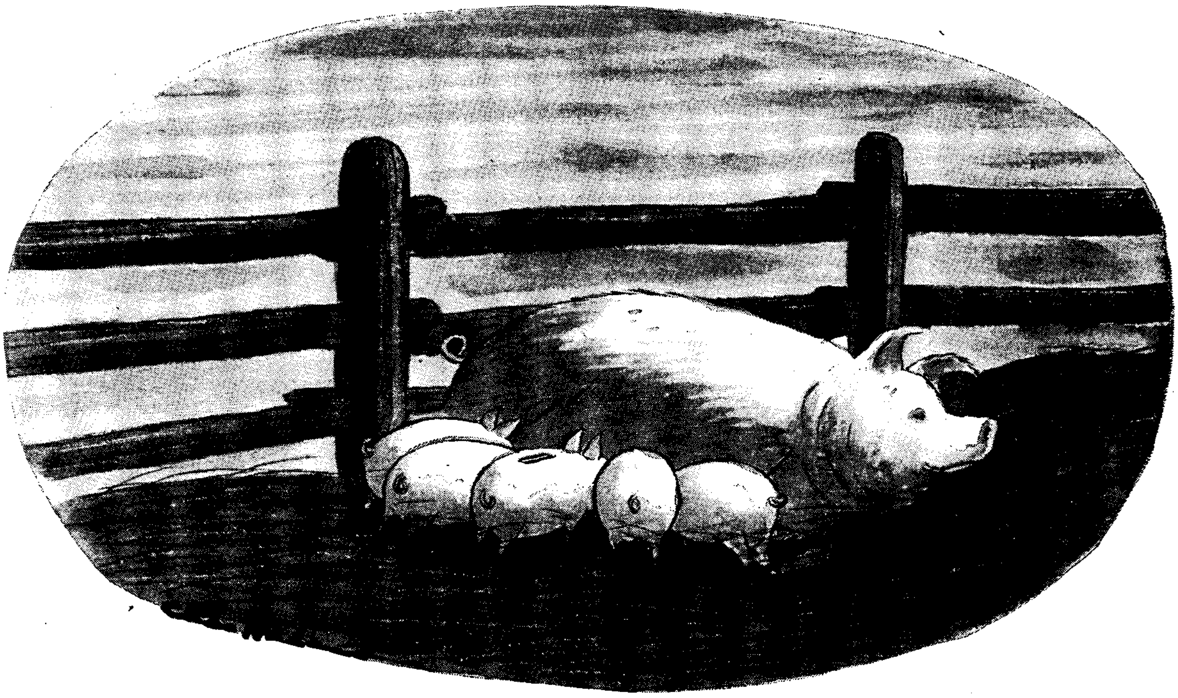
En route to the theatre, Miss Andrews told us that her father started giving her voice lessons when she was seven. At the same time, she began attending a ballet school. When she was twelve, she embarked on a career in the music halls. "This is my first musical comedy," she said. "I'm more of a singer than an actress. I had to learn a wholly new way of acting for this show. My own style is rather quiet. I'm the only girl in the show who wears a wig, and nobody recognizes me without it when I leave the theatre. We're having a terribly good time, 'The Boy Friend' company. We're all so young and happy. I didn't *need* to be especially thrilled when they told me the other day that they were going to give me featured billing. I think it would be being a bit of a big shot, don't you, to actually *look* at my name up there? Not that anyone would recognize me without my wig, but—" Our taxi pulled up just short of the theatre, and we got out. For a moment, Miss Andrews kept her face turned away from the theatre, then we heard her whisper, "Ah, there it is!" Over her head the marquee proclaimed

THE
BOY FRIEND
SMASH HIT MUSICAL COMEDY
WITH JULIE ANDREWS

and, sure enough, her eyes were shining.

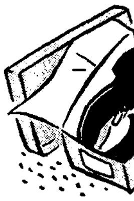
Aftermath

A GENTLEMAN who had just about got over the spiritual effect of having lost his beach house on Dune Road, Bridgehampton, in the hurricane of August 31st—it was entirely blown away—was cast back into melancholy the other day when he received a letter from the Long Island Lighting Company at his apartment here in town. "Service at your former account at Bridgehampton was discontinued on August 31, 1954," said the letter. "Because the premises are now closed, we have been unable to obtain a final reading and we are prevented from furnishing you with a final bill. Will you please notify us one week in advance when the premises will be open or where a key may be obtained? It will not be possible to arrange this work on a Saturday, Sunday, or holiday. A key may also be left at our nearest branch office, with a neighbor, or mailed to this office." The gentleman sat right down and mailed the company a key, and tells us he's been feeling quite cheerful ever since.



THE COUNTRY HUSBAND

TO begin at the beginning, the airplane from Minneapolis in which Francis Weed was travelling East ran into heavy weather. The sky had been a hazy blue, with the clouds below the plane lying so close together that nothing could be seen of the earth. Then mist began to form outside the windows, and they flew into a white cloud of such density that it reflected the exhaust fires. The color of the cloud darkened to gray, and the plane began to rock. Francis had been in heavy weather before, but he had never been shaken up so much. The man in the seat beside him pulled a flask out of his pocket and took a drink. Francis smiled at his neighbor, but the man looked away; he wasn't sharing his painkiller with anyone. The plane had begun to drop and flounder wildly. A child was crying. The air in the cabin was overheated and stale, and Francis' left foot went to sleep. He read a little from a paper book that he had bought at the airport, but the violence of the storm divided his attention. It was black outside the ports. The exhaust fires blazed and shed sparks in the dark, and, inside, the shaded lights, the stuffiness, and the window curtains gave the cabin an atmosphere of intense and misplaced domesticity. Then the lights flickered and went out. "You know what I've always wanted to do?" the man beside Francis said suddenly. "I've always wanted to buy a farm in New Hampshire and raise beef cattle." The stewardess announced that they were going to make an emergency landing. All but the child saw in their minds the spreading wings of the Angel of Death. The pilot could be heard singing faintly, "I've got sixpence, jolly, jolly sixpence. I've got sixpence to last me all my life . . ." There was no other sound.



The loud groaning of the hydraulic valves swallowed up the pilot's song, and there was a shrieking high in the air, like automobile brakes, and the plane hit flat on its belly in a cornfield and shook them so violently that an old man up forward howled, "Me kidneys! Me kidneys!" The stewardess flung open the door, and someone opened an emergency door at the back, letting in the sweet noise of their continuing mortality—the idle splash and smell of a heavy rain. Anxious for their lives, they filed out of the doors and scattered over the cornfield in all directions, praying that the thread would hold. It did. Nothing happened. When it was clear that the plane would not burn or explode, the crew and the stewardess gathered the passengers together and led them to the shelter of a barn. They were not far from Philadelphia, and in a little while a string of taxis took them into the city. "It's just like the Marne," someone said, but there was surprisingly little relaxation of that suspiciousness with which many Americans regard their fellow-travellers.

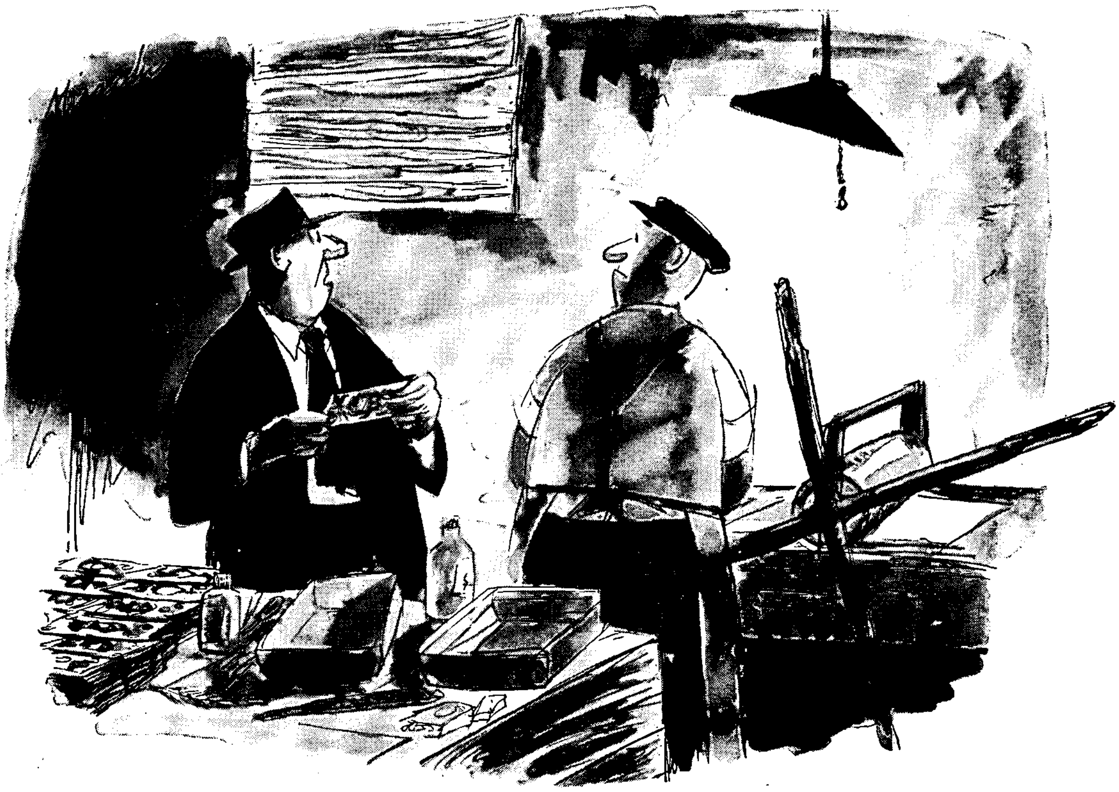
In Philadelphia, Francis Weed got a train to New York. At the end of that journey, he crossed the city and caught, just as it was about to pull out, the commuting train that he took five nights a week to his home in Shady Hill.

He sat with Trace Bearden. "You know, I was in that plane that just crashed outside Philadelphia," he said. "We came down in a field . . ." He had travelled faster than the newspapers or the rain, and the weather in New York was sunny and mild. It was a day in late September, as fragrant and shapely as an apple. Trace listened to the story, but how could he get excited? Francis had no powers that would let him re-create a brush with death—particularly in the atmosphere of a commuting train, journeying through a sunny countryside where already, in the slum gardens, there were signs of harvest. Trace picked up his newspaper, and Francis was left alone with his thoughts. He said good night to Trace on the platform at Shady Hill and drove in his second-hand Volkswagen up to the Blenhollow neighborhood, where he lived.

THE Weeds' Dutch Colonial house was larger than it appeared to be from the driveway. The living room was spacious and divided like Gaul into three parts. Around an ell to the left as one entered from the vestibule was the long table, laid for six, with candles and a bowl of fruit in the center. The sounds and smells that came from the open kitchen door were appetizing, for Julia Weed was a good cook. The largest part of the living room centered around a fireplace. On the right were some bookshelves and a piano. The room was polished and tranquil, and from the windows that opened to the west there was some late-summer sunlight, brilliant and as clear as water. Nothing here was neglected; nothing had not been burnished. It was not the kind of household where, after prying open a stuck cigarette box, you would find an old shirt button and a tarnished nickel. The hearth was swept, the roses on the piano were reflected in the polish of the broad top, and there was an album of Schubert waltzes on the rack. Louisa Weed, a pretty girl of nine, was looking out the western windows. Her younger brother Henry was standing beside her. Her still younger brother, Toby, was studying the figures of some tonsured monks drinking beer on the polished brass of the wood box. Francis, taking off his hat and putting down his paper, was not consciously pleased with the scene; he was not that reflective. It was his element, his creation, and he returned to it with that sense of lightness and strength with which any creature returns to its home. "Hi, everybody," he said. "The plane from Minneapolis . . ."

Nine times out of ten, Francis would be greeted with affection, but tonight the children are absorbed in their own antagonisms. Francis has not finished his sentence about the plane crash before Henry plants a kick in Louisa's behind. Louisa swings around, saying "*Damn* you!" Francis makes the mistake of scolding Louisa for bad language before he punishes Henry. Now Louisa turns on her father and accuses him of favoritism. Henry is always right; she is persecuted and lonely; her lot is hopeless. Francis turns to his son, but the boy has justification for the kick—she hit him first; she hit him on the ear, which is dangerous. Louisa agrees with this passionately. She hit him on the ear, and she *meant* to hit him on the ear, because he messed up her china collection. Henry says that this is a lie. Little Toby turns away from the wood box to throw in some evidence for Louisa. Henry claps his hand over little Toby's mouth. Francis separates the two boys but accidentally pushes Toby into the wood box. Toby begins to cry. Louisa is already crying. Just then, Julia Weed comes into that part of the room where the table is laid. She is a pretty, intelligent woman, and the white in her hair is premature. She does not seem to notice the fracas. "Hello, darling," she says serenely to Francis. "Wash your hands, everyone. Dinner is ready." She strikes a match and lights the six candles in this vale of tears.

This simple announcement, like the war cries of the Scottish chieftains, only refreshes the ferocity of the combatants. Louisa gives Henry a blow on the shoulder. Henry, although he seldom cries, has pitched nine innings and is tired. He bursts into tears. Little Toby discovers a splinter in his hand and begins to howl. Francis says loudly that he



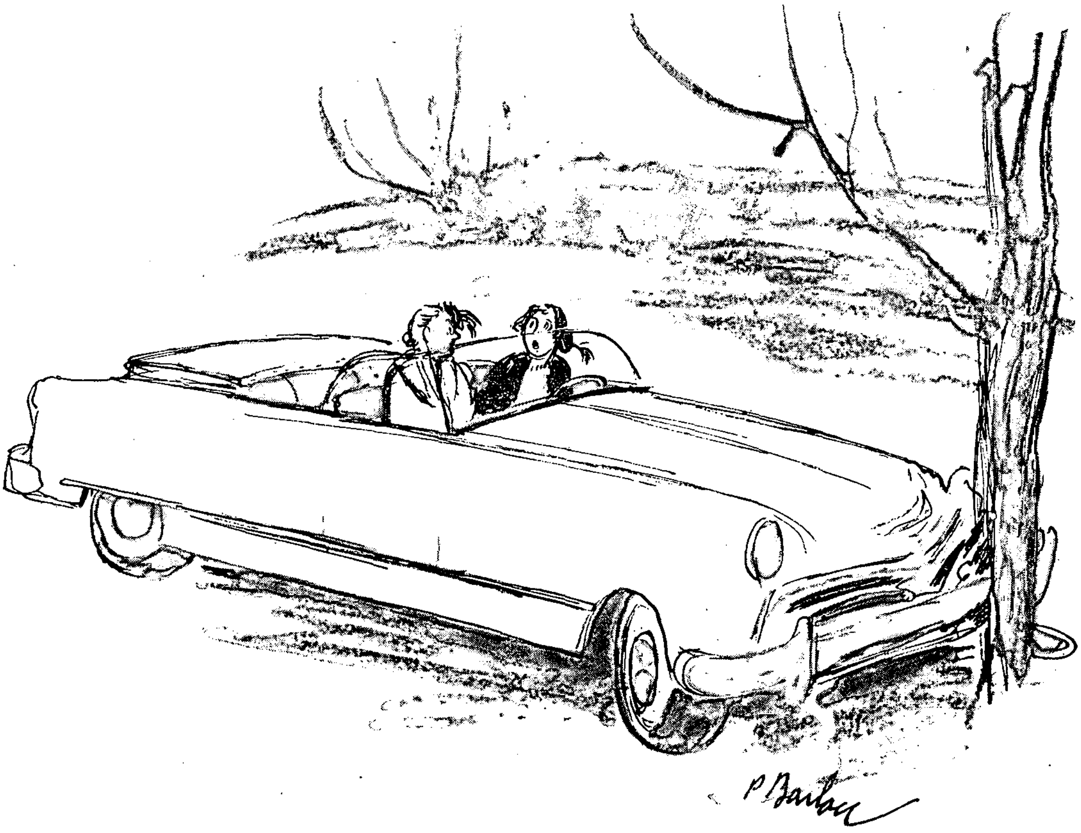
"Jefferson Davis? Let me see that original."

has been in a plane crash and that he is tired. Julia appears again, from the kitchen, and, still ignoring the chaos, asks Francis to go upstairs and tell Helen that everything is ready. Francis is happy to go; it is like getting back to headquarters company. He is planning to tell his oldest daughter about the airplane crash, but Helen is lying on her bed reading a *True Romance* magazine, and the first thing Francis does is to take the magazine from her hand and remind Helen that he has forbidden her to buy it. She did not buy it, Helen replies. It was given to her by her best friend, Bessie Black. Everybody reads *True Romance*. Bessie Black's father reads *True Romance*. There isn't a girl in Helen's class who doesn't read *True Romance*. Francis expresses his detestation of the magazine and then tells her that dinner is ready—although from the sounds downstairs it doesn't seem so. Helen follows him down the stairs. Julia has seated herself in the candlelight and spread a napkin over her lap. Neither Louisa nor Henry has come to the table. Little Toby is still howling, lying face down on the floor. Francis speaks to him gently: "Daddy was in a plane crash this afternoon, Toby. Don't you want to hear about it?" Toby goes on crying. "If you don't come to the table now, Toby," Francis says, "I'll have to send you to bed without any supper." The little boy rises, gives him a cutting look, flies up the stairs to his bedroom, and slams the door. "Oh dear," Julia says, and starts to go after him. Francis says that she will spoil him. Julia says that Toby is ten pounds underweight and has to be encouraged to eat. Winter is coming, and he will spend the cold months in bed unless he has his dinner. Julia goes upstairs. Francis sits down at the table with Helen. Helen is suffering from the dismal feeling of having read too intently on a fine day, and she gives her father and the room a jaded look. She doesn't understand about the plane crash, because there wasn't a drop of rain in Shady Hill.

Julia returns with Toby, and they all sit down and are served. "Do I have to look at that big, fat slob?" Henry says, of Louisa. Everybody but Toby enters into this skirmish, and it rages up and down the table for five minutes. Toward the end, Henry puts his napkin over his head and, trying to eat that way, spills spinach all over his shirt. Francis asks Julia if the children couldn't have their dinner earlier. Julia's guns are loaded for this. She can't cook two dinners and lay two tables. She paints with lightning strokes that panorama of drudgery in which her youth, her beauty, and her wit have been lost. Francis says that he must be understood; he was nearly killed in an airplane crash, and he doesn't like to come home every night to a battlefield. Now Julia is deeply committed. Her voice trembles. He doesn't come home every night to a battlefield. The accusation is stupid and mean. Everything was tranquil until he arrived. She stops speaking, puts down her knife and fork, and looks into her plate as if it is a gulf. She begins to cry. "Poor Mummy!" Toby says, and when Julia gets up from the table, drying her tears with a napkin, Toby goes to her side. "Poor Mummy," he says. "Poor Mummy!" And they climb the stairs together. The other children drift away from the battlefield, and Francis goes into the back garden for a cigarette and some air.

IT was a pleasant garden, with walks and flower beds and places to sit. The sunset had nearly burned out, but there was still plenty of light. Put into a thoughtful mood by the crash and the battle, Francis listened to the evening sounds of Shady Hill. "Varmits! Rascals!" old Mr. Nixon shouted to the squirrels in his bird-feeding station. "Avaunt and quit my sight!" A door slammed. Someone was playing tennis on the Babcocks' court; someone was cutting grass. Then Donald Goslin, who lived at the corner, began to play the "Moonlight Sonata." He did this nearly every night. He threw the tempo out the window and played it *rubato* from beginning to end, like an outpouring of tearful petulance, lonesomeness, and self-pity—of everything it was Beethoven's greatness not to know. The music rang up and down the street beneath the trees like an appeal for love, for tenderness, aimed at some lonely housemaid—some fresh-faced, homesick girl from Galway, looking at old snapshots in her third-floor room. "Here, Jupiter, here, Jupiter," Francis called to the Mercers' retriever. Jupiter crashed through the tomato vines with the remains of a felt hat in his mouth.

Jupiter was an anomaly. His retrieving instincts and his high spirits were out of place in Shady Hill. He was as black as coal, with a long, alert, intelligent, rakehell face. His eyes gleamed with mischief, and he held his head high. It was the fierce, heavily collared dog's



"Oh dear, will Harry be burned up! He just had it winterized."

head that appears in heraldry, in tapestry, and that used to appear on umbrella handles and walking sticks. Jupiter went where he pleased, ransacking wastebaskets, clotheslines, garbage pails, and shoe bags. He broke up garden parties and tennis matches, and got mixed up in the processional at Christ's Church on Sunday, barking at the men in red dresses. He crashed through old Mr. Nixon's rose garden two or three times a day, cutting a wide swath through the Condesa de Sastagos, and as soon as Donald Goslin lighted his barbecue fire on Thursday nights, Jupiter would get the scent. Nothing the Goslins did could drive him away. Sticks and stones and rude commands only moved him to the edge of the terrace, where he remained, with his gallant and heraldic muzzle, waiting for Donald Goslin to turn his back and reach for the salt. Then he would spring onto the terrace, lift the steak lightly off the fire, and run away with the Goslins' dinner. Jupiter's days were numbered. The Wrightsons' German gardener or the Farquarsons' cook would soon poison him. Even old Mr. Nixon might put some arsenic in the garbage that Jupiter loved. "Here, Jupiter, Jupiter!" Francis called, but the dog pranced off, shaking the hat in his white teeth. Looking in at the windows of his house, Francis saw that Julia had come down and was blowing out the candles.

JULIA and Francis Weed went out a great deal. Julia was well liked and gregarious, and her love of parties sprang from a most natural dread of chaos and loneliness. She went through her morning mail with real anxiety, looking for invitations, and she usually found some, but she was insatiable, and if she had gone out seven nights a week, it would not have cured her of a reflective look—the look of someone who hears distant music—for she would always suppose that there was a more brilliant party somewhere else. Francis limited her to two week-night parties, putting a flexible interpretation on Friday, and rode through the weekend like a dory in a gale. The day after the airplane crash, the Weeds were to have dinner with the Farquarsons.

Francis got home late from town, and Julia got the sitter while he dressed, and then hurried him out of the house. The party was small and pleasant, and Francis settled down to enjoy himself. A new maid passed the drinks. Her hair was dark, and her face was round and pale and seemed familiar to Francis. He had not developed his memory as a sentimental faculty. Wood smoke, lilac, and other such perfumes did not stir him, and his memory was something like his appendix—a vestigial repository. It was not his limitation at all to be unable to escape the past; it was perhaps his limitation that he had escaped it so successfully. He might have seen the maid at other parties, he might have seen her taking a walk on Sunday afternoons, but in either case he would not be searching his memory now. Her face was, in a wonderful way, a moon face—Norman or Irish—but it was not beautiful enough to account for his feeling that he had seen her before, in circumstances that he ought to be able to remember. He asked Nellie Farquarson who she was. Nellie said that the maid had come through an agency, and that her home was Trénon, in Normandy—a small place with a church and a restaurant that Nellie had once visited. While Nellie talked on about her travels abroad, Francis realized where he had seen the woman before. It had been at the end of the war. He had left a replacement depot with some other men and taken a three-day pass in Trénon. On their second day, they had walked out to a crossroads to see the public chastisement of a young woman who had lived with the German commandant during the Occupation.

It was a cool morning in the fall. The sky was overcast, and poured down onto the dirt crossroads a very discouraging light. They were on high land and could see how like one another the shapes of the clouds and the hills were as they stretched off toward the sea. The prisoner arrived sitting on a three-legged stool in a farm cart. She stood by the cart while the mayor read the accusation and the sentence. Her head was bent and her face was set in that empty half smile behind which the whipped soul is suspended. When the mayor was finished, she undid her hair and let it fall across her back. A little man with a gray mustache cut off her hair with shears and dropped it on the ground. Then, with a bowl of soapy water and a straight razor, he shaved her skull clean. A woman approached and began to undo the fastenings of her clothes, but the prisoner pushed her aside and undressed herself. When she pulled her chemise over her head and threw it on the ground, she was naked. The women jeered; the men were still. There was no change in the falseness or the plaintiveness of the prisoner's smile. The cold wind made her white skin rough and hardened the nipples of her breasts. The jeering ended gradually, put down by the recognition of their common humanity. One woman spat on her, but some inviolable grandeur in her nakedness lasted through the ordeal. When the crowd was quiet, she turned—she had begun to cry—and, with nothing on but a pair of worn black shoes and stockings, walked down the dirt road alone away from the village. The round white face had aged a little, but there was no question but that the maid who passed his cocktails and later served Francis his dinner was the woman who had been punished at the crossroads.

The war seemed now so distant and that world where the cost of partisanship had been death or torture so long ago. Francis had lost track of the men who had been with him in Vésey. He could not count on Julia's discretion. He could not tell anyone. And if he had told the story now, at the dinner table, it would have been a social as well as a human error. The people in the Farquarsons' living room seemed united in their tacit claim that there had been no past, no war—that there was no danger or trouble in the world. In the recorded history of human arrangements, this extraordinary meeting would have fallen into place, but the atmosphere of Shady Hill made the memory unseemly and impolite. The prisoner withdrew after passing the coffee, but the encounter left Francis feeling languid; it had opened his memory and his senses, and left them dilated. He and Julia drove home when the party ended, and Julia went into the house. Francis stayed in the car to take the sitter home.

Expecting to see Mrs. Henlein, the old lady who usually stayed with the children, he was surprised when a young girl opened the door and came out onto the lighted stoop. She stayed in the light to count her textbooks. She was frowning and beautiful. Now, the world is full of beautiful young girls, but Francis saw here the difference between beauty and perfection. All those endearing flaws, moles, birthmarks, and healed wounds were missing, and he experienced in his consciousness that moment when music breaks glass, and felt a pang of recognition as strange, deep, and wonderful as anything in his life. It hung from her frown, from an impalpable darkness in her face—a look that impressed him as a direct appeal for love. When she had counted her books, she came down the steps and opened the car door. In the light, he saw that her cheeks were wet. She got in and shut the door.

"You're new," Francis said.

"Yes. Mrs. Henlein is sick. I'm Anne Murchison."

"Did the children give you any trouble?"

"Oh, no, no." She turned and smiled at him unhappily in the dim dashboard light. Her light hair caught on the collar of her jacket, and she shook her head to set it loose.

"You've been crying."

"Yes."

"I hope it was nothing that happened in our house."

"No, no, it was nothing that happened in your house." Her voice was bleak. "It's no secret. Everybody in the village knows. Daddy's an alcoholic, and he just called me from some saloon and gave me a piece of his mind. He thinks I'm immoral. He called just before Mrs. Weed came back."

"I'm sorry."

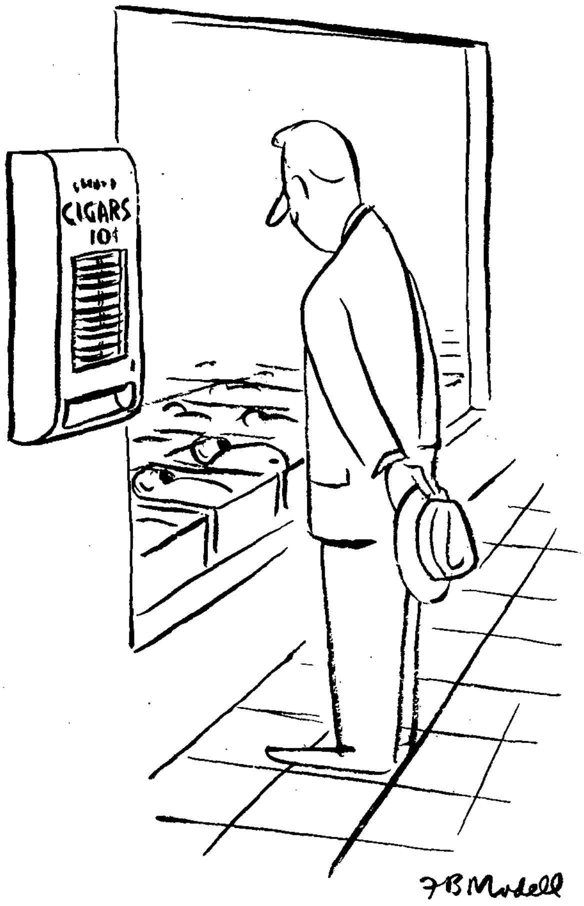
"Oh, *Lord!*" She gasped and began to cry. She turned toward Francis, and he took her in his arms and let her cry on his shoulder. She shook in his embrace, and this movement accentuated his sense of the fineness of her flesh and bone. The layers of their clothing felt thin, and when her shuddering began to diminish, it was so much like a paroxysm of love that Francis lost his head and pulled her roughly against him. She drew away. "I live on Belleview Avenue," she said. "You go down Lansing Street to the railroad bridge."

"All right." He started the car.

"You turn left at that traffic light.... Now you turn right here and go straight on toward the tracks."

The road Francis took brought him out of his own neighborhood, across the tracks, and toward the river, to a street where the near-poor lived, in houses whose peaked gables and trimmings of wooden lace conveyed the purest feelings of pride and romance, although the houses themselves could not have offered much privacy or comfort, they were all so small. The street was dark, and, stirred by the grace and beauty of the troubled girl, he seemed, in turning in to it, to have come into the deepest part of some submerged memory. In the distance, he saw a porch light burning. It was the only one, and she said that the house with the light was where she lived. When he stopped the car, he could see beyond the porch light into a dimly-lighted hallway with an old-fashioned clothes tree. "Well, here we are," he said, conscious that a young man would have said something different.

She did not move her hands from the books, where they were folded, and she turned and faced him. There were tears of lust in his eyes. Determinedly—not sadly—he opened the door on his side and walked around to open hers. He took her free hand, letting his fingers in between hers, climbed at her side the two concrete steps, and went up a narrow walk through a front garden where dahlias, marigolds, and roses—things that had withstood the light frosts—still bloomed, and made a bittersweet smell in the night air. At the steps, she freed her hand and then turned and kissed him swiftly. Then she crossed the porch and shut the door. The porch light went out, then the light in the hall. A second later, a light went on upstairs at the side of the house, shining into a tree that was still covered with leaves. It took her only a few minutes to undress and get



into bed, and then the house was dark.

Julia was asleep when Francis got home. He opened a second window and got into bed to shut his eyes on that night, but as soon as they were shut—as soon as he had dropped off to sleep—the girl entered his mind, moving with perfect freedom through its shut doors and filling chamber after chamber with her light, her perfume, and the music of her voice. He was crossing the Atlantic with her on the old Mauretania and, later, living with her in Paris. When he woke from this dream, he got up and smoked a cigarette at the open window. Getting back into bed, he cast around in his mind for something he desired to do that would injure no one, and he thought of skiing. Up through the dimness in his mind rose the image of a mountain deep in snow. It was late in the day. Wherever his eyes looked, he saw broad and heartening things. Over his shoulder, there was a snow-filled valley, rising into wooded hills where the trees dimmed the whiteness like a sparse coat of hair. The cold deadened all sound but the loud, iron clanking of the lift machinery. The light on the trails was blue, and it was harder than it had been a minute or two earlier to pick the turns, harder to judge—now that the snow was all deep blue—the crust, the ice, the bare spots, and the deep piles of dry powder. Down the mountain he swung, matching his speed against the contours of a slope that had been formed in the first ice age, seeking with ardor some simplicity of feeling and circumstance. Night fell then, and he drank a Martini with some old friend in a dirty country bar.

In the morning, Francis's snow-covered mountain was gone, and he was left with his vivid memories of Paris and the Mauretania. He had been bitten gravely. He washed his body, shaved his jaws, drank his coffee, and missed the seven-thirty-one. The train pulled out just as he brought his car to the station, and the longing he felt for the coaches as they drew stubbornly away from him reminded him of the humors of love. He waited for the eight-two, on what was now an empty platform. It was a clear morning; the morning seemed thrown like a gleaming bridge of light over his mixed affairs. His spirits were feverish and high. The image of the girl seemed to put him into a relationship to the world that was mysterious and enthralling. Cars were beginning to fill up the parking lot, and he noticed that those that had driven down from the high land above Shady Hill were white with hoarfrost. This first clear sign of autumn thrilled him. An express train—a night train from Buffalo or Albany—came down the tracks between the platforms, and he saw that the roofs of the foremost cars were covered with a skin of ice. Struck by the miraculous physicalness of everything, he smiled at the passengers in the dining car, who could be seen eating eggs and wiping their mouths with napkins as they travelled. The sleeping-car compartments, with their soiled bed linen, trailed through the fresh morning like a string of rooming-house windows. Then he saw an extraordinary thing; at one of the bedroom windows sat an unclothed woman of exceptional beauty, combing her golden hair. She passed like an apparition through Shady Hill, combing and combing her hair, and Francis followed her with his eyes until she was out of sight. Then old Mrs. Wrightson joined him on the platform and began to talk.

"Well, I guess you must be surprised to see me here the third morning in a row," she said, "but because of my window curtains I'm becoming a regular commuter. The curtains I bought on Monday I returned on Tuesday, and the curtains I bought Tuesday I'm returning today. On Monday, I got exactly what I wanted—it's a wool tapestry with roses and birds—but when I got them home, I found they were the wrong length. Well, I exchanged them yesterday, and when I got them home, I found they were still the wrong length. Now I'm praying to high Heaven that the decorator will have them in the right length, because you know my house, you *know* my living-room windows, and you can imagine what a problem they present. I don't know what to do with them."

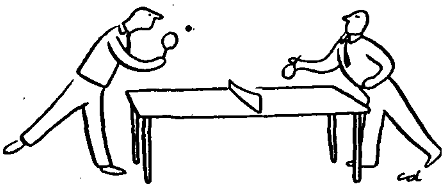
"I know what to do with them," Francis said.

"What?"

"Paint them black on the inside, and shut up."

There was a gasp from Mrs. Wrightson, and Francis looked down at her to be sure that she knew he meant to be rude. She turned and walked away from him, so damaged in spirit that she limped. A wonderful feeling enveloped him, as if light were being shaken about him, and he thought again of Venus combing and combing her hair as she drifted through the Bronx. The realization of how many years had passed since he had enjoyed being deliberately impolite sobered him. Among his friends and neighbors, there were brilliant and gifted people—he saw that—but many of them, also, were bores and fools, and he had made the mistake of listening to them all with equal attention. He had confused a lack of discrimination with Christian love, and the confusion seemed general and destructive. He was grateful to the girl for this bracing sensation of independence. Birds were singing—cardinals and the last of the robins. The sky shone like enamel. Even the smell of ink from his morning paper honed his appetite for life, and the world that was spread out around him was plainly a paradise.

If Francis had believed in some hierarchy of love—in spirits armed with hunting bows, in the capriciousness of Venus and Eros—or even in magical potions, philtres, and stews, in scapulae and quarters of the moon, it might



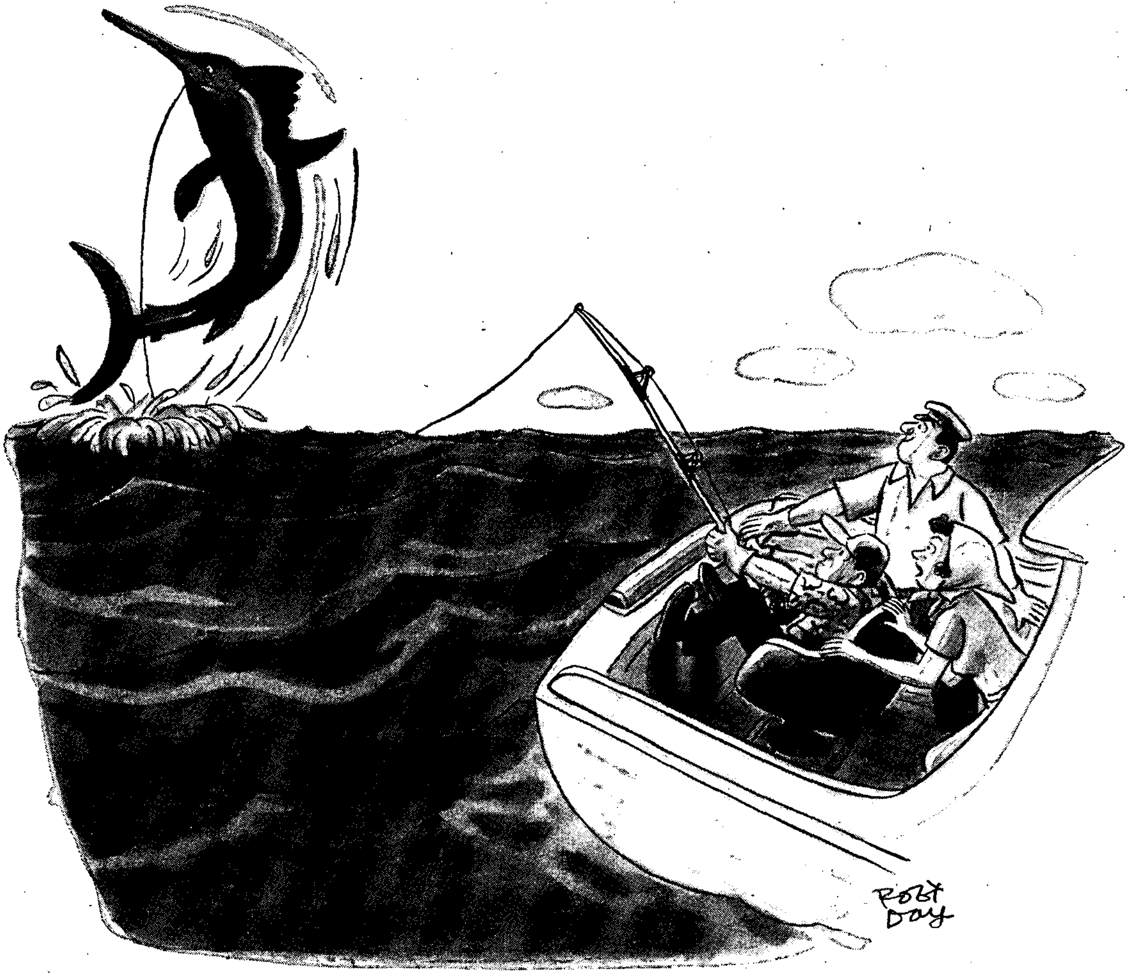
THE LAKE

The light that labored to an early fall
Fell in the woods like rain, secret and spare,
And where the autumn road ran to a sprawl
At the lake's edge, four geese blundered into air—
Seeming to pluck my breath in foil of wings
That scooped the gathering dark, and in their ache
For height to take a rhythm from the springs
The heart feeds—from their feeding at the lake,
That lake where autumn calls in Brant, and Blue,
The Whistler Swan, all game and under gun,
Doomed and in wild beauty dear, those few
In pride that preen before the death of sun.
Upward with unseen purchase still they foil
The fallen heart with height as still they quest
For other feeding, one dark more to coil
Around them, perfect still until the last.

—Louis O. Coxe

have explained his susceptibility and his feverish high spirits. The autumnal loves of middle age are well publicized, and he guessed that he was face to face with one of these, but there was not a trace of autumn in what he felt. He wanted to sport in the green woods, scratch where he itched, and drink from the same cup.

His secretary, Miss Rainey, was late that morning—she went to a psychiatrist three mornings a week—and when she came in, Francis wondered what advice a psychiatrist would have for him. But the girl promised to bring back into his life something like the sound of music. The realization that this music might lead him straight to a trial for statutory rape at the county courthouse collapsed his happiness. The photograph of his four children laughing into the camera on the beach at Gay Head reproached him. On the letterhead of his firm there was a drawing of the Laocoön, and the figure of the priest and his sons in the coils of the snake appeared to him to have the deepest meaning.



"Now, don't go knocking yourself out—it won't fit over the mantel anyway."

He had lunch with Pinky Trabert, who told him a couple of dirty stories. At a conversational level, the mores of his friends were robust and elastic, but he knew that the moral card house would come down on them all—on Julia and the children as well—if he got caught taking advantage of a babysitter. Looking back over the recent history of Shady Hill for some precedent, he found there was none. There was no turpitude; there had not been a divorce since he lived there; there had not even been a breath of scandal. Things seemed arranged with more propriety even than in the Kingdom of Heaven. After leaving Pinky, Francis went to a jeweller's and bought the girl a bracelet. How happy this clandestine purchase made him, how stuffy and comical the jeweller's clerks seemed, how sweet the women who passed at his back smelled! On Fifth Avenue, passing Atlas with his shoulders bent under the weight of the world, Francis thought of the strenuousness of containing his physicalness within the patterns he had chosen.

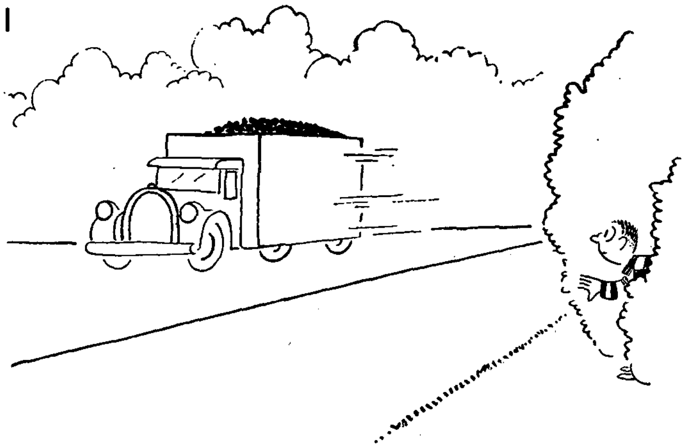
• •

He did not know when he would see the girl next. He had the bracelet in his inside pocket when he got home. Opening the door of his house, he found her in the hall. Her back was to him, and she turned when she heard the door close. Her smile was open and loving. Her perfection stunned him like a fine day—a day after a thunderstorm. He seized her and covered her lips with his, and she struggled but she did not have to struggle for long, because just then little Gertrude Flannery appeared from somewhere and said, "Oh, Mr. Weed . . ."

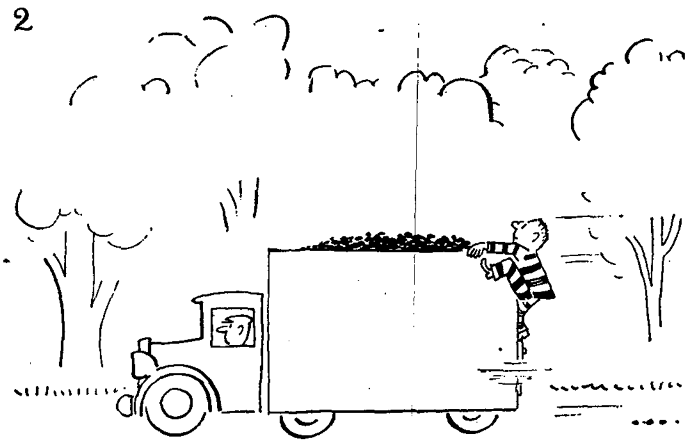
Gertrude was a stray. She had been born with a taste for exploration, and she did not have it in her to center her life with her affectionate parents. People who did not know the Flannerys concluded from Gertrude's behavior that she was the child of a bitterly divided family, where drunken quarrels were the rule. This was not true. The fact that little Gertrude's clothing was ragged and thin was her own triumph over her mother's struggle to dress her warmly and neatly. Garrulous, skinny, and unwashed, she drifted from house to house around the Blenhollow neighborhood, forming and breaking alliances based on an attachment to babies, animals, children her own age, adolescents, and sometimes adults. Opening your front door in the morning, you would find Gertrude sitting on your stoop. Going into the bathroom to shave, you would find Gertrude using the toilet. Looking into your son's crib, you would find it empty, and, looking further, you would find that Gertrude had pushed him in his baby carriage into the next village. She was helpful, pervasive, honest, hungry, and loyal. She never went home of her own choice. When the time to go arrived, she was indifferent to all its signs. "Go home, Gertrude," people could be heard saying in one house or another, night after night. "Go home, Gertrude." "It's time for you to go home now, Gertrude." "You had better go home and get your supper, Gertrude." "I told you to go home twenty minutes ago, Gertrude." "Your mother will be worrying about you, Gertrude." "Go home, Gertrude, go home."

There are times when the lines

1



2



around the human eye seem like shelves of eroded stone and when the staring eye itself strikes us with such a wilderness of animal feeling that we are at a loss. The look Francis gave the little girl was ugly and queer, and it frightened her. He reached into his pocket—his hands were shaking—and took out a quarter. "Go home, Gertrude, go home, and don't tell anyone, Gertrude. Don't—" He choked and ran into the living room as Julia called down to him from upstairs to hurry and dress.

The thought that he would drive Anne Murchison home later that night ran like a golden thread through the events of the party that Francis and Julia went to, and he laughed uproariously at dull jokes, dried a tear when Mabel Mercer told him about the death of her kitten, and stretched, yawned, sighed, and grunted like any other man with a rendezvous at the back of his mind. The bracelet was in his pocket. As he sat talking, the smell of grass was in his nose, and he was wondering where he would park the car. Nobody lived in the old Parker mansion, and the driveway was used as a lovers' lane. Townsend Street was a dead end, and he could park there, beyond the last house. The old lane that used to connect Elm Street to the riverbanks was overgrown, but he had walked there with his children, and he could drive his car deep enough into the brushwoods to be concealed.

The Weeds were the last to leave the party, and their host and hostess spoke of their own married happiness while they all four stood in the hallway saying good night. "She's my girl," their host said, squeezing his wife. "She's my blue sky. After sixteen years, I still bite her shoulders. She makes me feel like Hannibal crossing the Alps."

The Weeds drove home in silence. Francis brought the car up the driveway and sat still, with the motor running. "You can put the car in the garage," Julia said as she got out. "I told the Murchison girl she could leave at eleven. Someone drove her home." She shut the door, and Francis sat in the dark. He would be spared nothing then, it seemed, that a fool was not spared: ravening lewdness, jealousy, this hurt to his feelings that put tears in his eyes, even scorn—for he could see clearly the image he now presented, his arms spread over the steering wheel and his head buried in them for love.

FRANCIS had been a dedicated Boy Scout when he was young, and, remembering the precepts of his youth, he left his office early the next afternoon and played some round-robin squash, but, with his body toned up by exercise and a shower, he realized that he might better have stayed at his desk. It was a frosty night when he got home. The air smelled sharply of change. When he stepped into the house, he sensed an unusual stir. The children were in their best clothes, and when Julia came down, she was wearing a lavender dress and her diamond sunburst. She explained the stir: Mr. Hubber was coming at seven to take their photograph for the Christmas card. She had put out Francis' blue suit and a tie with some color in it, because the picture was going to be in color this year. Julia was lighthearted at the thought of being photographed for Christmas. It was the kind of ceremony she enjoyed.

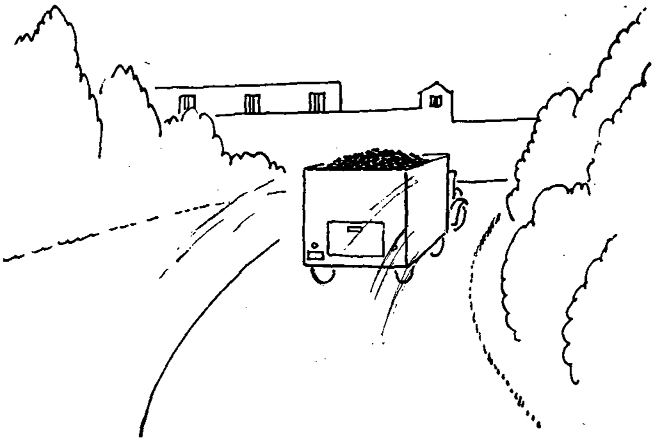
Francis went upstairs to change his clothes. He was tired from the day's work and tired with longing, and sitting on the edge of the bed had the effect of deepening his weariness. He thought of Anne Murchison, and the physical need to express himself, instead of being restrained by the pink lamps on Julia's dressing table, engulfed him. He went to Julia's desk, took a piece of writing paper, and began to write on it. "Dear Anne, I love you, I love you, I love you . . ." No one would see the letter, and he used no restraint. He used phrases like "heavenly bliss," and "love nest." He salivated, sighed, and trembled. When Julia called him to come down, the abyss between his fantasy and the practical world opened so wide that he felt it affect the muscles of his heart.

Julia and the children were on the stoop, and the photographer and his assistant had set up a double battery of floodlights to show the family and the architectural beauty of the entrance to their house. People who had come home on a late train slowed their cars to see the Weeds being photographed for their Christmas card. A few waved and called to the family. It took half an hour of smiling and wetting their lips before Mr. Hubber was satisfied. The heat of the lights made an unfresh smell in the frosty air, and when they were turned off, they lingered on the retina of Francis' eyes.

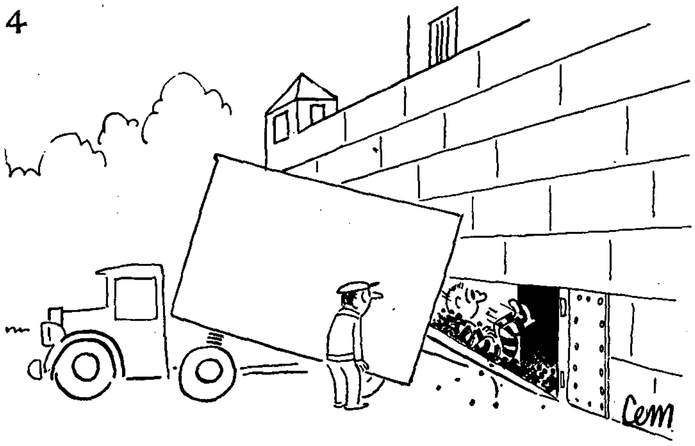
Later that night, while Francis and Julia were drinking their coffee in the living room, the doorbell rang. Julia answered the door and let in Clayton Thomas. He had come to pay her for some theatre tickets that she had given his mother some time ago, and that Helen Thomas had scrupulously insisted on paying for, though Julia had asked her not to. Julia invited him in to have a cup of coffee. "I won't have any coffee," Clayton said, "but I will come in for a minute." He followed her into the living room, said good evening to Francis, and sat awkwardly in a chair.

Clayton's father had been killed in the war, and the young man's fatherlessness surrounded him like an element. This may have been conspicuous in Shady Hill because the Thomases were the only family that lacked a piece; all the other marriages were intact and productive. Clayton was in his second or third year of college, and he and his

3



4



mother lived alone in a large house, which she hoped to sell. Clayton had once made some trouble. Years ago, he had stolen some money and run away; he had got to California before they caught up with him. He was tall and homely, wore horn-rimmed glasses, and spoke in a deep voice.

"When do you go back to college, Clayton?" Francis asked.

"I'm not going back," Clayton said. "Mother doesn't have the money, and there's no sense in all this pretense. I'm going to get a job, and if we sell the house, we'll take an apartment in New York."

"Won't you miss Shady Hill?" Julia asked.

"No," Clayton said. "I don't like it."

"Why not?" Francis asked.

"Well, there's a lot here I don't approve of," Clayton said gravely. "Things like the club dances. Last Saturday night, I looked in toward the end and saw Mr. Granner trying to put Mrs. Minot into the trophy case. They were both drunk. I disapprove of so much drinking."

"It was Saturday night," Francis said.

"And all the dovecotes are phony," Clayton said. "And the way people clutter up their lives. I've thought about it a lot, and what seems to me to be really wrong with Shady Hill is that it doesn't have any future. So much energy is spent in perpetuating the place—in keeping out undesirables, and so forth—that the only idea of the future anyone has is just more and more commuting trains and more parties. I don't think that's healthy. I think people ought to be able to dream big dreams about the future. I think people ought to be able to dream great dreams."

"It's too bad you couldn't continue with college," Julia said.

"I wanted to go to divinity school," Clayton said.

"What's your church?" Francis asked.

"Unitarian, Theosophist, Transcendentalist, Humanist," Clayton said.

"Wasn't Emerson a transcendentalist?" Julia asked.

"I mean the English transcendentalists," Clayton said. "All the American transcendentalists were goops."

"What kind of a job do you expect to get?" Francis asked.

"Well, I'd like to work for a publisher," Clayton said, "but everyone tells me there's nothing doing. But it's the kind of thing I'm interested in. I'm writing a long verse play about good and evil. Uncle Charlie might get me into a bank, and that would be good for me. I need the discipline. I have a long way to go in forming my character. I have some terrible habits. I talk too much. I think I ought to take vows of silence. I ought to try not to speak for a week, and discipline myself. I've thought of making a retreat at one of the Episcopalian monasteries, but I don't like Trinitarianism."

"Do you have any girl friends?" Francis asked.

"I'm engaged to be married," Clayton said. "Of course, I'm not old enough or rich enough to have my engagement observed or respected or anything, but I bought a simulated emerald for Anne Murchison with the money I made cutting lawns this summer. We're going to be married as soon as she finishes school."

Francis recoiled at the mention of the girl's name. Then a dingy light seemed to emanate from his spirit, showing everything—Julia, the boy, the chairs—in their true colorlessness. It was like a bitter turn of the weather.

"We're going to have a large family," Clayton said. "Her father's a terrible rummy, and I've had my hard times, and we want to have lots of children. Oh, she's wonderful, Mr. and Mrs. Weed, and we have so much in common. We like all the same things. We sent out the same Christmas card last year without planning it, and we both have an allergy to tomatoes, and our eyebrows grow together in the middle. Well, good night."

Julia went to the door with him. When she returned, Francis said that Clayton was lazy, irresponsible, affected, and smelly. Julia said that Francis seemed to be getting intolerant; the Thomas boy was young and should be given a chance. Julia had noticed other cases where Francis had been short-tempered. "Mrs. Wrightson has asked everyone in Shady Hill to her anniversary party but us," she said.

"I'm sorry, Julia."

"Do you know why they didn't ask us?"

"Why?"

"Because you insulted Mrs. Wrightson."

"Then you know about it?"

"June Masterson told me. She was standing behind you."

Julia walked in front of the sofa with a small step that expressed, Francis knew, a feeling of anger.

"I did insult Mrs. Wrightson, Julia, and I meant to. I've never liked her parties, and I'm glad she's dropped us."

"What about Helen?"

"How does Helen come into this?"

"Mrs. Wrightson's the one who decides who goes to the assemblies."

"You mean she can keep Helen from going to the dances?"

"Yes."

"I hadn't thought of that."

"Oh, I knew you hadn't thought of it," Julia cried, thrusting hilt-deep into this chink of his armor. "And it makes me furious to see this kind of stupid thoughtlessness wreck everyone's happiness."

"I don't think I've wrecked anyone's happiness."

"Mrs. Wrightson runs Shady Hill

and has run it for the last forty years. I don't know what makes you think that in a community like this you can indulge every impulse you have to be insulting, vulgar, and offensive."

"I have very good manners," Francis said, trying to give the evening a turn toward the light.

"Damn you, Francis Weed!" Julia cried, and the spit of her words struck him in the face. "I've worked hard for the social position we enjoy in this place, and I won't stand by and see you wreck it. You must have understood when you settled here that you couldn't expect to live like a bear in a cave."

"I've got to express my likes and dislikes."

"You can conceal your dislikes. You don't have to meet everything head-on, like a child. Unless you're anxious to be a social leper. It's no accident that we get asked out a great deal. It's no accident that Helen has so many friends. How would you like to spend your Saturday nights at the movies? How would you like to spend your Sundays raking up dead leaves? How would you like it if your daughter spent the assembly nights sitting at her window, listening to the music from the club? How would you like it—" He did something then that was, after all, not so unaccountable, since her words seemed to raise up between them a wall so deadening that he gagged: He struck her full in the face. She staggered and then, a moment later, seemed composed. She went up the stairs to their room. She didn't slam the door. When Francis followed, a few minutes later, he found her packing a suitcase.

"Julia, I'm very sorry."

"It doesn't matter," she said. She was crying.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"I don't know. I just looked at a timetable. There's an eleven-sixteen into New York. I'll take that."

"You can't go, Julia."

"I can't stay. I know that."

"I'm sorry about Mrs. Wrightson, Julia, and I'm—"

"It doesn't matter about Mrs. Wrightson. That isn't the trouble."

"What is the trouble?"

"You don't love me."

"I do love you, Julia."

"No, you don't."

"Julia, I do love you, and I would like to be as we were—sweet and bawdy and dark—but now there are so many people."

"You hate me."

"I don't hate you, Julia."

"You have no idea of how much you hate me. I think it's subconscious. You don't realize the cruel things you've done."

"What cruel things, Julia?"

"The cruel acts your subconscious drives you to in order to express your hatred of me."

"What, Julia?"

"I've never complained."

"Tell me."

"You don't know what you're doing."

"Tell me."

"Your clothes."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean the way you leave your dirty clothes around in order to express your subconscious hatred of me."

"I don't understand."

"I mean your dirty socks and your dirty pajamas and your dirty underwear and your dirty shirts!" She rose from kneeling by the suitcase and faced him, her eyes blazing and her voice ringing with emotion. "I'm talking about the fact that you've never learned to hang up anything. You just leave your clothes all over the floor where they drop, in order to humiliate me. You do it on purpose!" She fell on the bed, sobbing.

"Julia, darling!" he said, but when she felt his hand on her shoulder she got up.

"Leave me alone," she said. "I have to go." She brushed past him to the closet and came back with a dress. "I'm not taking any of the things you've given me," she said. "I'm leaving my pearls and the fur jacket."

"Oh, Julia!" Her figure, so helpless in its self-deceptions, bent over the suitcase made him nearly sick with pity. She did not understand how desolate her life would be without him. She didn't understand the hours that working women have to keep. She didn't understand that most of her friendships existed within the framework of their marriage, and that without this she would find herself alone. She didn't understand about travel, about hotels, about money. "Julia, I can't let you go! What you don't understand, Julia, is that you've come to be dependent on me."

She tossed her head back and covered her face with her hands. "Did you say that *I* was dependent on *you*?" she asked. "Is that what you said? And who is it that tells you what time to get up in the morning and when to go to bed at night? Who is it that prepares your meals and picks up your dirty closet and invites your friends to dinner? If it weren't for me, your neckties would be greasy and your clothing would be full of moth holes. You were alone when I met you, Francis Weed, and you'll be alone when I leave. When Mother asked you for a list to send out invitations to our wedding, how many names did you have to give her? Fourteen!"

"Cleveland wasn't my home, Julia."

"And how many of your friends came to the church? Two!"

"Cleveland wasn't my home, Julia."

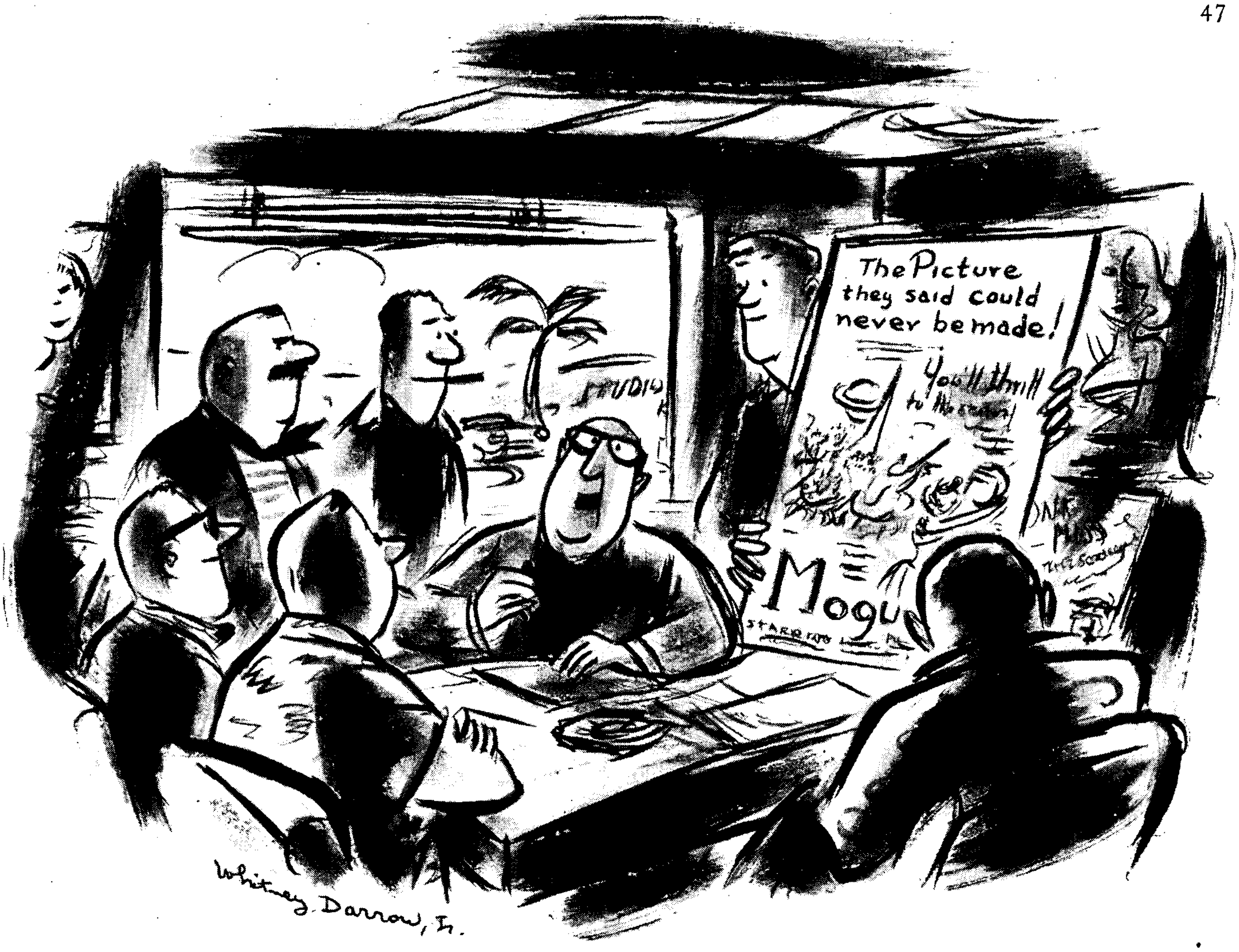
"Since I'm not taking the fur jacket," she said quietly, "you'd better put it back into storage. There's an insurance policy on the pearls that comes due in January. The name of the laundry and the maid's telephone number—all those things are in my desk. I hope you won't drink too much, Francis. I hope that nothing bad will happen to you. If you do get into serious trouble, you can call me."

"Oh my darling, I can't let you go!" Francis said. "I can't let you go, Julia!" He took her in his arms.

"I guess I'd better stay and take care of you for a little while longer," she said.

RIDING to work in the morning, Francis saw the girl walk down the aisle of the coach. He was surprised; he hadn't realized that the school she went to was in the city, but she was carrying books, she seemed to be going to school. His surprise delayed his reaction, but then he got up clumsily and stepped into the aisle. Several people had come between them, but he could see her ahead of him, waiting for someone to open the car door, and then, as the train swerved, putting out her hand to support herself as she crossed the platform into the next car. He followed her through that car and halfway through another before calling her name—"Anne! Anne!"—but she didn't turn. He followed her into still another car, and she sat down in an aisle seat. Coming up to her, all his feelings warm and bent in her direction, he put his hand on the back of her seat—even this touch warmed him—and, leaning down to speak to her, he saw that it was not Anne. It was an older woman wearing glasses. He went on deliberately into another car, his face red with embarrassment and the much deeper feeling of having his good sense challenged; for if he couldn't tell one person from another, what evidence was there that his life with Julia and the children had as much reality as his dreams of iniquity in Paris or the litter, the grass smell, and the cave-shaped trees in Lovers' Lane.

Late that afternoon, Julia called to



"Now, in case anybody asks, you two, Panken and Rees, will be the ones who said it couldn't be made."

• •

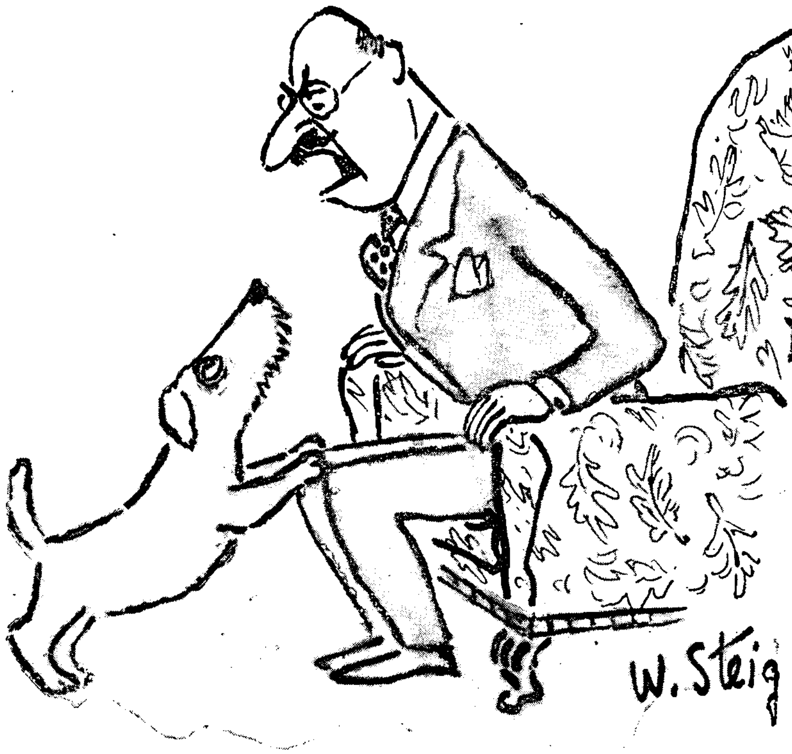
remind Francis that they were going out for dinner. A few minutes later, Trace Bearden called. "Look, fellar," Trace said. "I'm calling for Mrs. Thomas. You know? Clayton, that boy of hers, doesn't seem able to get a job, and I wondered if you could help. If you'd call Charlie Bell—I know he's indebted to you—and say a good word for the kid, I think Charlie would—"

"Trace, I hate to say this," Francis said, "but I don't feel that I can do anything for that boy. The kid's worthless. I know it's a harsh thing to say, but it's a fact. Any kindness done for him would backfire in everybody's face. He's just a worthless kid, Trace, and there's nothing to be done about it. Even if we got him a job, he wouldn't be able to keep it for a week. I know that to be a fact. It's an awful thing, Trace, and I know it is, but instead of recommending that kid, I'd feel obliged to warn people against him—people who knew his father and would naturally want to step in and do something. I'd feel obliged to warn them. He's a thief . . ."

The moment this conversation was finished, Miss Rainey came in and stood by his desk. "I'm not going to be able to work for you any more, Mr. Weed," she said. "I can stay until the seventeenth if you need me, but I've been offered a whirlwind of a job, and I'd like to leave as soon as possible."

She went out, leaving him to face alone the wickedness of what he had done to the Thomas boy. His children in their photograph laughed and laughed, glazed with all the bright colors of summer, and he remembered that they had met a bagpiper on the beach that day and he had paid the piper a dollar to play them a battle song of the Black Watch. The girl would be at the house when he got home. He would spend another evening among his kind neighbors, picking and choosing dead-end streets, cart tracks, and the driveways of abandoned houses. There was nothing to mitigate his feeling—nothing that laughter or a game of softball with the children would change—and, thinking back over the plane crash, the Farquarsons' new maid, and Anne Murchison's difficulties with her drunken father, he wondered how he could have avoided arriving at just where he was. He was in trouble. He had been lost once in his life, coming back from a trout stream in the north woods, and he had now the same bleak realization that no amount of cheerfulness or hopefulness or valor or perseverance could help him find, in the gathering dark, the path that he'd lost. He smelled the forest. The feeling of bleakness was intolerable, and he saw clearly that he had reached the point where he would have to make a choice.

He could go to a psychiatrist, like Miss Rainey; he could go to church and confess his lusts; he could go to a Danish massage parlor in the West Seventies that had been recommended by a salesman; he could rape the girl or trust that he would somehow be prevented from doing this; or he could get drunk. It was his life, his boat, and, like every other man, he was made to be the father of thousands, and what harm could there be in a tryst that would make them both feel more kindly toward the world? This was the wrong train of thought,



"Stop fawning!"

• •

and he came back to the first, the psychiatrist. He had the telephone number of Miss Rainey's doctor, and he called and asked for an immediate appointment. He was insistent with the doctor's secretary—it was his manner in business—and when she said that the doctor's schedule was full for the next few weeks, Francis demanded an appointment that day and was told to come at five.

The psychiatrist's office was in a building that was used mostly by doctors and dentists, and the hallways were filled with the candy smell of mouthwash and memories of pain. Francis' character had been formed upon a series of private resolves—resolves about cleanliness, about going off the high diving board or repeating any other feat that challenged his courage, about punctuality, honesty, and virtue. To abdicate the perfect loneliness in which he had made his most vital decisions shattered his concept of character and left him now in a condition that felt like shock. He was stupefied. The scene for his *miserere mei Deus* was, like the waiting room of so many doctors' offices, a crude token gesture toward the sweets of domestic bliss: a place arranged with antiques, coffee tables, potted plants, and etchings of snow-covered bridges and geese in flight, although there were no children, no marriage bed, no stove, even, in this travesty of a house, where no one had ever spent the night and where the curtained windows looked straight onto a dark air shaft. Francis gave his name and address to a secretary and then saw, at the side of the room, a policeman moving toward him. "Hold it, hold it," the policeman said. "Don't move. Keep your hands where they are."

"I think it's all right, Officer," the secretary began. "I think it will be—"

"Let's make sure," the policeman said, and he began to slap Francis' clothes, looking for what—pistols, knives, an icepick? Finding nothing, he went off, and the secretary began a nervous apology: "When you called on the telephone, Mr. Weed, you seemed very excited, and one of the doctor's patients has been threatening his life, and we have to be careful. If you want to go in now?" Francis pushed open a door connected to an electrical chime, and in the doctor's lair sat down heavily, blew his nose into a handkerchief, searched in his pockets for cigarettes, for matches, for something, and said hoarsely, with tears in his eyes, "I'm in love, Dr. Herzog."

It is a week or ten days later in Shady Hill. The seven-fourteen has come and gone, and here and there dinner is finished and the dishes are in the dishwashing machine. The village hangs, morally and economically, from a thread; but it hangs by its thread in the evening light. Donald Goslin has begun to worry the "Moonlight Sonata" again. *Marcato ma sempre pianissimo!* He seems to be wringing out a wet bath towel, but the housemaid does not heed him. She is writing a letter to Arthur Godfrey. In the cellar of his house, Francis Weed is building a coffee table. Dr. Herzog recommended woodwork as a therapy, and Francis finds some true consolation in the simple arithmetic involved and in the holy smell of new wood. Francis is happy. Upstairs, little Toby is crying, because he is tired. He puts off his cowboy hat, gloves, and fringed jacket, unbuckles the belt studded with gold and rubies, the silver bullets and holsters, slips off his suspenders, his checked shirt, and Levis, and sits on the edge of his bed to pull off his high boots. Leaving this equipment in a heap, he goes to the closet and takes his space suit off a nail. It is a struggle for him to get into the long tights, but he succeeds. He loops the magic cape over his shoulders and, climbing onto the footboard of his bed, he spreads his arms and flies the short distance to the floor, landing with a thump that is audible to everyone in the house but himself.

"Go home, Gertrude, go home," Mrs. Masterson says. "I told you to go home an hour ago, Gertrude. It's way past your suppertime, and your mother will be worried. Go home!" A door on the Babcocks' terrace flies open, and out comes Mrs. Babcock without any clothes on, pursued by her naked husband. (Their children are away at boarding school, and their terrace is screened by a hedge.) Over the terrace they go and in at the kitchen door, as passionate and handsome a nymph and satyr as you will find on any wall in Venice. Cutting the last of the roses in her garden, Julia hears old Mr. Nixon shouting at the squirrels in his bird-feeding station. "Rapscallions! Varmits! Avaunt and quit my sight!" A miserable cat wanders into the garden, sunk in spiritual and physical discomfort. Tied to its head is a small straw hat—a doll's hat—and it is securely buttoned into a doll's dress, from the skirts of which protrudes its long, hairy tail. As it walks, it shakes its feet, as if it had fallen into water.

"Here, pussy, pussy, pussy!" Julia calls.

"Here, pussy, here, poor pussy!" But the cat gives her a skeptical look and stumbles away in its skirts. The last to come is Jupiter. He prances through the tomato vines, holding in his generous mouth the remains of an evening slipper. Then it is dark; it is a night where kings in golden suits ride elephants over the mountains.

—JOHN CHEEVER

FRIED EGGS ARE MEDITERRANEAN

MY father was a schoolmaster—a rather naysaying profession. In private life, he redressed the balance by falling in with my mother's wishes whenever this did not lead directly to crime or public riot. So when she wanted a holiday cottage in Devonshire which should be weatherproof, vicarproof—in other words, so discouragingly sequestered that only tradesmen's vans would think it worth their while to approach it—with masses of hydrangeas, sheets of gentians, and rational cupboards, he bought a small rocky meadow under a shoulder of the moor, found a steady architect, and told him to build a cottage in accordance with my mother's notions. All this concern about gentians, cupboards, and inaccessibility was ancillary to my mother's prime notion—to explore the ravishing novelty of doing without any servants. Even in that distant golden age there was talk about the Simple Life, and similar aspirations were expressed by other ladies with their proper complements of cooks, housemaids, butlers, and so forth; but for the most part wistfully, as they also expressed a desire to live on a South Sea island. My mother's aspirations had more bottom to them. At one time in her girlhood, she had somehow penetrated into a kitchen and brought away the conviction that cooking is the most succulent of human pleasures. There, too, she had discovered that the food you eat out of its saucepan tastes infinitely better than ever it does by the time it has been conveyed to a dining room and withered under a conversational host. So the architect was told to make an L-shaped kitchen. The leg of the L was the kitchen proper, with a back door opening from it, so that if you wanted more coal or a bay leaf, you could get it without waste of time; the remainder was what we should now call a dining alcove—though it was about three times as large as any dining alcove of now, with a bow window, a couple of dining-room portraits, and a whole series of its own peculiar drafts.

The drafts manifested themselves immediately, for our initial visit took place in an Easter holiday, when all that you could see of the beauties of Devonshire was gigantic primroses looming through sheets of driving rain. And how odious it would have been, my mother said, if we had brought any servants—all catching colds, yearning for town diversions, and giving notice. As for the drafts, they would go away as soon as the chimneys had warmed up, and meanwhile our food would be so deliciously hot that we should never give a thought to them. We were a party of five—my father, my mother, our poodle, myself—at that time with my hair still down my back and conspicuously less well-groomed than the poodle's—and one of my father's young men. My father's young men were part of our family landscape. No sooner had his pupils gone on to a university than they were irresistibly drawn to come back on visits—to snatch the fearful joy of addressing him as Warner instead of calling him Sir, my mother opined, but also, perhaps, because they were more attached to him than they could realize while they were under his rod and staff. This particular young man was called Philip. During our first day in the cottage, he and my father were given over to dynamite, blasting holes for gentians to grow in, while my mother and I arranged the larder and calmed the poodle. As for our meals, they came, tranquil and luxurious, out of a hamper. Cooking would begin on the morrow, said my mother. Breakfast would be porridge with Devonshire cream, followed by boiled eggs. The reason she adduced for this menu was that she would be too busy for anything really ambitious. The real reason, however, was on the kitchen dresser, in the form of a small hourglass whose sands would run just so long as it took to boil an egg. This object had aroused her strongest passions, and for months she had been longing to use it.

The porridge would have been wholly successful if it had not been for the unamalgamability of the Devonshire cream. We did our best to be pleased, however, and looked forward to the eggs. No eggs could have looked more promising than they did, quite dwarfing the eggcups, but they were so undercooked as to be uneatable. "I can't understand it," said my mother. "I never took my eye off the hourglass." My father muttered something about *la mystique*. Philip, a courteous guest, daresayed that the hourglass was timed to town eggs—puny specimens. I remarked that there was still some cold tongue, and the poodle looked intensely agreeing. But my mother was not going to be beaten at the starting post. She fastened on Philip's suggestion; naturally, Devonshire eggs being so much larger and fresher than town eggs, they would take longer to boil. She would try again, and this time she would run the hourglass twice. She did so. We ate toast, and watched the sands running through, and it seemed a long time to wait for a boiled egg. These eggs came out like hot marble, but we said they were delicious, and ate them before my mother could take them away.

Lunch and dinner were triumphs of cookery; so were the grilled sausages next morning. But it was obvious that the business of the boiled eggs was preying on my mother's mind. She was too proud not to admit a failure, but she deeply disliked failing. On her next essay, she decided to time the eggs by her watch, four minutes exactly. Unfortunately, our poodle as a puppy had been terrified by a life-size advertisement for cod-liver oil, and when the postman came in wearing waders (it was, of course, still raining) the poodle thought the deep-sea diver had got off the hoarding and come for him. In the flurry that ensued, my mother's attention was diverted. She lost her count of time and thought the flurry had taken longer than it really had. The eggs were snatched from the pot, and were undercooked.

THAT afternoon, my father and Philip went out fishing. River trout would be very nice for breakfast, and might distract my mother from brooding on eggs. So they thought, though my father should have known my mother's undistractible mind, once she had got her teeth into anything. She professed herself delighted with the trout, but qualified this by asking who on earth would clean them. My father said he would clean them; and after exclaiming, "Poor little things!" and stipulating that the cleaning should be done out

of doors, she appeared to give way. But by the morning she had decided that *there is not much* staying power in a trout, so the trout would be followed by boiled eggs; and this time she would make sure that the water was performing what the cookery book called "a full rolling boil" before the eggs were dropped in. The trout having been eaten as a species of hors d'oeuvres, my mother secluded herself in a cloud of steam, we glued our attention on our watches, and for four minutes nothing was heard except a tumult of boiling. But whether these four anxious minutes were enough could not be decided, because the water had boiled so rollingly that all the shells had cracked, and the eggs had been transmagnified into a sort of depraved froth and some pellets.

As though her mind had switched to higher things, my mother said dreamily, "Do you think we've got a prayer book? I know we've got dozens at home, but is there one here?"

My father thought not, and asked what she wanted it for.

"Oh, just the Fifty-first Psalm."

"We've got a Bible," he said. "The prayer-book translation is earlier than the Bible version. Would that matter?"

My mother considered. "I don't think so. At any rate, let's try it!"

When my father came back with a Bible, he inquired with controlled curiosity, "Nora, what are we going to try the Fifty-first Psalm for?"

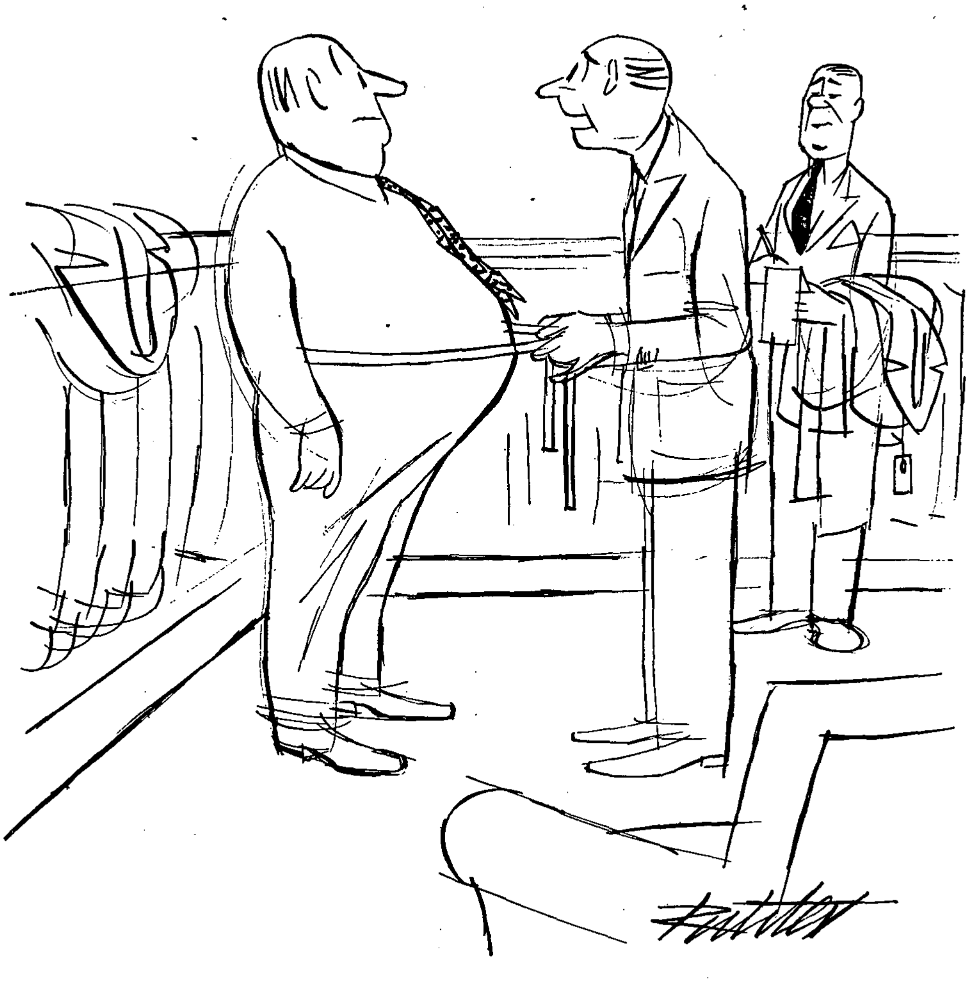
"Boiling the next lot of eggs by. I remembered last night, when I was thinking about it, that I had read in some old miscellany book or other that in the days before watches, when people had only those worthless hourglasses to depend on, they used a psalm for boiling eggs—but I couldn't remember which. Now I've remembered. It was the Fifty-first, for I thought at the time, what a gloomy proceeding."

I remembered reading something of this sort, too, and said so.

"Am I to read it aloud?" said my father, having found the place with dexterity, "or must I intone it?"

"Neither. I shall read myself. You'd make it too majestic, for we've only got middle-sized eggs left. You can put them in, and say 'Go.' And then you must stand there, ready to take them out the moment I say 'Amen.' "

My father handed over the Bible, put the eggs in, and said "Go." My mother replied with "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me throughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me . . ." She was overhauling the seventh verse when there came a knock on the back door. Saying in a rapid parenthesis, "They're all we have left," my mother went on reading, and after another knock the postman opened the door. Philip fell on his knees. I followed Philip's example. Without comment the postman put down some parcels and went away, shutting the door unobtrusively. The eggs were the best we'd achieved, but even so they were a trifle overcooked.



"Now remember, sir, I'm just doing my job."

"I'm sure he thought it was family prayers," said my mother. "Philip showed great presence of mind. For we don't want the postman thinking that we are maniacs; he's unpunctual enough as it is."

"He might think it a little odd that we had eaten fish first," objected my father.

"Not in Lent."

Though Philip was now addressing my father as Warner as a mere matter of course, he must have kept some vestiges of piety and awe, for he shot a glance of staggered admiration toward my mother. She saw it. She always saw such glances. But she misunderstood it, and thought he was admiring her as a cook, not as a casuist. "They're not perfect yet," she said with modest pride.

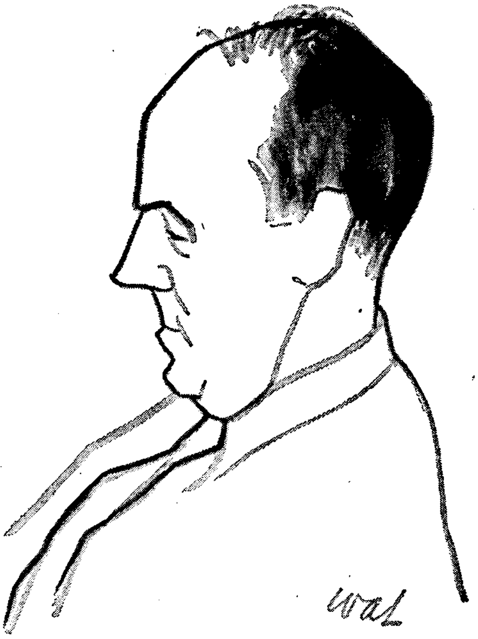
"Not quite, perhaps," said Philip. "But now I've got a slight theory about it: I believe that the psalm should be read in Latin. These traditional customs go a long way back; they were part of medieval culture, and medieval culture was mainly monastic. If a monk were boiling eggs (and we know that they ate them either boiled or poached; fried eggs for some reason are Mediterranean), he would time them in Latin. Or so it seems to me. At any rate, I do think we ought to experiment. These things are so intensely interesting. So unless there is anything more important that I can do, I shall go into Exeter and buy a Vulgate."

TIMED by the Vulgate, the eggs came out just as they should, and we went on boiling them in Latin until my mother found that she knew by nature when they were ready. By then, I had remembered which old miscellany book contained this precious advice, and had looked it up. The time prescribed was "no longer than whiles you can say the Miserere Psalm very leisurely." The extract was headed, "How Long to Infuse Tea. Sir Kenelm Digby's Method." —SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

PROFILES

ARCHITECT

I—YOU'RE LUCKY IF YOU CAN COME CLOSE

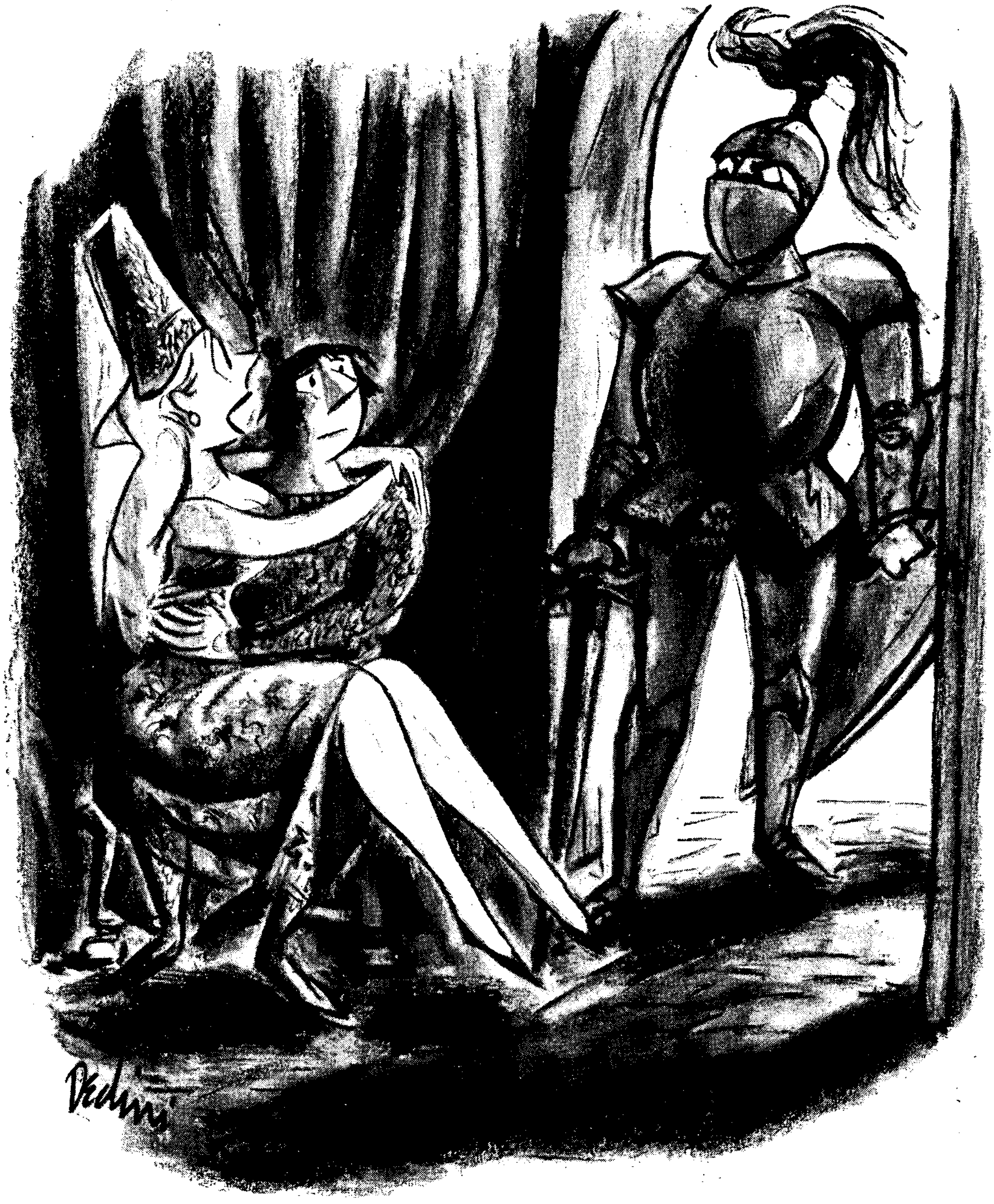


Wallace Harrison

IN July, 1926, the League of Nations, having decided to build itself a palace in Geneva, invited all the architects in the countries constituting its far-flung membership to submit designs for such a structure, in a competition to be judged by an international committee of experts in the field. By January, 1927, when the competition closed, three hundred and seventy-seven architects had submitted some ten thousand designs. The judges then held a series of meetings in an attempt to come to a unanimous agreement on the best plan. During their first sixty-four sessions, they were unable to reach a decision, although a plan submitted by Charles Le Corbusier, the French functionalist, regularly received more votes than any other. At the sixty-fifth session, Le Corbusier's plan was disqualified, on the technicality, perhaps politically inspired, that it had been drawn in printer's ink, and not in China ink, as the terms of the competition had stipulated. Then the judges went on to proclaim nine architects (including, paradoxically, Le Corbusier) co-winners of the contest, confused things a little more by announcing that none of their plans would be used, and wound up by handing what had become a very hot potato indeed to a committee of five supposedly experienced diplomats, who hardly lived up to their advance billing by first selecting a team of experts to advise them, then rejecting their advice, and, in the end, hand-picking four architects, not including Le Corbusier, to collaborate on an entirely new design for the palace. The building, an antiseptically conservative one that nobody was happy about, was finally opened in September, 1934—seven years after the wrangle began. Since the League's dispiriting failure to get its own house in order, to say nothing of the world's, is still vivid in the minds of statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic, a good many of them feel that the most spectacular feature of the permanent headquarters of the United Nations, on the East River, is that the members of its international board of design—seventeen architects, from fifteen countries, among them two Russians, a Brazilian Communist, and the controversial Le Corbusier—unanimously arrived at a plan in four months and in a rare state of harmony. The major credit for this achievement is generally accorded to the leadership of the American architect Wallace Kirkman Harrison as chairman of the board of design and director of planning for the United Nations headquarters. Under Harrison's direction, the three buildings that constitute the headquarters were up and ready for occupancy just four years and one month after ground was broken for the first of them. Their total cost exceeded by only two and a half million dollars the original appropriation of sixty-five million—a considerable feat in view of the fact that the price of building materials rose about twenty per cent during the period of construction.

A hearty, intense, strong-featured New Englander of fifty-nine, who stands a bulky six feet two, shambles like a small-town mailman, and, whether he is talking English, French, or Spanish, still speaks in the undefiled accents of his native Massachusetts, Harrison, up until he achieved his recent celebrity as the U.N.'s architect-in-chief, was largely unknown outside architectural circles, although over the past quarter of a century he has been a partner in firms that have built some seven hundred million dollars' worth of assorted structures. Among these are all but one of the fifteen components of Rockefeller Center; the Trylon and Perisphere at the New York World's Fair, in Flushing Meadow; the Hunter College building on Park Avenue; the African Habitat, at the New York Zoological Park; additions to the Bush Building, in London; submarine and air bases for the United States Navy, at Coco Solo, in the Canal Zone; the remodelled Lenthéric store, on Fifth Avenue; a batch of garages for New York City's Department of Sanitation; the Hotel Avila, in Caracas; the Eastchester housing development, in the Bronx; Oberlin College's auditorium; the Republic National Bank Building, in Dallas; the United States embassies in Havana and Rio de Janeiro; and two office buildings that went up not long ago in Pittsburgh—one, thirty-nine stories high, for the Mellon Bank and the United States Steel Corporation, and the other, thirty stories high, for the Aluminum Company of America.

Much in the pattern of those recurrent Marquand characters who, though saturated with integrity, are nevertheless constantly fretful about not having enough of it, Harrison is careful whenever he is singled out for admiration as the fellow who built the U.N. to call attention to at least a dozen of the specialists who were associated with him on the project, but at the same time he insists on accepting full responsibility whenever the buildings are criticized. And there has been plenty of criticism, for no other contemporary architectural enterprise has provoked such extreme differences of opinion as the United Nations headquarters group—the Secretariat Building, the Conference Building, and the General Assembly Building. Those in favor have called the most prominent building in the group—the slab-shaped Secretariat—"a masterly example of the power of architecture to express monumentality" and "a triumph of unadorned proportion," and one of them has referred to the group as a whole as nothing less than "a segment of man's dreams made visible." Those opposed have been equally eloquent. They have denounced the Secretariat as, among other things, "a sandwich on end," "a sinister emblem of world power," and "a bop-sized TV screen that no one can dig," and the entire setup as "a colossal botch," "a spiritual cipher," and "a collection of clichés from the dead past and the dead present." Harrison has managed to parry most of these thrusts gracefully, but in the case of a prolonged attack by Lewis Mumford, a critic for whom he has great respect, he has periodically shown signs of feeling the sting. Even so, he has managed to keep his equanimity. Shortly after Mumford publicly declared that if the United Nations succeeded in be-



"Alfred! What happened to the Crusade?"

coming an effective organization for world government, it would be in spite of, and not because of, the architecture of its permanent headquarters, the editor of the Sunday *Times* book-review section sent Harrison a pre-publication copy of a book edited by Mumford, "Roots of Contemporary American Architecture," along with a letter asking him if he would care to review it. Harrison's secretary of many years' standing, Mrs. Bernadette O'Toole, put these on his desk, adding a note of her own at the foot of the letter: "Everything comes to him who waits." Harrison's first impulse was to send the book back for somebody else to review, because he was afraid that he could not be objective about it, but he changed his mind when he read it that night, and the next morning, pacing his office like an angry moose, he dictated a long, slashing diatribe. Mrs. O'Toole read it back to him. "O.K.," Harrison said crisply. "That's perfect. Now tear it up." He then sat down and dictated a rather generous review.

IN a profession studded with gaudily iridescent temperaments, Harrison's basic restraint and stability give him a curious individuality. They also help to explain his success. "In this world, you can find all the brilliant minds you want, but the Wally Harrisons—brilliant people who are also completely reliable—are a rare commodity," Beardsley Ruml, a friend of Harrison's who is a connoisseur of commerce rather than of architecture, said recently. "Wally can get along with people, a wide variety of people. For another thing, he understands money and has a sense of responsibility about it. On top of this, he's a clearheaded administrator, so capable that he was able to run the Office of Inter-American Affairs toward the end of the war. You can work with Wally Harrison." In the judgment of Nelson Rockefeller, Harrison's only true eccentricity is his independence. Harrison and Rockefeller, who have been close friends for over twenty years, first met in the embryonic days of Rockefeller Center, with which they were concerned as a young architect and a young son, respectively. "The first time I became aware of Wally," Rockefeller has recalled, "was the day I went along with Father when he met with the seven architects who were designing the Center to talk over how the exterior of the R.C.A. Building should be handled. Well, Father was accustomed to buildings that had fluted columns or Gothic arches marching up their sides, and he was outlining his ideas on that subject. The architects all listened until Father had finished, and then Wally exploded. 'Goddam it, Mr. Rockefeller, you can't do that!' he said. 'You'll ruin the building if you cover up its lines with that classical gingerbread.' Mind you, Wally was the youngest of the architects present, and it would have been easy for him to have played it safe."

Harrison's reputation as a man of incorruptible principle towers so high that it tends to obscure his considerable creative powers. As an architect, he belongs to no school or movement. "Perhaps you might call him a perpetual progressive," says Max Abramovitz, his partner in the firm of Harrison & Abramovitz. "The question Wally is always asking himself and everybody else is 'Where do we go from here?' He's always searching for a better design to express the function of a building. He's always on the lookout for new materials that will make new designs practicable." By way of corroborating this statement,

#1316. In nylon lace and elastic, $16.50. White or black. Shown with Adele Simpson's new long torso line traced in lace.

Just extend yourself for fashion's sake...

A completely new version of that fabulous flatterer . . . Warner's Merry Widow! Just luring you into that long, lovely line, so inviting and vital to today's Gentle Look.

And it's all subtlety, as you can see. Starting with the softest suggestion of curves, higher, more fragilely blooming. *Then,* flowing like champagne through an eased-in waist, a hip just ounces more controlled.

How does it look? How does it feel? Wonderful and as natural as breathing. For Warner's* has gentled *everything,* shaped this new line with just a flutter of lace and nylon elastique.

On sheer prettiness alone, you'll want to see this new Merry Widow soon. And you can, at so many of the nicest stores.

WARNER'S*
*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
new
Merry Widow

Cream in the Coffee

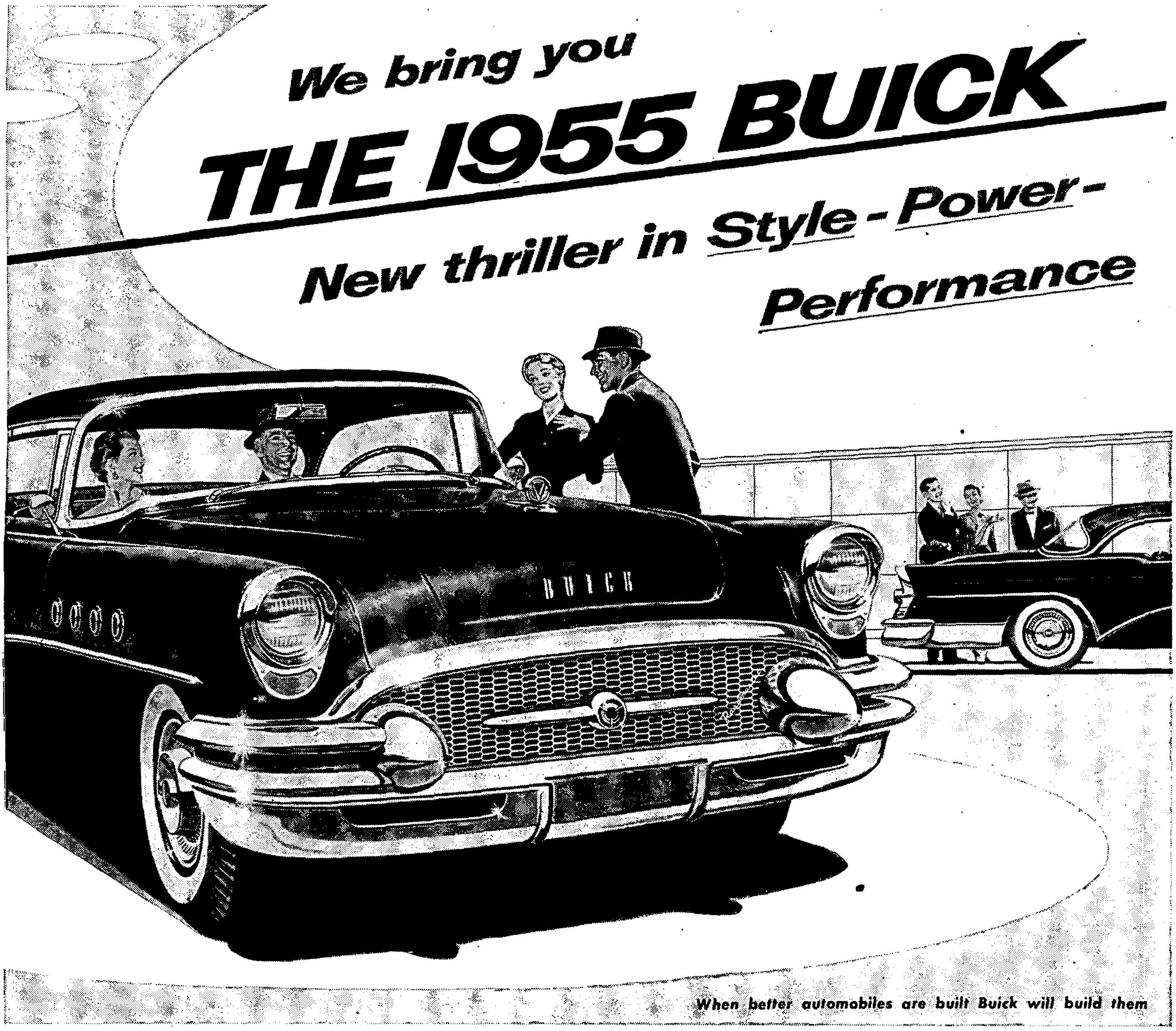
"Coffee 40¢ per pound available in resort area, 365 days of sun a year, dry temp. 65-85 degrees. Retire on $90 a month or maintain lux. villa, servants and all expenses $150-250 a mo. Full time servants, gardeners, maids, cooks, $6 to $15 a mo., filet mignon 35¢ a lb., gas 12¢ a gal. Gin, rum, brandy 65¢-85¢ a fifth, whiskey $1.50 qt. Houses $10 a month. No fog, smog, confusion or jitters. Serene living among world's most considerate people." Well, that little advertisement might tempt some people — but not most of the more than three-quarter million men who read Nation's Business. The lazy life is not for them. They love their work, and their reading habits and letters to the editor prove it beyond a doubt. We don't mean they're stuffy about it. At the risk of being trite, we'd say with them, business is a pleasure. They soon forget the lure of 40-cent coffee or 35-cent filet mignon when they open Nation's Business. If they're not steamed up about "How to Stay in Business 100 Years" which ran in August and drew a truck-load of mail, they're talking about "How to Buy a Business" which ran in October, and is also drawing lots of nice reader comment. We're telling you, these boys just never give up. Why, even when they feel they're slowing down, they find an article like, "You Only Think You're Tired" which ran way back in June Nation's Business and is still drawing fan mail. As for us, well, we might be tempted by the coffee, and the fabulous filet, and brandy at 65 a fifth — but our readers have us so busy trying to be useful to them, we don't ever expect to get away . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen*, Washington 6, D. C.

(*Advertisement*)

Abramovitz cites the fact that the Secretariat was the first building in the world to have windows made of heat-resistant glass; it started the present vogue for exteriors that give the effect of being a single huge window. Harrison is inclined to minimize the independent streak that others see in him. "There's no building that isn't designed by the client," he says. "The amount of beauty an architect can achieve is always limited by the amount of imagination and feeling for beauty the client has in *his* system. Most clients haven't got much, or else what they have is buried deep beneath their conservative commercial instincts. Here's the way it figures most of the time: In the designing stage, when you're trying to interest the client in a new idea, he thinks you're a crackpot. Say it's a new kind of door. The client won't touch it unless you can take him over to some building that's already up and show him a door exactly like it. Then, when the client finally gets into his own building and you've given him the door he asked for and nothing new he can boast about, you're just a no-good, lousy carpenter." In the case of the Aluminum Company of America, however, Harrison & Abramovitz had a client who was far from reluctant about going along with them on at least one phase of experimental design—an exploration of the various possible uses of aluminum in construction—and in consequence, the Alcoa Building, in Pittsburgh, is undoubtedly one of the most revolutionary office buildings of the past two decades; not only its ceilings, stairs, window frames, air-conditioning equipment, lighting fixtures, piping, and hardware are made of aluminum, but even its exterior walls. According to the Alcoa people, it weighs less than any other building of its size in the world and may well be the most weatherproof.

Along with his standing as an expert on tall, trim, down-to-their-fighting-weight office buildings, Harrison is also preëminent in a field that at first might seem to be an altogether antithetical aspect of architecture. Over the past quarter of a century, the firms he has been associated with have led the way in paying more than the customary lip service to the view that architecture should embrace painting and sculpture as kindred arts. Calder, Archipenko, Gabo, Léger, Noguchi, Lachaise, Manship, Ozenfant, Rivera, and Callery are a few of the well-known painters and sculptors Harrison has commissioned to ornament his buildings. His enthusiasm for modern art would appear to be simply a triumph of exposure to it for thirty-five years ago, when, as a young Yankee, he found himself in the wilderness of Paris, he couldn't see the stuff at all. Now, having overcome his prejudice to the point where he paints a pretty enigmatic abstract himself from time to time, and finds a Calder mobile called "Snowfall" a restful note in his bedroom, he is out to convert others, and often sends mobiles and extremely modern paintings to Midwestern businessmen he has had dealings with, asking them to live with the pieces for a while and see if they don't find them as comfortable as an old pair of flannels. A few years ago, in a rather similar missionary mood, Harrison tucked a fine Picasso under his arm and paid a call on Trygve Lie, then Secretary-General of the United Nations, to discuss the interior decoration of the organization's new headquarters. After a brief preamble in which he explained how, to his mind, Picasso's work embodied the aesthetic qualities the new buildings should express, Harrison uncovered the painting with a flourish and stepped back to admire it. "Just imagine," he said reverently. "Picasso painted that in one day and thought nothing of it!" "Neither do I," Lie responded shortly. There are no Picassos at the U.N.

Harrison surrounds himself with contemporary art at home. He and his wife, the former Ellen Hunt Milton, have a six-room, fifth-floor apartment on Fifth Avenue, in the Sixties, which is so filled with modern paintings they have bought, with copies of Légers painted by Mrs. Harrison, and with Picassos that the Harrisons' friends have lent them that it might almost be taken for an uptown branch of the Museum of Modern Art. Much as Harrison admires this setting, however, he finds that he can both enjoy himself and work better at a year-round country house he owns at Huntington, Long Island, where most of the time he dresses in a T-shirt and a soiled pair of trousers held up by a rope belt. This house is forever reminding visitors that it is the shoemaker's son who wears sneakers, for it is a seemingly aimless hodgepodge of three buildings, and, looking at it, one finds it hard to believe that its owner has designed a dozen or more beautiful private houses for other people. The first of the three constituent buildings of the Huntington house to go up was a rectangular one made of aluminum sheeting. Designed by Kocher & Fry, it was the principal attraction at an architectural exhibition that was held


We bring you
THE 1955 BUICK
New thriller in Style-Power-Performance
BUICK
When better automobiles are built Buick will build them

A BRIGHT new freshness greets your eyes and tells you: *Buick's done it again.*

You see it in the bold distinction of that gleaming Wide-Screen Grille—the rakish sweep of the rear-end contours—the whole fore-and-aft newness of fleet-lined grace that marks Buick the beauty thrill of 1955.

New horsepower—up to 236

You learn more when you get the power story. Up to new peaks go the horsepowers of every Buick V8 engine — a walloping 188 hp in the low-price SPECIAL—a mighty 236 hp in the CENTURY, SUPER and ROADMASTER.

But even bigger Buick news for 1955 is something more than style and power. *It's what the "variable pitch propeller" now has done for Dynaflow Drive.**

Up goes performance —and gas mileage too

When you find it necessary to push the pedal to the floor board, you do more than call on the greatest high-compression V8 power in Buick history.

You do what a pilot does when he heads his plane down a runway. You do in oil what he does in air—*you cut down take-off time by using "variable pitch propellers."*

In this case, the propeller blades are inside the Dynaflow unit. But they're engineered to swivel or change their "pitch" just like plane propellers—and with the same result: one pitch for getaway, another pitch for gas-saving fuel efficiency.

And what you get in the way of instantaneous safety-surge with absolute smoothness, you must feel to believe.

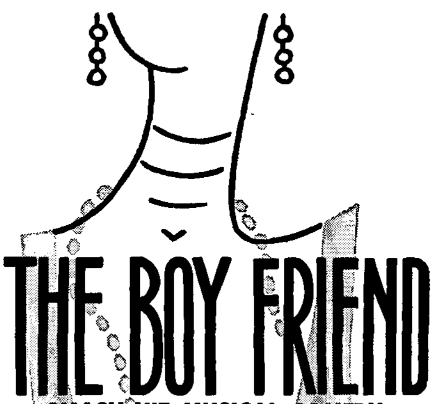
This you have to try

Of course, we want you to come and see the trend-setting new Buicks—look into the betterments in gasoline mileage that add new thrift to these cars.

But this year, "seeing" is only the beginning. So — while you join the crowds viewing the new Buicks this week end, make a date to get behind the wheel as soon as you possibly can. We promise you the thrill of the year.

**Standard on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on other Series.*

Now On Display—be sure to visit **Your Buick Dealer**


THE BOY FRIEND
SMASH-HIT MUSICAL COMEDY
with JULIE ANDREWS
"A delightful burlesque. It is hard to say which is funnier: the material or the performance." —Atkinson, Times
MAIL ORDERS FILLED
Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30. Wednesday Matinee Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Saturday Matinee Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05; Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30. (All Taxes Included). Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest alternate dates.
ROYALE THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way. Ci 5-5760

"A HUMDINGER!"-KERR, H.-TRIB.

JOHN RAITT • JANIS PAIGE
EDDIE FOY JR.
IN A NEW MUSICAL COMEDY
THE PAJAMA GAME
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Eves.: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; 1st Balc. $4.60, 3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Mat. Wed. Orch. $4.05; Mezz. $4.05; 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.60; Mezz. $4.05. 1st Balc. $3.45, 2.90; 2nd Balc. $2.30, 1.75. (Tax Included).
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with mail order and suggest one alternate date.
ST. JAMES THEA., 246 W. 44th St., N. Y.

"SOMETHING TO CROW ABOUT." —KERR, H. TRIBUNE
MARY MARTIN as Peter Pan
(A GAY NEW MUSICAL)
with CYRIL RITCHARD
Production Directed and Staged by JEROME ROBBINS
PRICES (Including all taxes): Evgs. Orch. $6.90; Loges $5.75; Balc. $4.80, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50. Mats. Wed. and Sat. Orch. $4.80; Loges $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 2.50, 2.00. Please enclose self-addressed envelope and suggest alternate dates.
WINTER GARDEN, B'way & 50th St. • CI 5-4878

PAUL GREGORY presents (IN PERSON)
LLOYD NOLAN JOHN HODIAK BARRY SULLIVAN
IN HERMAN WOUK'S
CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL
Directed by CHARLES LAUGHTON
PLYMOUTH THEATRE, 236 West 45th Street, Cir. 6-9156
Mon. thru Thurs. Evgs.: $4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: $5.75, 4.60, 4.03, 3.45, 2.88. Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $4.03, 3.45, 2.88, 2.30, 1.73. Incl. Taxes.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

in Grand Central Palace in 1934; when the exhibition was over, no one could think what to do with the house, so Harrison bought it, for fifteen hundred dollars, and had it lugged to a sixteen-acre piece of property he owned in Huntington, where it was reassembled. Dadaistic, if anything, in design, "the tin house," as the Harrisons have always called it, offers such conveniences as an exposed drainpipe that runs down from an upstairs bathroom into the center of the living room, where it becomes one of the legs of a built-in dining table and then disappears into the floor. This house proved to be icy in winter and torrid in summer, and after struggling along with it for a couple of years Harrison built on a four-room cottagelike wing, made of Transite and wood, which, while not very handsome, is at least habitable. In 1939, he added "the new living room"—a vast, modern, circular thing, thirty feet in diameter and fifteen feet high, with white cement-block walls, on which Mrs. Harrison has painted a mural copied from a design by Léger. While this triple-scoop concoction occasionally shakes the faith of prospective clients the first time they see it, it is home to Harrison, and sooner or later they learn to put up with it.

Compared to Frank Lloyd Wright, Le Corbusier, and several of his other prominent fellow-architects, who have a penchant for Olympian comment on all topics and a weakness for turning any tête-à-tête into a filibuster, Harrison is a quiet man. In his own way, though, he can be fairly eloquent. Preoccupied with the realization that most people never achieve all they aspire to, he has a way of thinking and talking about the average man in sympathetic diminutives—sometimes as "the little fellow next door," sometimes as "the hard-pressed little bastard," but usually as just "the little guy." (These expressions, as Harrison uses them, convey a feeling quite the opposite of that other sympathetic diminutive, "the little man," as it was used so patronizingly a few years back.) When the little guy gets on Harrison's mind, it is hard to get him off. One morning not long ago, he was kicking around the philosophy of his profession with a young architectural graduate of the Yale School of Fine Arts, who had come to see him at his office, in the International Building, in Rockefeller Center, when he received an urgent call from Abramovitz. Excusing himself, Harrison joined his partner in a conference room, where the two worked out some revisions in the windbracing for

LAST WEEKS!
FINAL PERF. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th
"'BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA' IS 'AN ELEGANT SPREE!'" —BROOKS ATKINSON, N.Y. TIMES

SHIRLEY BOOTH
"BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA"
NEW YORK'S NO. 1 MUSICAL
with WILBUR EVANS
Evgs. $6.90 to 2.30. Wed. Mat. $4.05 to 1.75. Sat. Mat. $4.60 to 1.75. Tax Incl. Mail Orders Now.
IMPERIAL THEA., W. 45th St., N. Y. 36

"Restores our theatre to an art again" —ATKINSON, N. Y. Times

The Playwrights' Company in association with Mary K. Frank present
JOAN FONTAINE
in ELIA KAZAN'S production of
Tea and Sympathy
by ROBERT ANDERSON
with LEIF ERICKSON ANTHONY PERKINS
BARRYMORE Theatre W. 47th St. Eves. 8:35 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

GILBERT MILLER and DONALD ALBERY present
BARBARA BEL GEDDES
in
The Living Room
A Play by GRAHAM GREENE
with WALTER FITZGERALD
ANN SHOEMAKER • MICHAEL GOODLIFFE
NORA NICHOLSON • CAROL GOODNER
Directed by HUGH HUNT
HENRY MILLER'S Theatre, W. 43 St. • Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"A Solid Gold Click"—Walter Winchell
". . . a very funny show"— —Gibbs, The New Yorker
Max Gordon presents
The SOLID GOLD CADILLAC
by HOWARD TEICHMANN and GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
LORING SMITH
staged by GEORGE S. KAUFMAN
SEATS NOW FOR ALL PERFS. THRU FEB. 5th
Orch. Mon.-Thur. $4.60, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $5.75, Balc. $4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75. Wed. Mat. Orch. $3.45, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. Sat. Mat. Orch. $4.05, Balc. $3.45, 2.90, 2.30, 1.75, 1.15. All Tax Incl. Good Balc. Seats Available for all Perfs.
MUSIC BOX, 45th St., West of B'way
CI 6-4636. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

"Tallulah's dynamite" —CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

a new building their firm is designing—the Socony-Vacuum Building, which is to cover the entire block bounded by Third and Lexington Avenues and Forty-first and Forty-second Streets. Harrison returned to his visitor some twenty minutes later. "And that's the crux of it," he said immediately, speaking as offhandedly as if he had never left the office. "Should the temple be on the hill, or should you walk down to it? All through history, man has put most of his public buildings up on the hill, to give them an air of size and scope. It can be dangerous. Most of the time, the building takes on an impersonal feeling. The little guy goes up the hill to it less and less frequently, and after a while he has no connection with it at all. The building becomes an inanimate symbol of authority. All right, we know that's lousy, so we'll build the temple in the market place. But is it going to have the dignity down there that the little guy wants it to have? After all, he wants something he can look up to and put his faith in. It's quite a problem. Where the hell *do* we build it?"

Confronted by some of the less metaphysical aspects of his profession, Harrison often grows equally concerned. "Each time you set out on a new building, you try to make it as nearly perfect as possible," he said one day last spring to a group of friends with whom he was having an after-work drink in a bar near his office. "You know it won't *be* perfect. You're lucky if you can come close. I think maybe we did come close with Rockefeller Center. Some of its buildings are twenty years old now, but they have every major facility the newest buildings have except air-conditioning, which is something no one knew much about when we designed them. In any event, you make your mistakes and you try to profit from them the next time. I remember when my wife and I were in Italy a few summers ago, looking at everything by Michelangelo that we could find, and we came on his 'Pietà.' It's a really bad piece of sculpture, no two ways about it. Stack it up alongside the 'David' or some of his things in the Sistine Chapel, and it has no meaning, no guts at all. You feel a little better when you discover that even the greatest artist in history could botch a job now and then." Harrison took his ball-point drawing pen from his pocket and reached for a paper napkin. "I think it helps to work in America," he went on, doodling odd geometric shapes on the napkin. "There's something about this country that makes you realize you can't build a perfect building; you'd get

opens thurs. evg. december 30
MAIL ORDERS NOW

feuer & martin present
hildegarde neff
don ameche
in the new musical comedy
"silk stockings"
music and lyrics by cole porter
book by george s. kaufman and leueen macgrath
(suggested by ninotchka by melchior lengyel)
with yvonne adair
and
norman atkins · leon belasco · henry lascoe · clarence hoffman
settings and lighting by jo mielziner · costumes designed by lucinda ballard
dances & musical numbers staged by eugene loring
musical direction & vocal arrangements by herbert greene · orchestrations by don walker · dance music arranged by genevieve pitot
staged by george s. kaufman

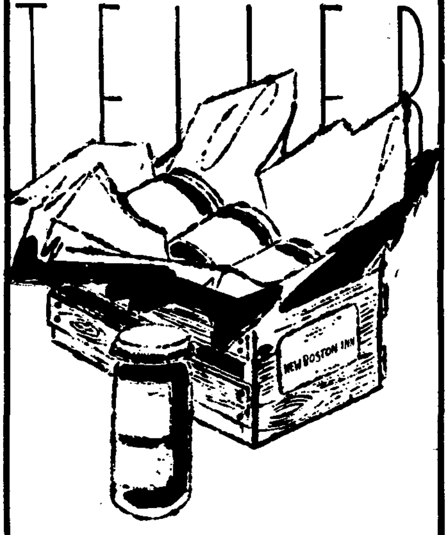
PRICES: Opening Night Completely Sold Out.
MON. THRU SAT. EVGS.: Orch. $7.50; Mezz. $6.25; Balc. $4.95, 4.30, 3.60, 3.00, 2.50.
WED. AND SAT. MATINEES: Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $4.30; Balc. $3.60, 3.00, 2.50, 2.00.
NEW YEAR'S EVE: Orch. $12.00; Mezz. $9.20; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 4.30, 3.60 (Tax Incl.).

The following evening performances are completely sold out: **January** 12, 27. **February** 1, 2, 3, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 17, 21, 22, 28. **March** 1, 2, 3, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 17, 22, 23, 28, 30, 31. **April** 20.

Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope with check or money order. Specify 3 alternate dates, and address to Imperial Theatre, c/o "Silk Stockings."

IMPERIAL THEATRE • 45th St. W. of B'way

BONWIT TELLER



BONWIT'S INTRODUCES
DELICIOUS
NEW BOSTON INN
FOODS

Only at Bonwit's...wonderful old-fashioned rustic wooden crates packed with delicious home-made sauces and tasty delicacies from the New Boston Inn in Massachusetts. Marvelous gift to add flavor to the holiday season.

#1 Crate 4.75
1 chutney 1 mint sauce 1 cocktail sauce

#2 Crate 6.50
1 chocolate-mocha sauce 1 cocktail sauce
1 chutney 1 brandy liver-pate

#3 Crate 8.25
1 chocolate-mocha sauce 2 brandy liver-pate
1 rum butterscotch sauce 1 chutney

#4 Crate 11.00
2 brandy liver-pate 1 chutney
1 chocolate-mocha sauce 1 cocktail sauce
1 rum butterscotch sauce 1 mint sauce

#5 Crate 11.00
4 mincemeat

#6 Crate 13.75
1 chutney 1 chocolate sauce 1 mint sauce
2 brandy liver-pate 1 rum butterscotch sauce
1 mincemeat 1 cocktail sauce

#7 Crate 16.25
4 brandy liver-pate 2 chocolate-mocha sauce
2 chutney 2 rum butterscotch sauce

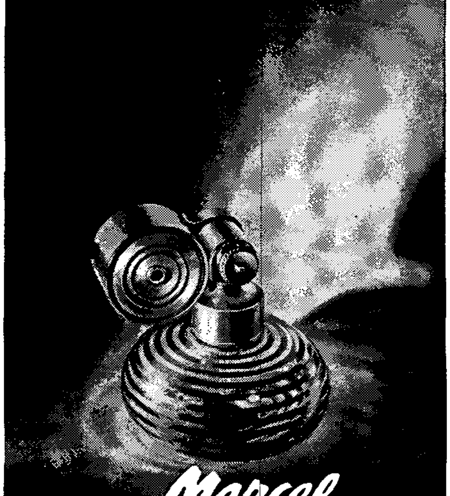
#8 Crate 21.25
4 mincemeat 1 mint sauce 1 cocktail sauce
2 brandy liver-pate 1 chocolate-mocha sauce
1 rum butterscotch sauce

Each item also sold individually in our Gift Shop. Mail, phone orders. Add 10% for shipping charges.
New York White Plains
Chicago Cleveland Boston

laughed at if you thought you could. This country has a priceless quality we only half recognize. Americans are always trying to do something new, but with a sense of balance. We're sort of a halfway post between radicalism and reaction. And we work hard. You go at your job and you know you're bound to make your quota of errors, and you also know that if by any chance you happen to produce something that's pretty damn good, it's only because you kept working at it. But that's always been the story. The great men always worked their heads off. Like Bach, with all those kids, who had to compose an oratorio every Sunday for his church. He never sat down and said, 'I feel like composing something inspired today.' He didn't have the time to think whether or not he was improvising on a theme by Palestrina, or what he was trying to do. It wasn't all pure, but on his good days it was something wonderful he was doing." Harrison turned the napkin over and attacked the clean side. "Whatever you do, you can't stand still. My father was a hell of a good guy. He lost out because he thought everything was perfect—Worcester, the Elks, the foundry that he worked in and that was set up along the old lines, as if the workers were craftsmen. I saw it as a kid. And I saw him rolled over by the modern factory. No matter what the cost is, you've got to move forward."

HARRISON was born in Worcester in 1895, the only child of James and Rachel Kirkman Harrison. The Harrison and Kirkman families both originated in Yorkshire. The Kirkmans had been engravers as far back as anyone knew; they took the English industrial revolution in their stride by engraving the rollers that stamped prints on the cotton fabrics manufactured in the mills of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The Harrisons had followed various trades. James Harrison started as a molder in a Worcester iron foundry and rose to be superintendent of Rice & Barton & Falls, a combination foundry and machine shop. Young Harrison grew up at a time when the pleasures of the classic Twain-Riley American boyhood had not yet quite vanished from the fringes of Eastern cities. "Where we lived in Worcester, you couldn't tell the streets from the fields," Harrison has recalled. "It was a fine life. We fooled around with all the sports in their seasons. We made skis out of old hockey sticks. In the summers, we swam, and fished for pickerel and perch in Coe's Pond." When Harrison was fourteen,

THE FINEST
ATOMIZERS
IN THE WORLD



Marcel Franck
FRENCH ATOMIZER CORP.
663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

GARNIER
Liqueurs

Quality Cordials . . .
made in America
according to original
French formulae

Julius WILE
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Sweet
as you are
in a
PORTRAIT
BY BACHRACH

Natural colour photography, too

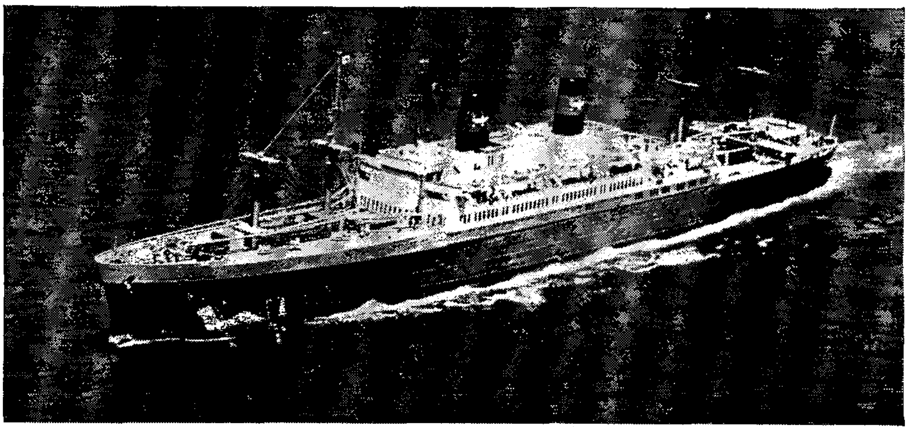
Bachrach 54 East 52nd Street, New York
PLaza 5-6233

his mother died unexpectedly. "I just can't describe what a blow that was to my father and me," Harrison says. "I know I lived with my father for a while after that, but whether it was three months or a year, I really have no idea. I guess you would say I was in a state of prolonged shock. All I knew was that I had to do something and do it quick. I was a freshman in high school at the time, and I decided the best thing to do would be to leave school and get a job. A friend of my family's knew a contractor named O. W. Norcross, who had an opening for an office boy, at five dollars a week. That's how I got into architecture—I needed work. After a while, my father left Worcester and started moving from job to job, so I went to room with the head office boy—a chap named Harry Winchester. Harry and I would get up at six-thirty, rush to eat breakfast, rush to see who could get to the office first—push, hustle, and compete all day. Then we'd rush home and stick our feet up on the stove and see who could get the most out of books, with Harry always a step ahead of me." After Harrison had been with Norcross for two years, his salary was raised to nine dollars a week, and around that time he also got his first architectural training, when he was assigned to draw some diagrams that would indicate to a stonecutter the size and shape of the stones he should supply for an architrave—the molded frame around a door or window. Four years after starting work, Harrison left Norcross to join the Worcester architectural firm of Frost & Chamberlain as a junior draftsman. While there, he enrolled for a series of night courses in structural engineering at Worcester Polytechnic Institute, egged on by a restlessness that found its objective when an imposing modern office building designed by a New York firm went up on the edge of Worcester Common. "It was that building that made it plain to me where I wanted to be—with the people who did that sort of work," Harrison says. "When I switched from Norcross to Frost & Chamberlain, I thought I'd find out the reasons things were done the way they were. At Norcross, no one could tell me why an architrave had to be one-sixth the width of the opening. That was the way architraves were done, they looked best that way—that was all they could tell me. And when I asked at Frost & Chamberlain how the proportions of an architrave had been determined, they'd tell me that those were the proportions prescribed by McIntire or by some book on architectural

there's only one way

Explore and sightsee ashore.

to see the Orient



Enjoy a "country club" vacation at sea.

and return "home"

Your "President" is your American hotel in port.

at the end of each day!

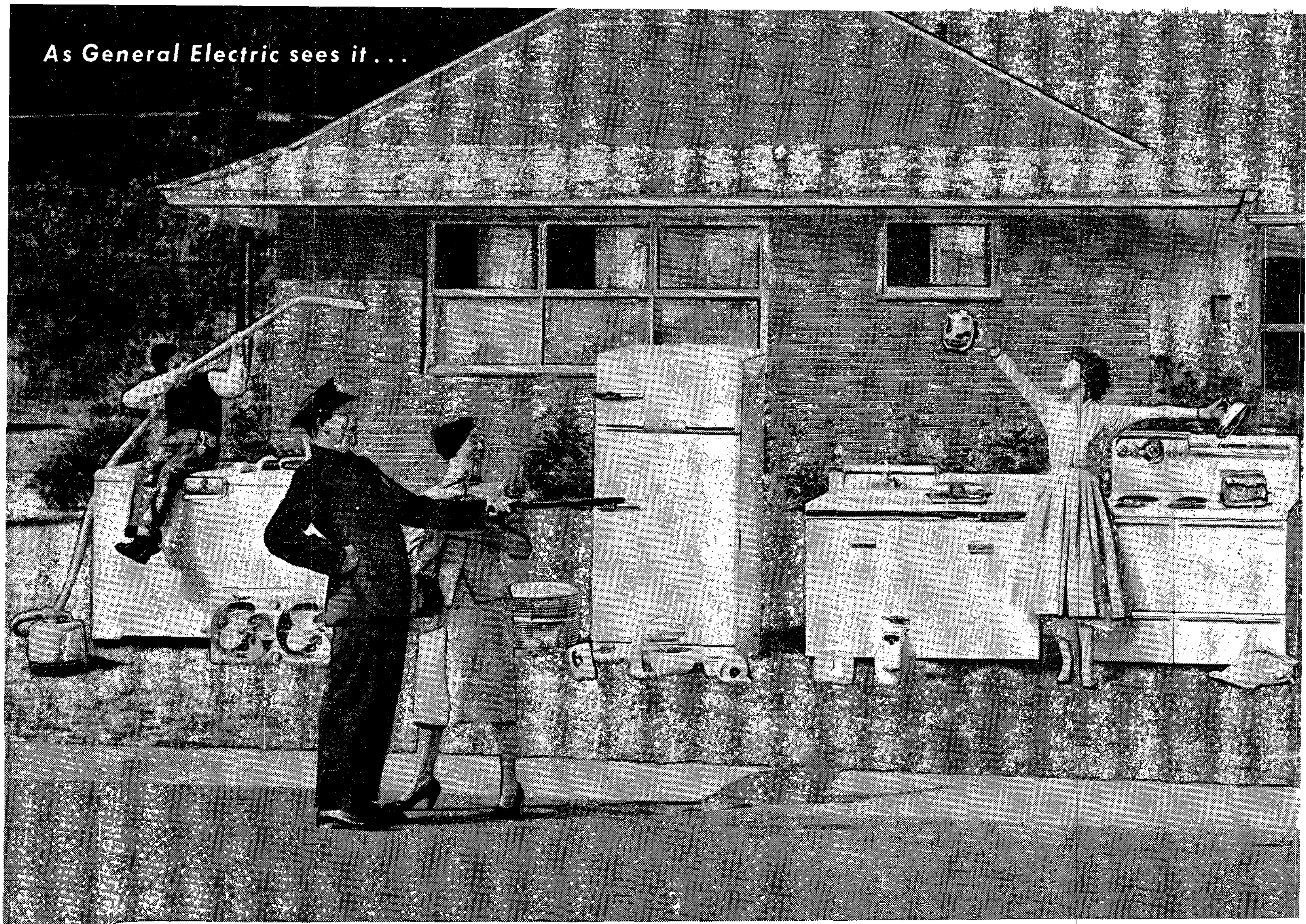
6 weeks, 15,000 miles along the Sunshine Belt to JAPAN, PHILIPPINES, and HONG KONG with 2 stops at HAWAII. Swimming, deck sports, tempting food, dancing, complete shopping center aboard ship.

See your travel agent for descriptive folders

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES

General Offices: 311 California St., San Francisco 4, California

As General Electric sees it . . .



These 30 everyday General Electric appliances lined up on the front lawn dramatize the impact of low-c

Every year Americans live bette

An average U.S. family uses enough power each day to equal the energy output of 35 hard-working men

Nowhere on earth has electricity been put to work more widely than in the United States, and its price been kept so low.

In just 20 years, the power used in the average home has increased four times. And its price has been cut almost in half, even though the cost of living has nearly doubled.

We've come a long way since Thomas Edison invented the first home use of electricity — an electric light — just 75 years ago. There are three reasons for this progress.

First, America's electric utilities have invested in facilities ($18 billion in the last ten years!). And the electrical industry has steadily increased the efficiency of power equipment. Turbine-generators made by General Electric, for example, produce 10 times more electricity per pound of coal than Edison's original generators.

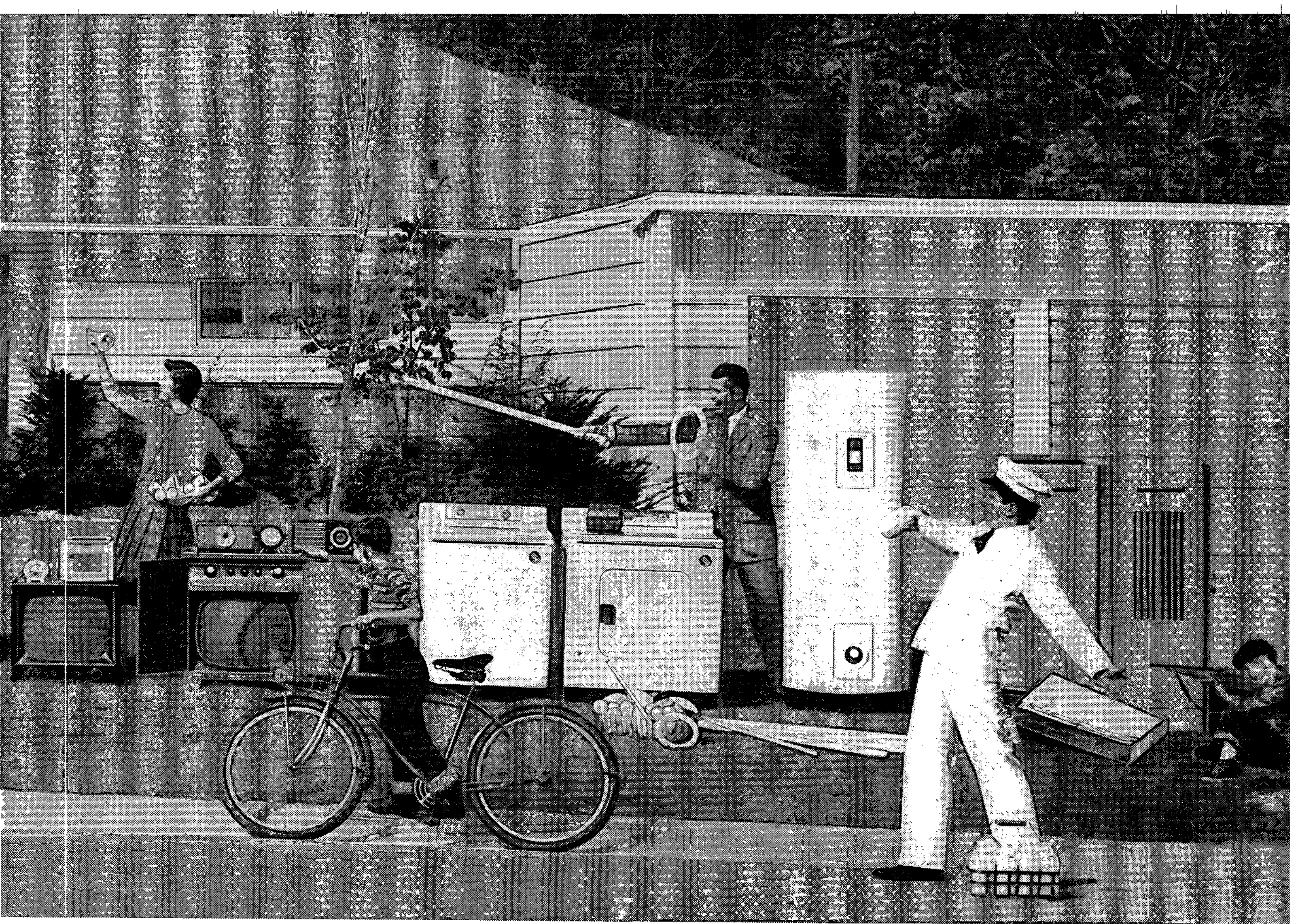
Second, appliances have been constantly i
proved and are mass-produced to bring their pr
within reach of everyone. The first 60-watt lam
cost about $1.00 and gave a light equal to 7 c
dles; a G-E 60-watt lamp today gives a light eq
to 67 candles, and costs only 19 cents.

The third reason for progress is our free ec
omy, which has allowed industry to grow, cre
jobs and produce effectively for everyone's bene
As we see it, it adds up to a good example of pr
ress in the American way.

Meanwhile, we're hard at work to make the
ture even better.

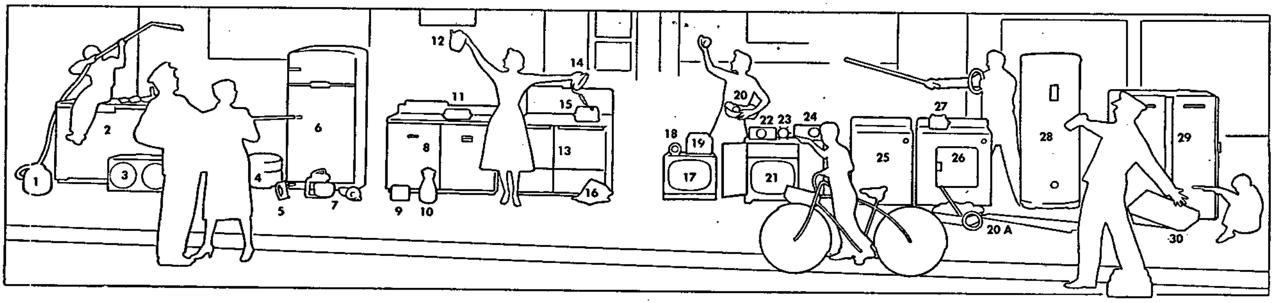
• • •

For more information, send for 36-page illustrated bool
"Power Maker for America"—the story of how electricit
made. Write General Electric, Dept. W2-119, Schenectady, N



electricity on American life. Per capita use of electricity in U.S. is 2 times Britain's, 5 times Russia's, 167 times India's.

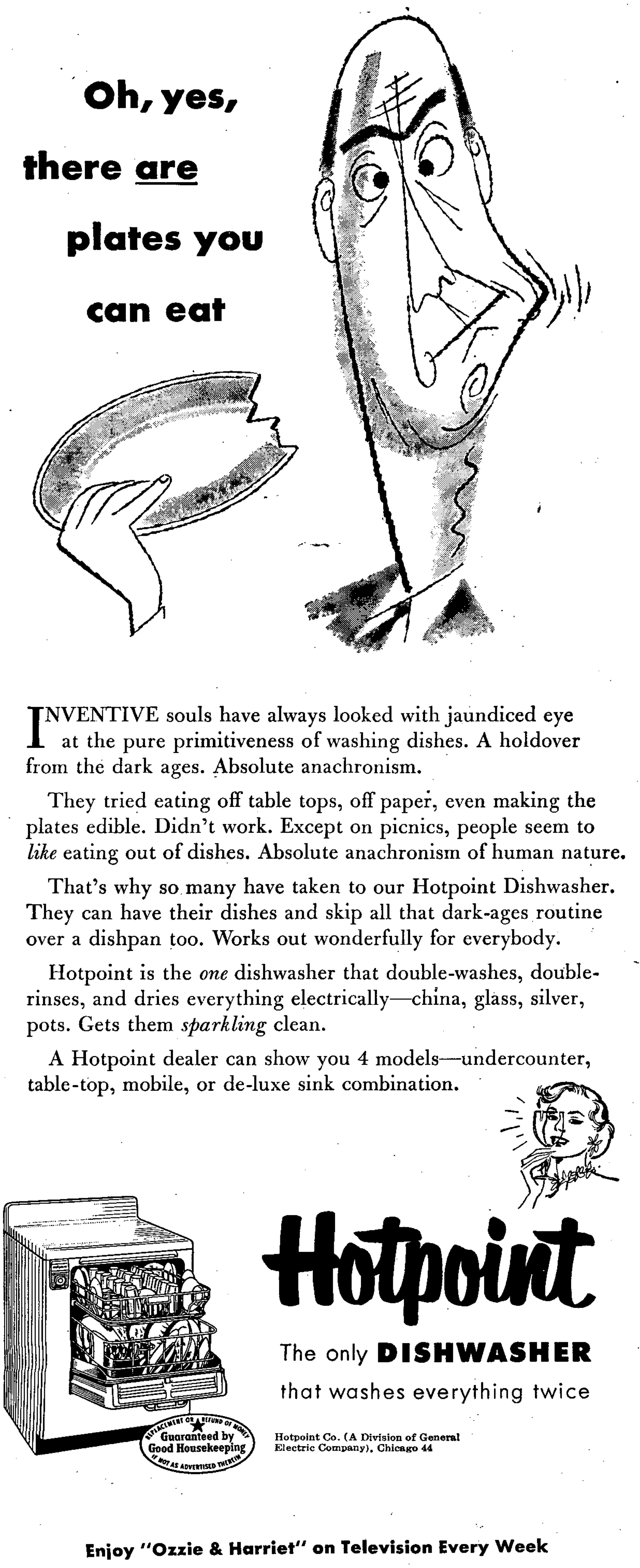
because electricity costs so little



They go to work at the touch of a finger tip: **1.** Swivel-top vacuum cleaner and accessories **2.** Food freezer **3.** Twin-fan ventilator **4.** Floor circulator fan **5.** Portable mixer **6.** Refrigerator-food freezer **7.** Triple-whip mixer with accessories **8.** Electric sink (including dishwasher) **9.** Kitchen wall clock **10.** Disposall® (food-waste disposer) **11.** Sandwich grill-waffle iron **12.** Automatic coffee maker **13.** Range **14.** Steam and dry iron **15.** Automatic toaster **16.** Heating pad **17.** Table television set **18.** Alarm clock **19.** Portable radio **20-20A.** Lamps: Inside-frost, three-lite, white-bulb, sunlamp, heat lamp, spotlight, floodlight, circline fluorescent, and fluorescent **21.** Console television set **22.** Clock radio **23.** Occasional clock **24.** Table radio **25.** Automatic washer **26.** Clothes dryer **27.** Workshop motor **28.** Water heater **29.** Year-round air conditioner **30.** Automatic blanket.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Oh, yes, there are plates you can eat

INVENTIVE souls have always looked with jaundiced eye at the pure primitiveness of washing dishes. A holdover from the dark ages. Absolute anachronism.

They tried eating off table tops, off paper, even making the plates edible. Didn't work. Except on picnics, people seem to *like* eating out of dishes. Absolute anachronism of human nature.

That's why so many have taken to our Hotpoint Dishwasher. They can have their dishes and skip all that dark-ages routine over a dishpan too. Works out wonderfully for everybody.

Hotpoint is the *one* dishwasher that double-washes, double-rinses, and dries everything electrically—china, glass, silver, pots. Gets them *sparkling* clean.

A Hotpoint dealer can show you 4 models—undercounter, table-top, mobile, or de-luxe sink combination.

Hotpoint

The only DISHWASHER that washes everything twice

Replacement or refund of money Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein

Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), Chicago 44

Enjoy "Ozzie & Harriet" on Television Every Week

standards. That didn't satisfy me, either. Surely, I figured, there were better reasons for doing or not doing a thing a certain way."

In the summer of 1916, when Harrison was twenty and had saved up thirty-five dollars, he came to New York and moved into a rooming house on West Twenty-third Street. Unencumbered by letters of introduction, he walked into the offices of McKim, Mead & White, the most famous architectural firm in the country at the time, and succeeded in getting an interview with its chief designer, William Mitchell Kendall. "Kendall told me there were no openings for draftsmen," Harrison says. "So I asked him if he'd let me work for nothing. That's youth for you—I had only about twenty dollars left in my pocket. Anyhow, Kendall told me to come back in a day or two, and when I did, he put me to work helping a man get up a book of drawings of hospitals. A couple of weeks later, they hired me at twenty a week."

Since American schools of architecture at that time were rather rickety institutions, Harrison, on the advice of some of his associates at McKim, Mead & White, began attending an atelier for architects directed by Harvey Wiley Corbett. There were three ateliers in New York in those days; one of the others was directed by Frederic C. Hirons and the third was conducted as an adjunct of the Columbia University School of Architecture. These ateliers had been established about twenty years earlier by a number of American architects who had imported the idea from Paris after studying there at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux-Arts, which since the seventeenth century had been acknowledged to be the world center of architectural thought. The first Parisian ateliers were set up by groups of wealthy students who disliked the idea of attending lectures with the rank and file at inconvenient hours, and, instead, hired a loft and paid some winner of the Beaux-Arts' Grand Prix to serve as their *maître*. Over the years, atelier life became severely disciplined and developed an atmosphere about as gay as that at an Officer Candidate School, and the same came to be true of the ateliers in New York. The membership consisted of the *nouveaux* and the *anciens*, the latter being upperclassmen who had been in the atelier two years or more and were supposed to be already partially endowed with the wisdom of the *maître*. Assisting the *maître* was the *massier*—an upperclassman elected by his fellow-*anciens*—

who had dictatorial powers over the *nouveaux*, and submitted them to the sort of hazing that is common to student life everywhere. Meanwhile, everyone would collaborate feverishly on some architectural *projet*—the plans and specifications for a Loire château, perhaps, or for a railroad station. Whatever the limitations of this inbred system may have been, atelier life encouraged a hardy *esprit de corps*, it gave the members lasting lessons in architectural design, and, transplanted to this country, it provided students with a much better working background than they could hope to pick up at any of the domestic schools.

Upon enrolling as a *nouveau* in Corbett's atelier, Harrison found himself the slave of a gruelling schedule. He would finish work at McKim's at five, grab a bite to eat at a quick-lunch counter, and show up by five-thirty at the atelier, which was on West Thirty-sixth Street, on the fourth floor of the building occupied by Keen's Chop House. There he would spend three or four hours at his drawing board, along with the other students, who were either graduates of architectural schools or, like him, draftsmen intent on developing their skill. Corbett, a lean, talkative Californian, preached the doctrine that architecture must have thrill and appeal, but as he made his way from drawing board to drawing board, criticizing the work of the students, he emphasized that it must also provide space and convenience. "He was the first person to give me the answers I'd been looking for," Harrison says. "He taught us the why of things, and if there wasn't any good reason for things being as tradition ruled they should be, he said so. You couldn't get that kind of answer at McKim's. McKim, Mead & White were the best—and the end—of the Renaissance. The firm stopped there. In McKim buildings like the Morgan Library and the University Club, you get the Italians' richness of surface and their modifications of the Greek proportions. That was what McKim's style was, really—a catalogue of the strong points of the great Renaissance Italians. Say you were designing a private building and were going to provide it with an elaborate hedge of trees, shrubbery, and flowers. At McKim's, you would always be referred to the hedges Lippi did for the Villa Medici. It was taken for granted that Lippi's dimensions were the best dimensions for hedges. Corbett's approach was different. I used to walk home from the atelier with him, and he'd spout away on the good and bad aspects of the buildings we passed. He'd

Ballantine's
BALLANTINE'S 17 YEARS OLD
Ballantine's
IN USE FOR OVER 125 YEARS
ESTABLISHED 1827
BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE LATE QUEEN VICTORIA
THE LATE KING EDWARD VII
4/5 QUART
86 PROOF
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
17 YEARS OLD
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
George Ballantine & Son Limited
DISTILLERS
Glasgow & Dumbarton Scotland
PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND
PRINTED IN SCOTLAND
IMPORTED BY
"21" Brands, Inc., New York, N.Y.

A GREAT 17 YEAR OLD SCOTCH
(IN LIMITED SUPPLY)

Ballantine's
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

In a Class by Itself . . .

The Coliseum, the London Bridge and the Statue of Liberty are in a class by themselves.

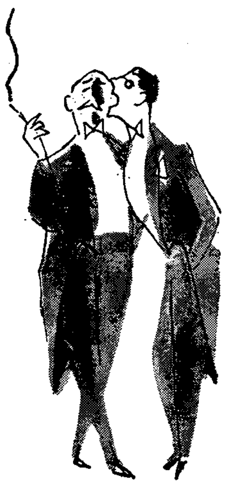
So too is Ballantine's rare 17 year old Scotch . . . a real triumph of the distiller.

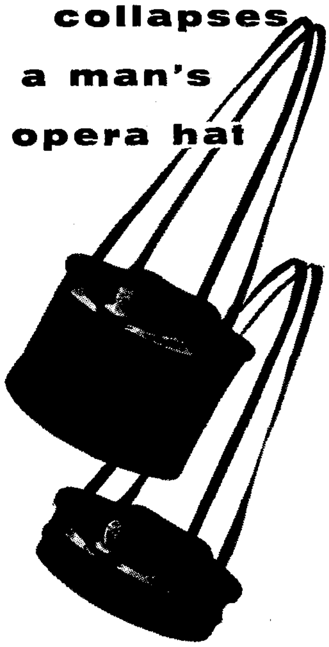
Naturally, only the finest of Scotch whiskies can be selected for such prolonged aging. It may cost a bit extra . . . but it's worth it . . . to please yourself and the friends you value most.

The Crest of Quality

86 PROOF

"21" Brands, Inc. THE HOUSE OF BALLANTINE • NEW YORK CITY
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS IN THE UNITED STATES





"TOP HAT"
S.F.A's new bag
collapses
like a man's
opera hat

You even have to turn a man's head (the gilded clasp) to open Koret's new conversation piece. Beautifully tailored in rayon satin: black, garnet, gold, bronze, green, navy. Rayon faille: black, brown, navy. Rayon velvet: black, red. 25.00 plus tax. Handbags, Street Floor, New York Mail, phone orders.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK · WHITE PLAINS · CHICAGO · DETROIT
BEVERLY HILLS · PITTSBURGH · PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO · MIAMI BEACH · FORT LAUDERDALE

point to the columns McKim's did for Penn Station, for instance, and explain that the firm had narrowed the spaces between them at each end of the building to give it the illusion of sturdiness. But Corbett thought it was carrying the Renaissance much too far to make taxicabs swerve between pillars to get in and out of the station. Other evenings, we'd walk over to Grand Central, and Corbett would point out why he thought its plan was superior to Penn Station's. Whitney Warren, the architect of Grand Central, provided more entrances, of course, and placed them in such a way that traffic moves in and out of the station more easily."

Harrison had been following this tight routine for about three months when, at the suggestion of his minister in Worcester, an old friend with whom he had kept up a correspondence, he moved from his Twenty-third Street rooming house to the parish house of the Calvary Episcopal Church, then at 104 East Twenty-second Street. He found the change much to his liking. "The young curates were a great bunch, full of pep and interested in everything," he says. "There was lively talk at every meal. Living there made me realize that there were other kinds of riches besides those of my monastical architectural world."

•

THE United States was drawing near to war. As a young man of military age, Harrison signed up for a weekly class in navigation at Columbia and became a member of the Naval Coastal Defense Reserve. His turn came in July, 1917, when he was called to active duty as a quartermaster second class. Soon afterward, he was commissioned an ensign and assigned to Submarine Chaser-80 as second-in-command to Lieutenant Walter Blumenthal, a member of the New York banking family, who was then two years out of Yale. A wooden ship, a hundred and ten feet long, with a fifteen-foot beam, and capable of ten knots (assuming there was a stiff following wind), the SC-80 astounded its two young officers by crossing the Atlantic without serious mishap and was then assigned to the Otranto Barrage. This was the name given to an operation in which thirty-six American, French, and English vessels, most of them no speedier than the SC-80, patrolled the Strait of Otranto, a forty-five-mile strip between Cape Linguetta, in Albania, and the tip of the heel of Italy, in an effort to prevent Austrian submarines based at Fiume, four hundred miles north, from

Letter to Our
Dear, Dear, Dear . . .
Dearest Mrs. Richards:

Amaryllis, imported Dutch Warmenhoven Amaryllis, are for those people who have everything, except Warmenhoven Amaryllis. Is it an impressive gift? Well, is a bulb bigger than your fist impressive? It is to us, but nothing compared to the huge flowers that bloom a few weeks later—four to six great 10-inch flowers that last weeks in a city apartment. This is the perfect "not-too-little-or-too-much" remembrance.

Each bulb is guaranteed to bloom. That's quite a guarantee, Mrs. R. If the simplest directions (included in each package) are followed, the bulb will grow bigger and bigger, throw more and more flowers winter after winter in city or country. Yes it will.

Colors? Nearly the rainbow. White, Dark Red, Scarlet, Light Red, Pink, Salmon, Rose, and Rose and White. (We reserve the right to substitute colors on orders received after Dec. 5.) The price? $5.50 each, ready to grow in 5-inch pots, postage free anywhere in the U.S.A. (Unpotted bulbs $4.25 each, postpaid.) We enclose your card in the attractive package. Your instructions promptly, Mrs. Richards, promptly. Sincerely,

Amos Pettingill

WHITE FLOWER FARM
Litchfield 1, Connecticut

Henri Fayette
CHRISTMAS CARDS

NEW 1954
COLLECTION
Personal representatives in most important social centers.

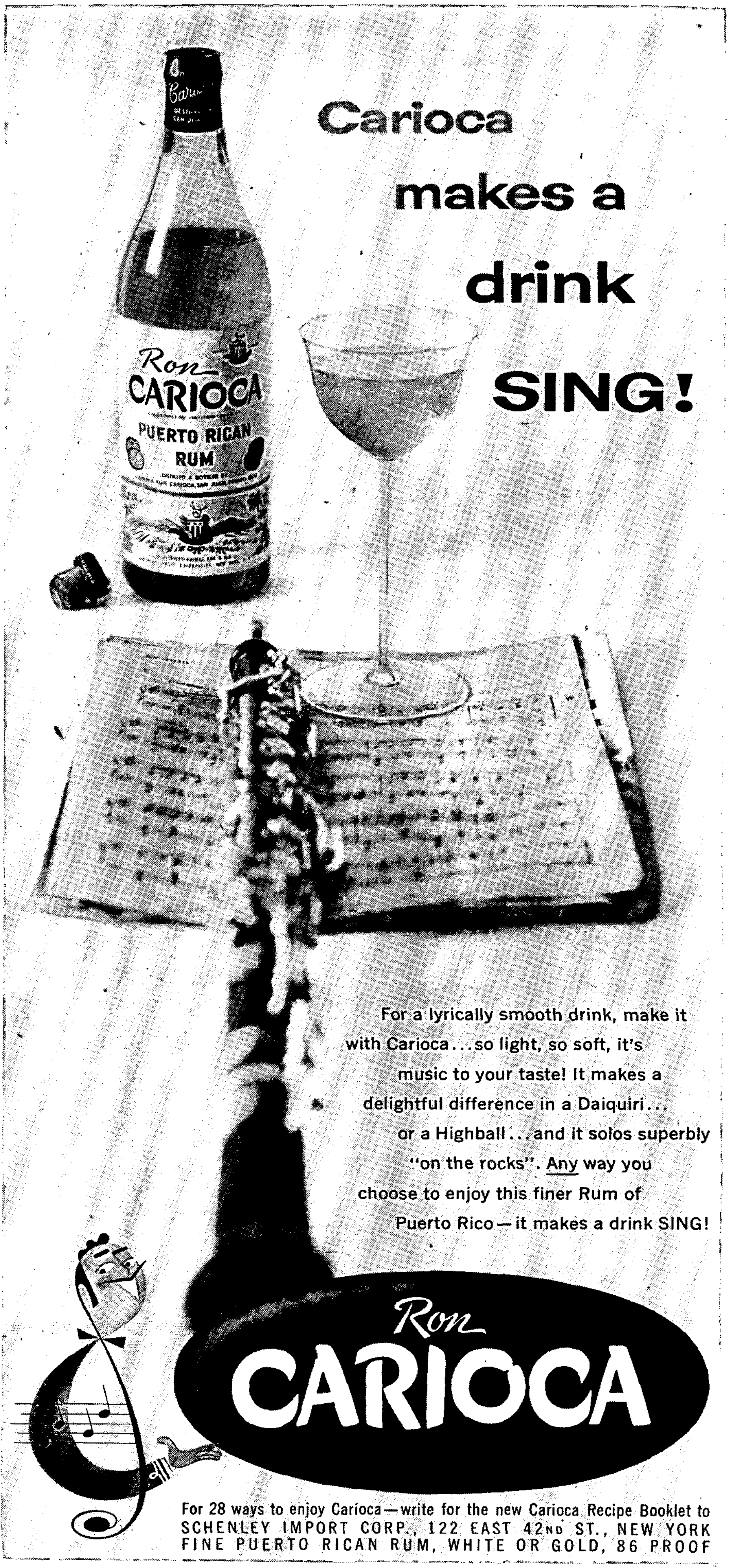
WRITE
HENRI FAYETTE Inc.
2735 Armitage Avenue
Chicago 47

★
★

breaking out of the Adriatic into the Mediterranean. The flotilla put on a surprisingly good show, sinking two subs for sure and scoring thirteen probables, and in the end further distinguished itself by intercepting on its radio the Austrian plea for an armistice. The SC-80 was thereupon ordered to proceed to Cattaro, on the Dalmatian coast, where its two officers were empowered to act as the American representatives at the armistice talks until more experienced men could be summoned to take over. Blumenthal and Harrison lived high off the *kebab* during the two months they spent in Cattaro, and Harrison found the assignment so pleasant that although he doesn't ordinarily care for souvenirs, he still keeps a square of blue, white, and red striped oilcloth that was part of one of the earliest flags of the nation of Yugoslavia, which was born at the armistice conference.

In February, thanks to the limitations of the SC-80, Harrison got his first glimpse of Paris. United States Naval Headquarters for the Mediterranean, at Malta, feared that the wintry Atlantic would be too much for the pint-sized subchaser, and ordered the ship to wait until spring before attempting the home crossing. While hibernating, the SC-80 put into Marseille for a week, which enabled Harrison to go up to Paris on a four-day leave. He spent most of his time there studying the workings of the Beaux-Arts, and returned to his ship determined to become a student at the school as soon as possible. "I could see that it was absolutely necessary for me to go there for an education," Harrison says. "For the first time in my life, I wasn't broke. I'd saved up over a thousand dollars in the Navy. The only catch would be getting into the Beaux-Arts. The admission exam has always been pretty brutal. In my day, it lasted twelve hours, and you had to make a grade of seventy to pass. Most of the candidates spent six months in a preparatory atelier before they took the exam. Apparently, the object of the school was to see not how many students it could get but how few."

With the coming of spring, the SC-80 crawled back across the Atlantic, and on July 19, 1919, Harrison was discharged. For the next couple of months, he bolstered his Navy savings by working at McKim's, and attended some mathematics classes at Columbia in preparation for the Beaux-Arts examination. In October, he went to Paris, took the examination, passed it comfortably, found himself a cheap room on the Rue Jacob and a cheap restau-



For a lyrically smooth drink, make it with Carioca...so light, so soft, it's music to your taste! It makes a delightful difference in a Daiquiri... or a Highball...and it solos superbly "on the rocks". Any way you choose to enjoy this finer Rum of Puerto Rico—it makes a drink SING!

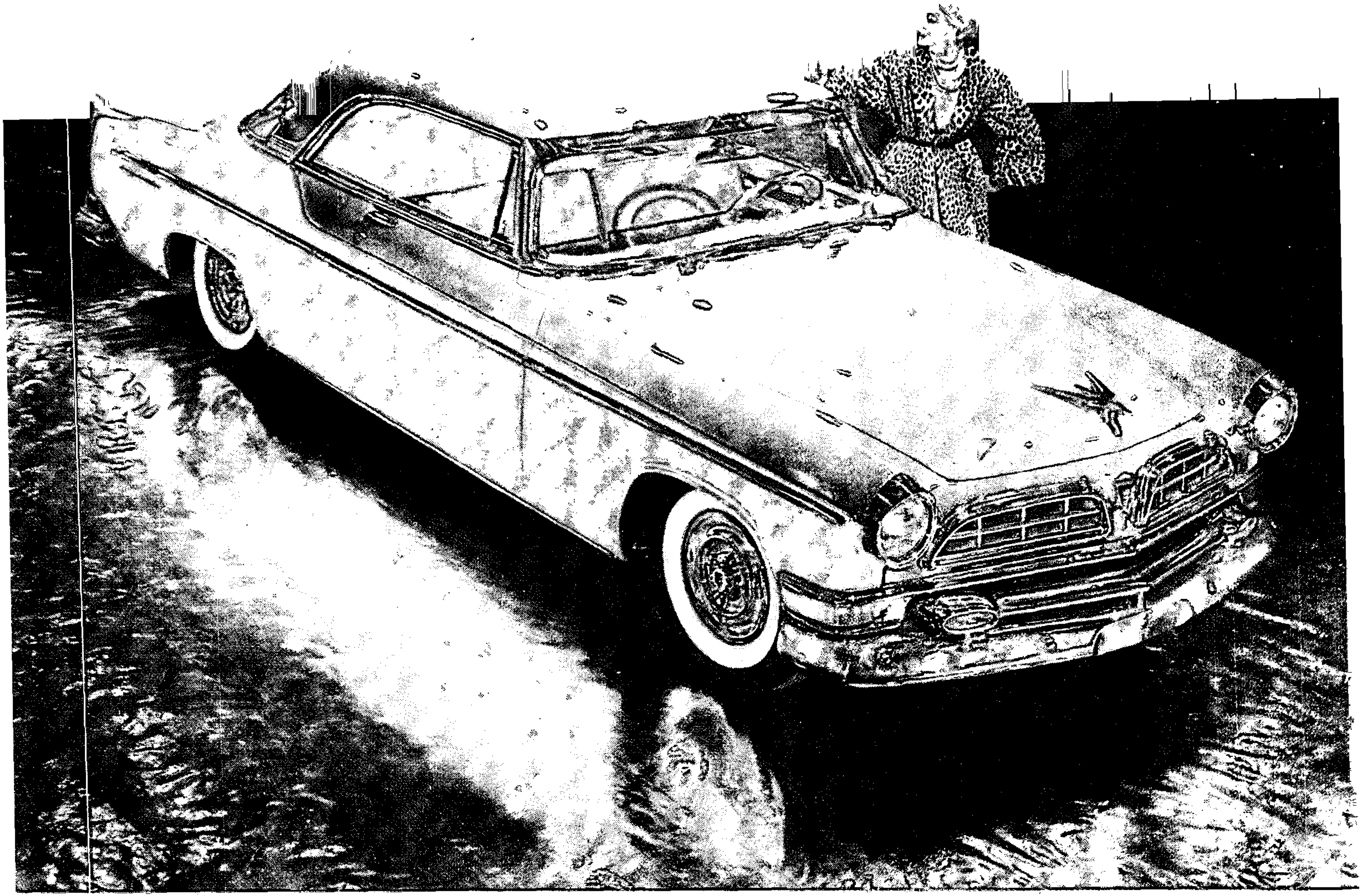
For 28 ways to enjoy Carioca—write for the new Carioca Recipe Booklet to
SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., 122 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK
FINE PUERTO RICAN RUM, WHITE OR GOLD, 86 PROOF

DIAMONDS in 18kt Gold
the clip $2450*
the ring $525*
the tag $250*
Olga TRITT
18 East 57th Street
New York 22, N. Y.
*Federal Excise Tax Included

Any way you look at it, people prefer Lanella
Made in Switzerland of half Australian wool, half Egyptian cotton, Lanella is lightweight but warm. Sanforized*. Mitin Mothproofed. Lanella shirt tailored by *Peerless* in blue, pink or yellow plaid. S, M, ML, L, XL. About $17.50. At F. R. Tripler, New York; Foley's, Houston; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.
*Shrinkage not over 1%.
Lanella® shirt by Peerless robes and sportswear
Lanella Corporation, 185 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

rant specializing in bean soup, and settled down to a year of study in an atelier presided over by Gustave Umbdenstock. "Boy, we were serious about our opinions in those days!" Harrison says. "I remember getting all steamed up at a café one night and breaking my glass of wine as I slammed it down on the table to drive home some point I was making about closet space. I was sort of a traditionalist in those days. Even such a moderate innovation as using large glass windows on the ground floor of a building made no sense to me, because it gave me the feeling the building didn't have sufficient support. I gradually learned to appreciate what the revolutionaries like Mies van der Rohe, Gropius, and Le Corbusier were getting at, and, of course, they were right about many important matters, including some of their criticisms of the Beaux-Arts. You can overrefine and oversystematize the life out of anything, and Beaux-Arts thinking had a tendency to do just that. Still, it seems to me the modernists went too far in their wholesale censuring of the approach the Beaux-Arts stood for. Now, you take old Umbdenstock. He was a hell of a guy, one of those old-timers with the authentic rational spirit that's peculiar to a certain type of Frenchman—a type, incidentally, that's getting rarer and rarer. He must have been over sixty then, a gruff old fellow with a shaggy Clemenceau mustache. At the atelier, he always wore an old, dented derby. He'd walk around the studio—there were about thirty of us—and rip us apart, one by one. He'd just scare you to death. Then he'd talk about balance and imbalance, and the qualities of *poché* in a plan. That was Umbdenstock's big word: *poché*, *poché*, *poché*—the reason and order that lie behind even the most minute phases of planning. You find *poché* in the Paris Opera House and the Bibliothèque Nationale—the best buildings that Beaux-Arts architects ever produced. There's something to the Beaux-Arts approach, too. You really can't dismiss all traditional building with glib avant-garde phrases."

Back in New York after his year at the Beaux-Arts, Harrison worked for a few months with McKim and then got a job as a draftsman with a firm headed by Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. The next year, he won a Rotch Travelling Scholarship, offered to architects who have either studied or practiced in Massachusetts, and with this he spent a few more months at the Beaux-Arts and toured various centers of ancient culture, examining their architectural wonders at first hand and pondering what



250 HP Chrysler New Yorker Deluxe St. Regis in Navajo Orange and Desert Sand

ANNOUNCING America's most smartly different car

CHRYSLER FOR 1955

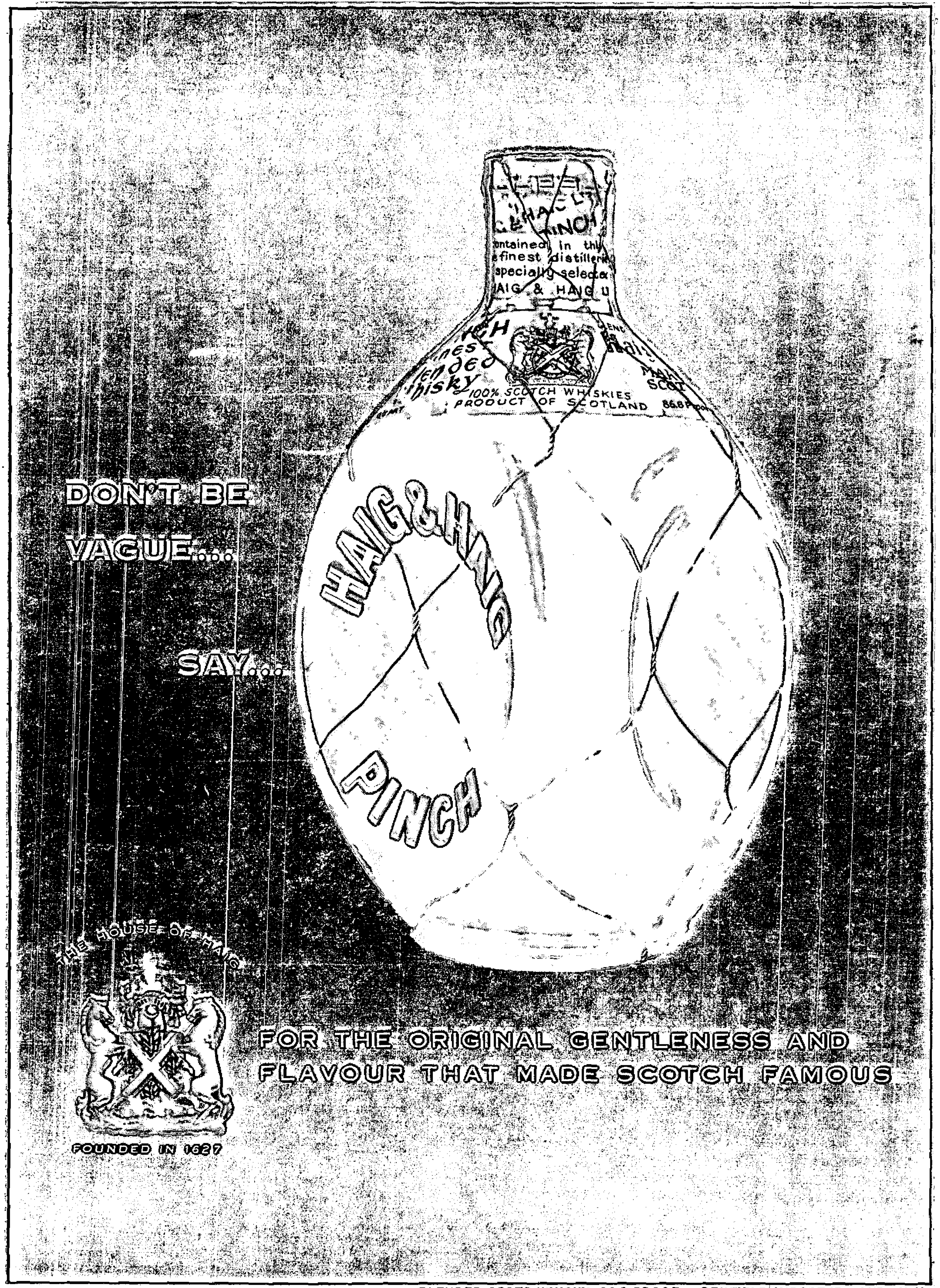
WITH THE NEW 100-MILLION-DOLLAR LOOK

It's Happened! . . . a wholly *new* direction in automotive styling for all cars to follow. Created by Chrysler: America's top performer and first in the next generation of motor cars!

Come see it. Everything here is completely new . . . dramatically different. It's the car with the new 100-Million-Dollar Look . . . and when you own and drive it you'll *feel* like a hundred million dollars!

New front end . . . you can spot it a mile away. "New Horizon" Super-Scenic sweptback windshield that allows *maximum* vision. New Twin-Tower tail lights that say "Stop!" with greatest authority. New sweeping silhouette — longer and *lower* than other big cars. New PowerFlite Range-Selector on the dash. New luxury interiors that surpass in color and richness anything you've ever seen before in an automobile.

Come drive it! *Every Chrysler is now a V-8* — with engines up to 250 HP: most powerful type in the world. Famous Chrysler engineering also brings you PowerFlite, *most automatic* of all no-clutch transmissions . . . Chrysler Full-Time coaxial Power Steering . . . Power Brakes . . . and new tubeless tires. Stop in today and see for yourself why, now more than ever, *the power of leadership is yours in a Chrysler!*



DON'T BE VAGUE...
SAY...
HAIG & HAIG
PINCH
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
86.8 Proof
THE HOUSE OF HAIG
FOUNDED IN 1627
FOR THE ORIGINAL GENTLENESS AND
FLAVOUR THAT MADE SCOTCH FAMOUS

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF • RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

they had to offer a contemporary designer. He made five principal stops, after picking out in advance one building, or ruin of a building, that he especially wanted to study at each of them: in Egypt, the temple of Luxor, the most complete of the remains of the colossal buildings that once stood on the plains of Thebes; in Athens, the Propylaea, the colonnaded gateway to the Acropolis; in Syria, the temple group at Baalbek, which his friends had raved about—and rightly, he decided—as the ultimate in Roman grandeur; in Arles, the Church of St. Trophime, whose twelfth-century Romanesque portico Goodhue adapted for St. Bartholomew's, in New York; and in Chartres, the Gothic cathedral. Harrison camped at each of these sites for six or eight weeks, soaking in the building's atmosphere, clambering over the structure from top to bottom, checking its dimensions with a measuring tape, sketching its ornamental details, and making elaborate drawings of it from every angle. He originally intended to give this same full treatment to St. Sofia, in Constantinople, but when he got there, the mosque left him cold, and he didn't even bother to take his measuring tape out of his pocket.

The trip made an enduring impression on the young pilgrim. Although Harrison has never translated any period structure as literally as Goodhue translated the portico of St. Trophime, he has frequently adapted ancient ideas to modern uses. Twenty-nine years after studying the temple of Luxor, for example, he borrowed from the Egyptians in devising a method of lighting the Corning Glass Works' display center, in Corning, New York. "The Corning people wanted a setup in which they could show off their wares effectively to the visiting public," Harrison says. "In the building we worked out for them, the visitor walks from one display room into another, and from one kind of light into another. The key is the dramatic handling of light, and no one has ever improved on the Egyptians in that department. The architect of a temple like Luxor was out to work on the eye of the beholder, like Cinerama—trying to stagger you with contrasts, and doing it. At Luxor, you begin by walking down a double row of lions with intermittent patches of light. Then the architect plops you into a courtyard flooded with that blinding Egyptian sunlight. You walk across that courtyard—it's as big as the Piazza of St. Mark's—and enter a hall, a closed arcade of columns, each sixty feet high

MAIL ORDERS NOW · OPENS DEC. 23

SAINT SUBBER presents

TRUMAN CAPOTE and HAROLD ARLEN'S new musical

House of Flowers

starring **PEARL BAILEY**

direction
PETER BROOK

sets and costumes
OLIVER MESSEL

choreography
GEORGE BALANCHINE

with
DIAHANN CARROLL, JUANITA HALL, JOSEPHINE PREMICE, DINO DiLUCA, RAWN SPEARMAN, JACQUES AUBUCHON, GEOFFREY HOLDER and FREDERICK O'NEAL

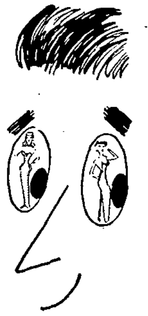
musical director JERRY ARLEN lighting JEAN ROSENTHAL orchestrations TED ROYAL

PRICES: (Taxes Included) Opening Night Completely Sold Out.
MONDAY THRU SATURDAY EVENINGS: Orch. $6.90; Mezz. $5.75; Balc. $4.60, 4.10, 3.45, 2.95, 2.30.
MATINEES WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY: Orch. $4.10; Mezz. $3.45; Balc. $2.95, 2.30, 1.80.
NEW YEAR'S EVE: Orch. $11.50; Mezz. $8.05; Balc. $6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 3.45, 2.30.
The following evening performances are completely sold out: Dec. 27, 28, 29. Jan. 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 26, 27. Feb. 1, 3, 8, 10, 15.
Please enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope with check or money order and suggest three alternate dates.

ALVIN THEATRE 254 West 52nd Street

PRE-BROADWAY TOUR: Begins Wed., Nov. 24th (3½ weeks), Erlanger Thea., Philadelphia.

"GAYER THAN A DAYDREAM."
—*Walter Winchell*
"ORIGINAL and FUNNY."
—*Atkinson, N. Y Times*
COURTNEY BURR and ELLIOTT NUGENT
present
ELLIOTT NUGENT in
GEORGE AXELROD'S Comedy
"the seven year itch" with
SALLY FORREST
Robert Emhardt • George Keane • Rita Morley
Directed by JOHN GERSTAD
Mon. thru Fri. Evgs.; $4.60 to 1.73. Sat. Evg.; $5.75 to 1.73. Mats. Wed. & Sat.; $3.45 to 1.15 (Tax Incl.).
Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
FULTON Theatre, 210 W. 46th St.

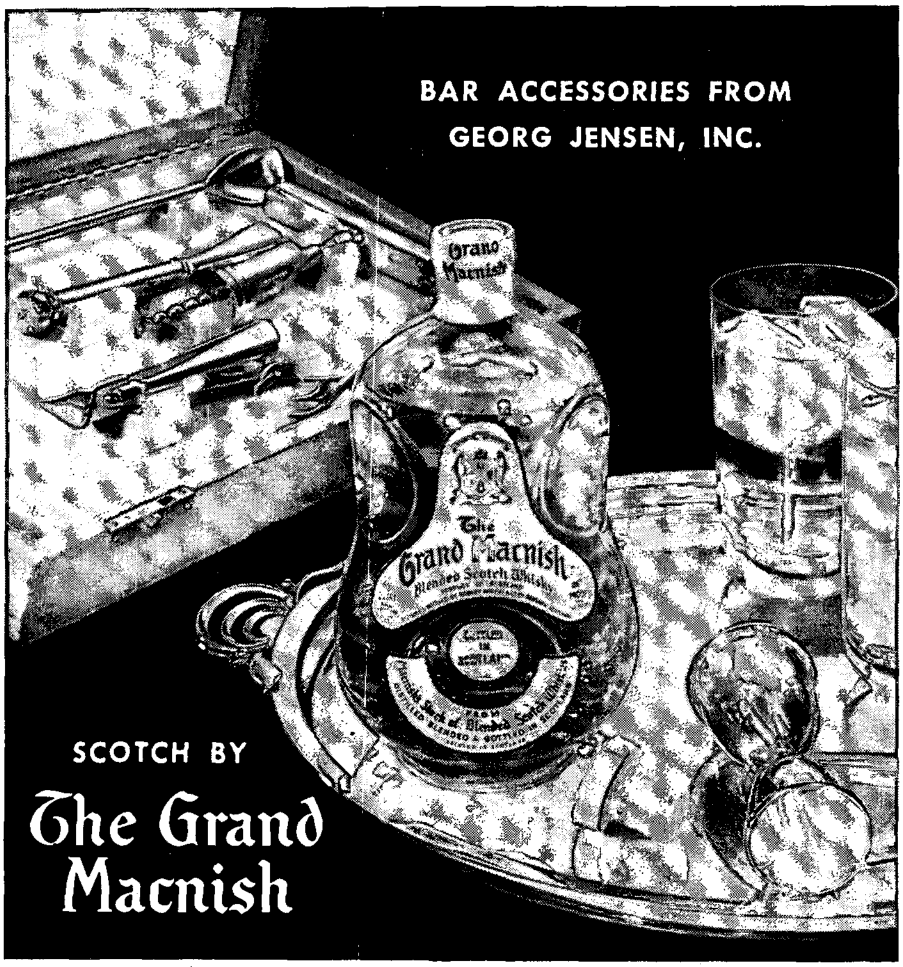


"A funny comedy. Harry Kurnitz' wit is sharp, mordant and tonic."
—*Brooks Atkinson, Times*
MARTIN GABEL and HENRY M. MARGOLIS
(in association with Peter Cusick)
present
"Reclining Figure"
A Comedy by HARRY KURNITZ
Directed by ABE BURROWS
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'y.

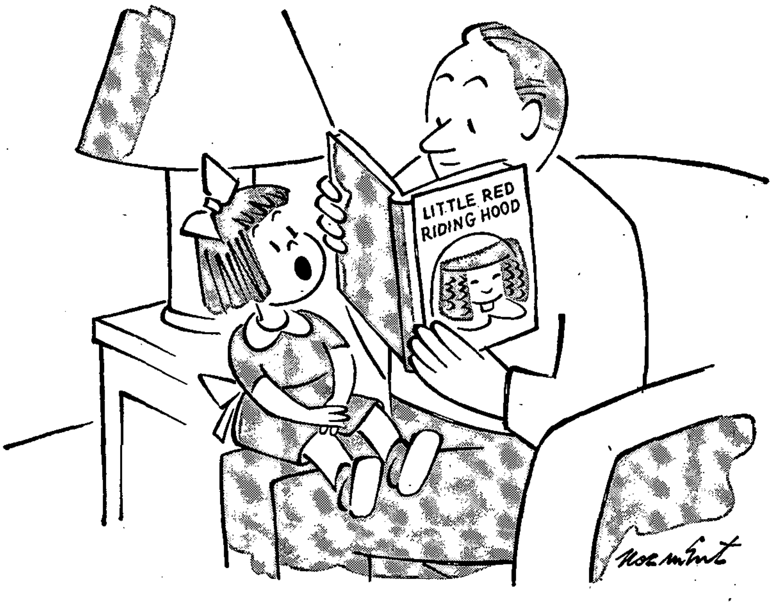
and ten feet in diameter, with a faint light sifting down among them from the clerestory windows. You walk through this hall for quite a while—just how long a time you probably have no idea—and a feeling of awe and of separation from life rises inside you. You emerge into another courtyard—another rectangle of harsh sunlight—and then move forward into a sombre, shut-in passageway, and this grows narrower and darker until, suddenly, you're there, standing in the holy of holies—a pitch-black room with one minute shaft of light, like a spotlight, streaking through a six-inch hole in the granite ceiling and picking up the climax, which is the figure of the Cat God."

RETURNING to New York in 1922, Harrison rejoined the Goodhue firm. Goodhue was a conscientious idealist who treated his employees like self-respecting guildsmen, allowing them lunch hours of Gothic proportions, so that if they wished, they could take in an art exhibit or some similar cultural liqueur before returning to the office; he even went so far as to have his staff present an annual Twelfth-night play, following the custom in the building trade during the Middle Ages. As an architect, Goodhue did not think primarily in terms of style; his position, when he took one, was roughly midway between that of McKim's, with its devotion to the cinquecento, and that of the young functionalist extremists, who wanted to tear down Paris, Rome, and even Stonehenge, and rebuild them from the ground up with proper fenestration. "Goodhue was an eclectic, and that's supposed to be the most damning word in the lexicon of the modernists," Harrison says. "But whether he was doing a classical public structure, like the National Academy of Sciences Building, in Washington, or putting up a Gothic church, like St. Thomas, on Fifth Avenue, or striking out on his own, as he did in the Los Angeles Public Library and the Nebraska State Capitol, his work showed taste and care and originality. The inscription on his memorial in the Chapel of the Intercession of Trinity Parish, here in New York, reads, 'He touched nothing which he did not beautify.' There can't be any argument with that."

In the interests of efficiency, Goodhue's staff was divided into two groups of specialists—one Gothic, the other classical. Harrison was a classical man, having been hired specifically to superintend the construction of the National Academy of Sciences Building, in which



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY—86 PROOF—IMPORTED BY JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LTD., DETROIT, MICHIGAN



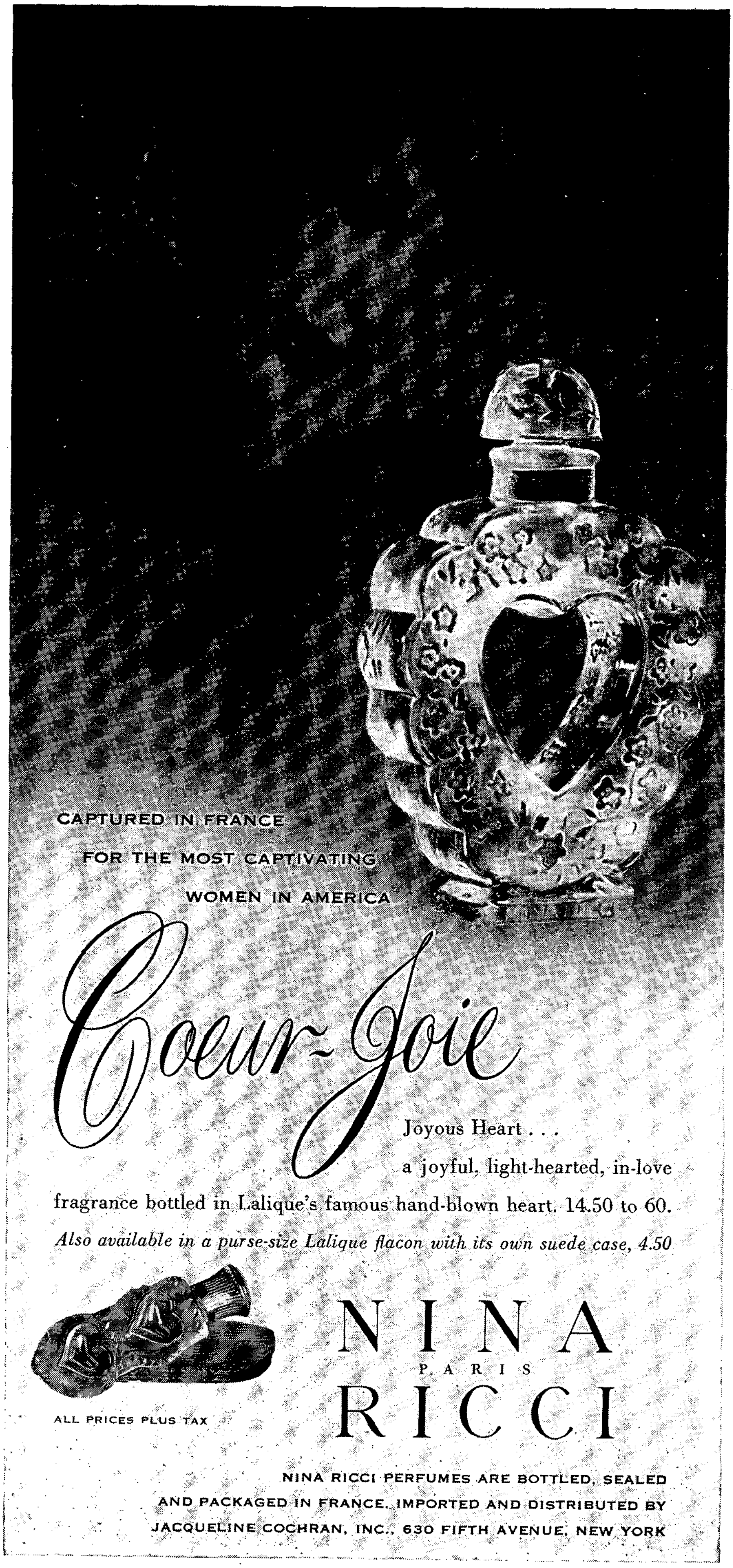
"American Airlines, Inc. carries more passengers than any other airline in the world."

(*Advertisement*)

Goodhue sought to endow an up-to-date plan with an Athenian tranquillity. The Academy of Sciences Building, which Harrison worked on for about two years, turned out well—so well, in fact, that it later served as a guide, and sometimes as a blueprint, for architects all over the country who were commissioned to design "modernized-classical" courthouses, libraries, galleries, and other public buildings. From time to time, Harrison was taken off the Academy of Sciences Building in order to help work out the designs for the tower of the Nebraska State Capitol, since it was Goodhue's policy to call in outside men occasionally to get a fresh point of view on some phase of a project that might be going stale. Goodhue died, quite suddenly, on April 23, 1924. "I think it was on a week-end," Harrison says. "It seems to me I came in to work on a Monday and learned that I'd been fired. The Gothic group had taken over. Most of us classical fellows were out on our ears. I was, anyhow."

Harrison and another classical outcast, the late Robert Rogers, decided to go into business for themselves. They rented office space in the National Association Building, at 25 West Forty-third Street, and set about corraling clients. Through a cousin of Rogers' who was the local sales representative for a company that put out grated cheese, they wangled a commission to remodel the front of the Cheshire Cheese Restaurant, on West Forty-third Street. The front was only eighteen feet high and twelve feet wide, but the partners labored over that façade for twelve months; it gave them something to do when they were not out scouring the town for their second customer, whom they never found. Rogers had some money of his own to tide him over, but Harrison was reduced to taking in architectural washing. His former *maître*, Corbett, gave him an odd job now and then designing minor parts of buildings, and Raymond Hood, a brilliant alumnus of Goodhue's who was now doing very well on his own, helped out by thinking of Harrison whenever he needed perspective sketches. After a year of just scraping by, Harrison, following up a tip from Corbett's partner, Frank J. Helmle, applied for, and got, a job as associate architect for the New York City Board of Education, and he and his partner, their restaurant front finished and their patience exhausted, happily dissolved their firm.

Harrison's new job paid seventy-five hundred dollars a year, which he thought


CAPTURED IN FRANCE
FOR THE MOST CAPTIVATING
WOMEN IN AMERICA

Coeur-Joie

Joyous Heart . . .
a joyful, light-hearted, in-love fragrance bottled in Lalique's famous hand-blown heart. 14.50 to 60.
Also available in a purse-size Lalique flacon with its own suede case, 4.50

ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

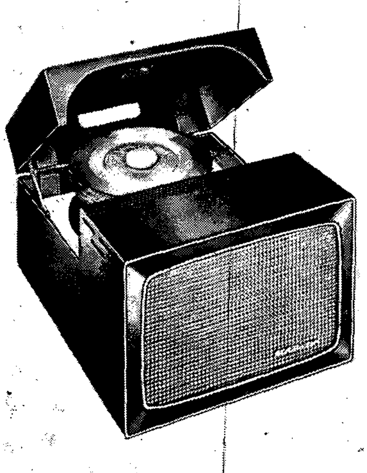
NINA
PARIS
RICCI

NINA RICCI PERFUMES ARE BOTTLED, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. IMPORTED AND DISTRIBUTED BY JACQUELINE COCHRAN, INC., 630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

ARPEGE
LANVIN PARFUMS · PARIS

"perfectly enormous"—so enormous, in fact, that he felt free to marry Miss Milton, a young New York social worker whom he had known for two years. The job itself turned out to be nothing much. In the course of one of the Board of Education's periodic efforts to do something about the shortage of schools, some municipal statistician had figured out that a new school would have to be completed every three days for the next year to provide adequate facilities. Responding to this challenge, the Mayor, John Hylan, who was no man to do things by halves, had ordered five hundred draftsmen and designers rounded up and installed in a mammoth room in a loft building at the Brooklyn end of the Williamsburg Bridge, with instructions to turn out plans for new schools at printing-press speed. Harrison was brought in to supervise all five hundred of them. To his dismay, he found that he was expected to make a daily inspection tour of the room, stopping at each drawing board long enough to drop some incisive critical observation. It took Harrison nearly six months to get around the room once. "By the time I got back to the first board, I found that the design had been approved by some official while I was out in center field, and contractors were already bidding on it," he recalls. "Same thing the second time around. Hell, I wasn't doing any good at all." Harrison resigned at the end of a year and took a part-time job teaching design at the Columbia School of Architecture. Then, in January, 1927, Helmle, his good angel, got in touch with him again and invited him to join the firm of Helmle & Corbett, as a junior partner.

At the time Helmle & Corbett became Helmle, Corbett & Harrison, the firm was engaged in a number of projects that were both financially and artistically stimulating, among them the Roerich Museum, on Riverside Drive, and No. 1 Fifth Avenue, and, in Allentown, Pennsylvania, a twenty-three-story skyscraper; it was buildings of this sort that, three years later, prompted the Rockefellers to pick the firm, along with three others, to design Rockefeller Center. Harrison felt that at last he had found his niche. "I finally knew for sure that I wanted to be a *modern* architect," he told a companion one day early last spring as they were crossing the Plaza of Rockefeller Center on their way to Harrison's office. "I don't mean I was a purist. That isn't in me. But while I was hacking away at the Board of Education, it became absolutely clear to me that the only sound ap-



"HOW HIGH IS HI-FI?"
"A LOW, LOW $69⁹⁵!"

Now—*RCA Victor* quality in Hi-Fi at low cost! "New Orthophonic" High Fidelity "Victrola" 45 phonograph reproduces recorded music with concert-hall realism. Automatically plays up to fourteen "45" records! At your dealer's now! Model 45HY4.

RCA VICTOR
TMKS® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Suggested Eastern list price shown, subject to change.

Huntington
FINE TAWNY
PORT
"The Dessert Wine with Character"

Treat your guests to traditional "port after dinner". They'll love it — especially if the port is Huntington.

IMPORTED from PORTUGAL

SCHENLEY IMPORT CORP., N. Y.

proach to architecture is to think in terms of the people who will be using the building—that the function of architecture is to take care of human beings in a pleasant way. Say it's a school you're doing. The question you've got to ask yourself is: 'How do I utilize the best principles of design and the advances of our modern technology so that we get something here in which the teachers and the pupils—and the little guys who make up the community—can come together in the most agreeable atmosphere we can create for them?' That was how Corbett and Helmle looked at architecture, too. And the firm was busy! I had to take work home every night. For the first time in I don't know how long, I had my feet under me—lots of work to do, and good, steady pay for doing it." Harrison slowed his ambling gait and looked down at the skaters whirling below on the ice of the sunken plaza. "Do you know what an architect is?" he asked, smiling wryly. "When all is said and done, an architect is a designer with a client." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

(This is the first of three articles on Mr. Harrison.)

•

CORRECTION

Former Vice President Henry Wallace is probably still puzzling over last Tuesday's column. Probably readers are puzzled too. The column, which referred to Eisenhower's efforts to study the problem of Oakies, Arkies and migrant workers, contained this sentence: "Wallace was one of the few government officials who ever tried to migrate across the U.S."

Frankly I was thunderstruck when I saw this line in print. So probably was the Wallace family. The ex-vice president; ex-secretary of agriculture did move from Des Moines, Iowa, to Washington to join the Roosevelt cabinet and now lives on a farm north of New York City. But he certainly did not migrate across the United States in the usual sense of the word, and he certainly was no migrant farm hand.

So I looked up the column as I originally wrote it. It read: "Wallace was one of the few government officials who ever tried to do much about the Oakies, Arkies and itinerant farm hands who mipened was that the teletype opgrate across the U.S." What haperator skipped one line. My apologies.

However, considering all the copy they have to transmit, it's a wonder teletype operators don't make more mistakes.—*Drew Pearson in the Pottsville (Pa.) Republican.*

What makes you think they don't?

EUROPE

For every reason,
Go "Thrift Season"!

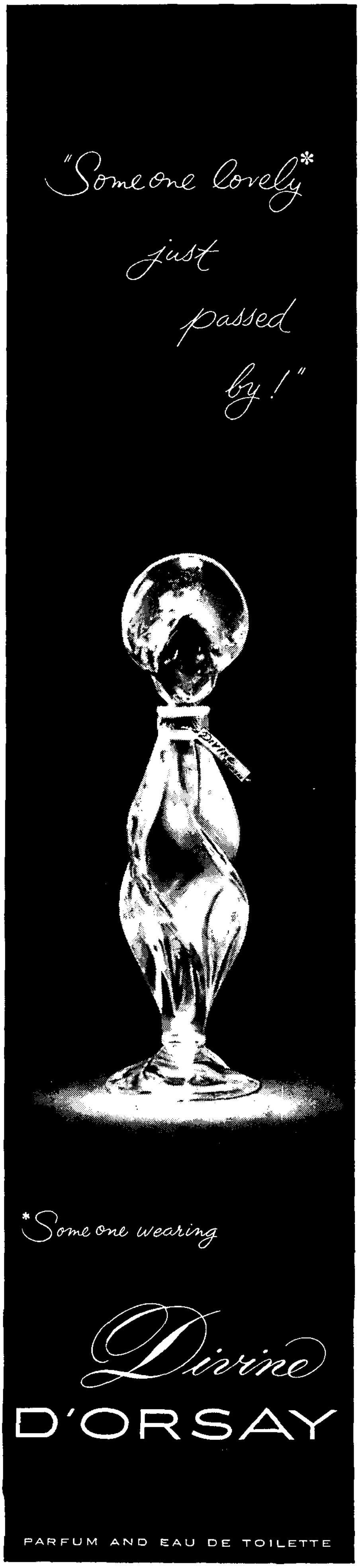
WINTER
SPRING
FALL

There's a growing trend toward travel to Europe in the Winter, Spring and Fall. Not only on the part of seasoned travelers but by first-time visitors as well. And with good reason, too! In "Thrift Season", transatlantic fares—by sea or air—are lower and bookings are easier to obtain. Travel in Europe is supremely comfortable, hotels are less crowded and—unhampered by the summer rush—you have a better opportunity to get to know the *real* Europe, to meet and mingle with her friendly people—at work and at play!

See your Travel Agent—now! For further information, write each country in which interested. Address: National Tourist Office of (name of country), Box 258, Dept. E, New York 17, N. Y.

EUROPEAN TRAVEL COMMISSION

AUSTRIA • BELGIUM • DENMARK • FINLAND • FRANCE • GERMANY • GREAT BRITAIN
GREECE • ICELAND • IRELAND • ITALY • LUXEMBOURG • MONACO • NETHERLANDS
NORWAY • PORTUGAL • SPAIN • SWEDEN • SWITZERLAND • TURKEY • YUGOSLAVIA


"Some one lovely* just passed by!"
*Some one wearing
Divine
D'ORSAY
PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pfffui

"PHFFFT" is about the most unpromising title for a movie that anybody could think up, but even if the picture it adorns had been relieved of its ridiculous nomenclature, it would still have had a good many other handicaps to overcome. Written by George Axelrod and directed by Mark Robson, "Phffft" tries to extract merriment from the dilemma of a divorced couple who find that they can't get along without each other. This theme, obviously, is not long on originality, and neither are the situations Mr. Axelrod plunges his characters into. In the case of the wife, who is supposed to be a television writer, we have a wearisome business involving her visit to an actor's bachelor quarters, an adventure that comes to nothing because all the gentleman can talk about is how to improve his television roles. By way of a further excursion into romance, she tries to surrender herself to her husband's best friend, but this, too, gets nowhere, because she changes her mind.

As the lady in question, Judy Holliday is cast once again in the familiar role of the reluctant female, and this time her backing and filling is less ebullient than before. It's unfortunate that a comedienne of Miss Holliday's abilities should so persistently be compelled to do variations on a part that offers as little leeway as a squirrel cage. Similarly unhappy in "P" etc. is Jack Lemmon, cast as Miss Holliday's spouse. It is his lot to play a reluctant male so lost in dreams of past connubial joys that he can't take pleasure in the delectable presence of a doxy endowed with a singularly coöperative temperament (Kim Novak). Mr. Lemmon, Lord knows, tries hard to be comical as a man on the loose who would like to be tethered again, but he manages to be no more frolicsome than Young Dr. Kildare in the middle of a lobotomy. Another victim of Mr. Axelrod's creation is the redoubtable Jack Carson, who is cast as Mr. Lemmon's lecherous pal. Mr. Carson's seduction scene with Miss Holliday starts with a gin routine and ends in a dismal fizzle. The dialogue aims at sophistication, but it never gets any headier than the prattle of adolescents at a prom. Let's hope that next time out, Miss Holliday and the others have better luck. Most of them deserve it.

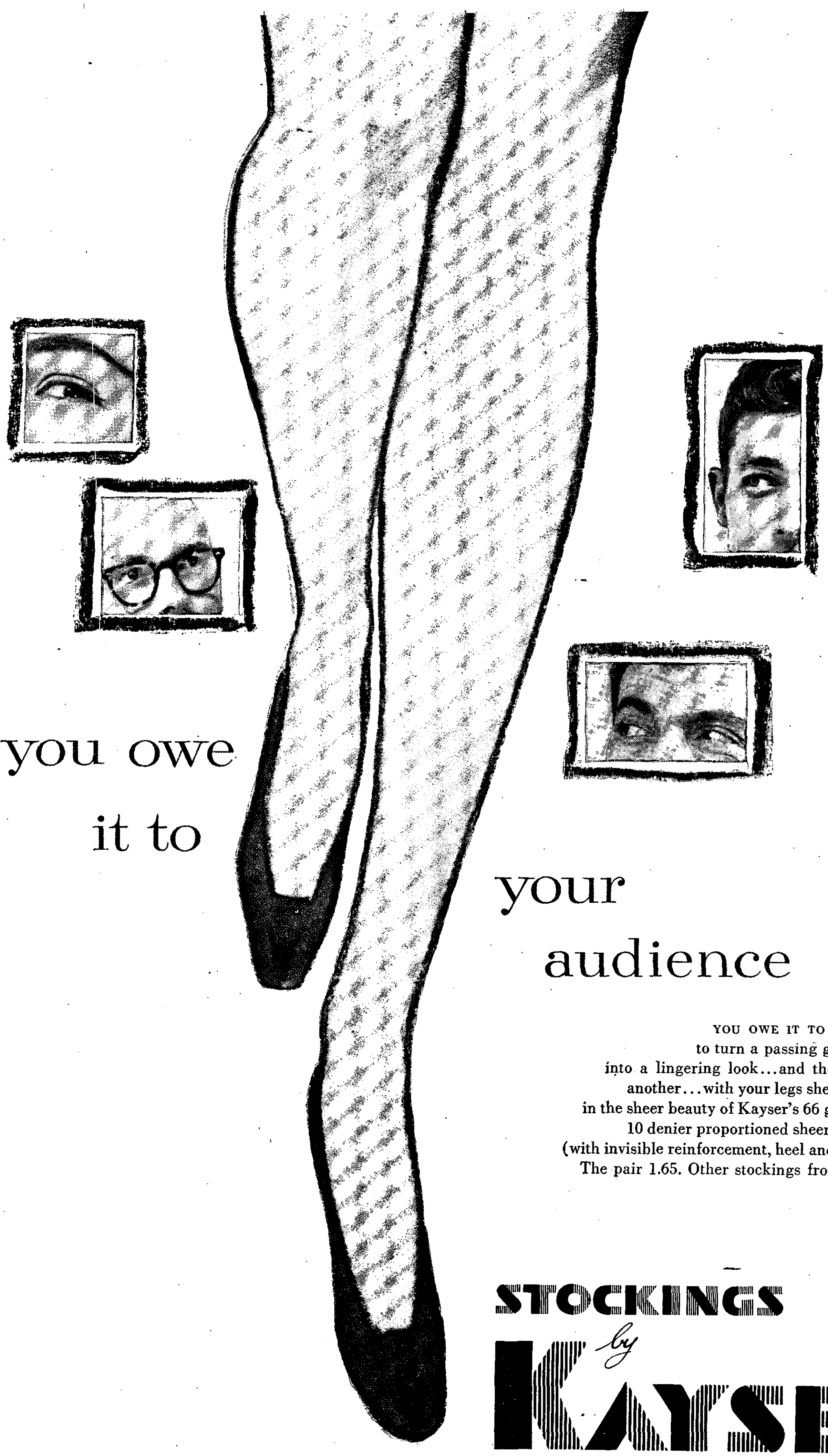
AFTER a trying hour and a half with "Phffft," I took a look at a French film called "Desperate Decision," a peculiar and gloomy affair dealing with Ireland in the days of the trouble. This one has been provided with English dialogue, but it's a hindrance rather than a help, for the lips of the characters aren't always synchronized with the sound track. The story has to do with the difficulties of a waif who discovers that her beloved brother has been killed as a traitor to the republican cause, and then falls in love with the rebel leader who did him in. A dishevelled tale that never seems to know quite where it is headed, "Desperate Decision" is full of ominous shots of Dublin streets and their grim residents. But all the trimmings are futile, and the picture bogs down hopelessly. In the role of the poor girl, Daniele Delorme is wistful but nothing more, and as the rebel leader, Henri Vidal appears to be wondering what on earth he is doing in Ireland.

THE stage comedy called "Seagulls over Sorrento" has been converted into a movie melodrama by the English with fair-to-middling results. In the film, "Crest of the Wave," we meet a group of British naval technicians who have been joined by an American lieutenant and a couple of American enlisted men at an island base off Scotland. All hands are assigned to a project that is developing new weapons for undersea warfare. The clashes between the British and Americans, and the perils the researchers incessantly face, make up the substance of the picture, but while the cast (all male), which includes Gene Kelly, John Justin, Sidney James, and Bernard Lee, works hard to give the picture significance, its impact isn't very powerful. —JOHN MCCARTEN

•

In expressing our appreciation of the relationship which we have enjoyed with you and the hope that you will avail yourself of any of the bank's complete line of services, may we remind you that the bank's new name requires no action on your part—JUST CONTINUE TO USE YOUR PRESENT CHECKS AND OTHER FORMS UNTIL EXHAUSTED. —*Letter from the Chemical Bank & Trust Company.*

We were tired before we started.



you owe it to your audience

YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF
to turn a passing glance
into a lingering look...and then
another...with your legs sheathed
in the sheer beauty of Kayser's 66 gauge,
10 denier proportioned sheers
(with invisible reinforcement, heel and toe).
The pair 1.65. Other stockings from 1.15

STOCKINGS *by* **KAYSER**

a beauty treatment for your legs

FOOTBALL

Underdog Bites Man

ONE should always remember that football is an inexact science, given to all sorts of roguish unpredictables and imponderables. Ever since the belated arrival of true football weather, a fortnight ago, things had been going well and form had at last begun to prevail over fantasy. Form appeared to be still prevailing on Saturday. Navy was overwhelming Columbia, 51–6; Army was overwhelming Pennsylvania, 35–0; Cornell was overwhelming Dartmouth, 40–21. Not only that, but Harvard and Brown, whom everyone had decided were even-Stephen, were proving it by working up a 21–21 tie. The regional match of the day, though, which had looked like another foregone conclusion as recently as the night before, turned out to be anything but. Little David, winningly impersonated by Princeton, beat Yale, which was handling the role of Goliath, only a few seconds before time ran out, 21–14. Fifty-two thousand people journeyed to the Yale Bowl (a lot of them by Jaguar or chartered parlor car, since Yale-Princeton still retains the airs and graces of a state wedding) to view this version of the Biblical classic, and found it good.

Football players, no matter how fierce they look in their helmeted glory, are often just small boys with schoolbooks under their arms, and subject to alternate fits of elation and depression. Yale, rich in seasoned linemen and backs, and further anointed with a fetching set of sophomore sharpshooters, seemed to be in the depressed phase, wearing its Ivy League championship uncertainly, and Princeton, setting forth with a patched-up line and a patched-up backfield, seemed to be happily imbued with the notion that it had everything to gain, nothing to lose. Yale could have won this match on the very first play from scrimmage—a long pass dropped into the hands of a Yale end who had got past the last Princeton defender, and then dropped out. On the next play, though, the thrower of that pretty pass dropped the ball himself, and a Princeton man grabbed it. Princeton now drew from its small quiver two slender reeds—Martin, whose injuries had kept him out of action for all but a few minutes of the past month, and Flippin, whose injuries had kept him completely out of action for three weeks. Seven jabs at the powerful Yale line, and Flippin, with Martin clearing the way, was over for a touchdown.

There followed one of the greatest rat races on record. Yale's smooth ground attack and incredibly slick passing attack swept time and again toward the Princeton goal, and time and again a Princeton man picked a Yale fumble off the turf, or snatched a Yale fumble in midair, or yanked the ball out of the hands of a Yale back, or latched onto a Yale pass—always, just to keep the suspense throbbing, at the last moment. Occasional hot applications of new Yale troops made no difference in the routine, although Princeton, short of manpower, had reached the extremity of using a green lineman, Danforth, as a substitute back. And at the end of the third quarter Yale was still fumbling the ball away.

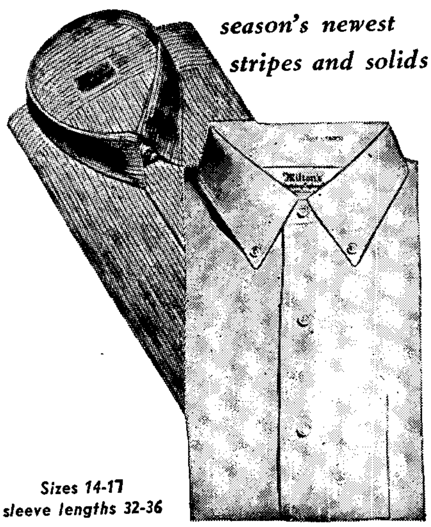
Then the real fun began. On the third play of the last quarter, the damaged Flippin galloped seventy yards for a touchdown, and a moment later the damaged Martin kicked the point that gave Princeton a 14–0 lead. Another draft of Yale men (half a dozen on this occasion) was sent in, and, with Ward and McGill running the ball and Brink passing it, Yale tied the score less than four minutes before the end of the game. Then Flippin, who'd been taking a rest, returned to action, and the Yale backfield, reasonably expecting a pass attack at this late stage, dropped back a trifle. Instead, Flippin began ripping holes—six or seven yards at a time—in the Yale line. The Yale defense tightened, and Flippin was stopped, for one play. On the play after that, Princeton's Emery, who had just moved in at quarterback for Cosentino, giving him his first relief in the whole, weary game, took a long backward pass from a teammate and threw a longer, looping forward pass. This is a maneuver so obvious to the enemy that it has to be perfect to work, but Princeton had beaten Harvard with it last year, and Princeton beat Yale with it on Saturday. The catcher of the pass got to within two yards of the Yale goal, and Flippin then dashed through the left side of the Yale line while its three players were still getting into position.

Never fear, there'll be other versions of the Little David story, but it's unlikely there will be a better one.

—J. W. L.

CAIRO—Cats were scared animals in ancient Egypt.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Those early dogs, probably.



● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

our own make . . . classics in the season's newest stripes and solids

Sizes 14-17
sleeve lengths 32-36

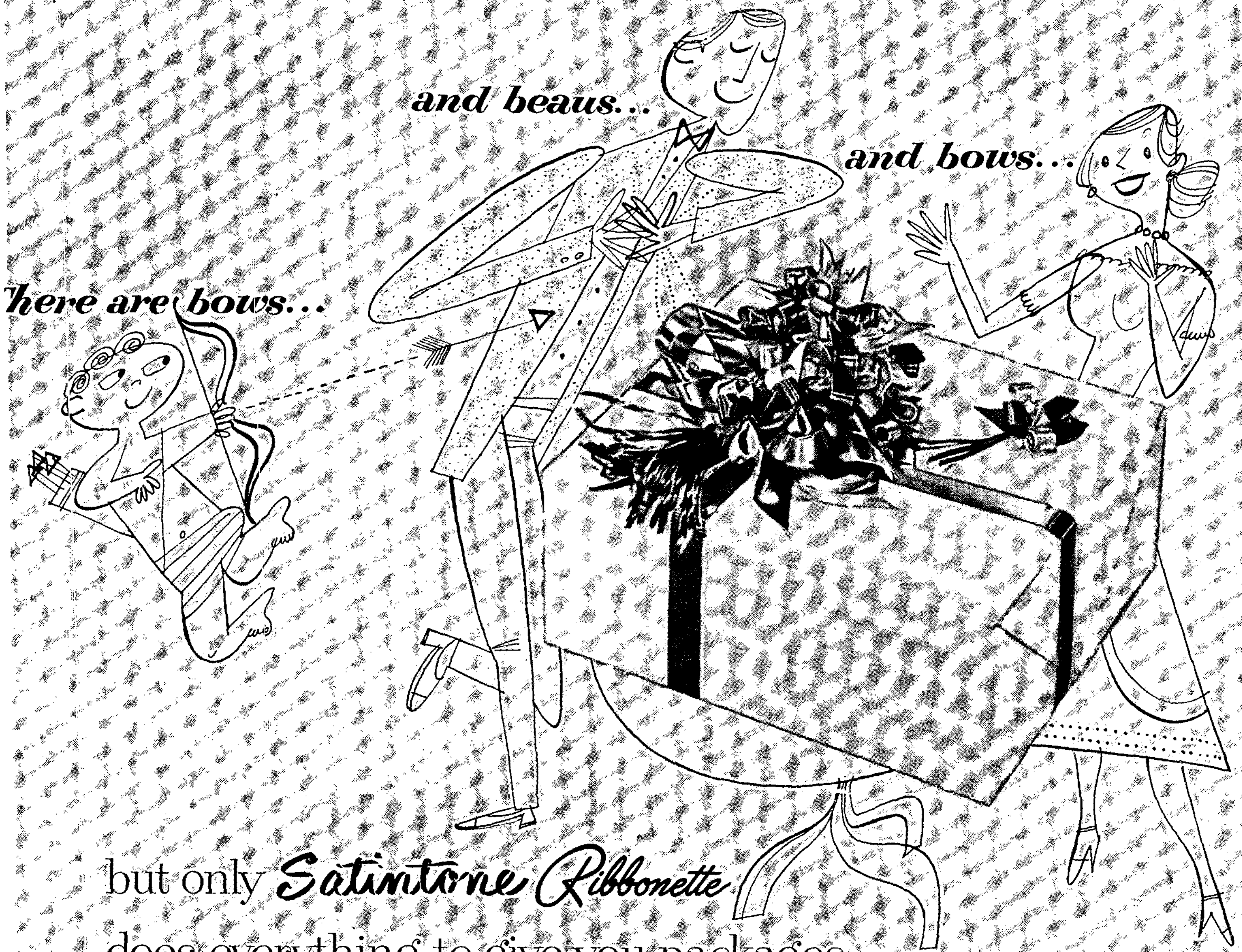
UNIVERSITY BUTTON DOWN: Soft unlined collar, back box pleat and barrel cuffs. White or Blue combed oxford........4.50
Combed oxford candy stripes ⅛" apart. Pink, Blue or Grey on White ground........5.00
Berkshire madras candy stripes ⅛" apart. Blue, Grey or Tan on White ground........5.00
Cepea English shirtings in combed Egyptian cotton, spaced ⅛" or ¼" apart. Blue, Grey, Green, Tan on White ground........5.50
THE ENGLISH TAB: with barrel cuff, in White combed oxford 5.00
Cepea English shirtings in unusual candy stripes, spaced ⅛" or ¼" apart. Blue, Grey, Tan, Green on White ground........5.50
Swatches on request. Mail orders promptly filled. Send check or money order. Add 40¢ to cover postage. Send for our new catalog.

Milton's
Clothing Cupboard
CHAPEL HILL, NORTH CAROLINA

colorful pepper mill

. . . and matching salt shaker with bright hand-painted roosters and flowers on a ceramic body. Solid Walnut top and bottom. 5" tall. $8.25 each, $16.50 a pair. Mail orders.
Catalog on request.

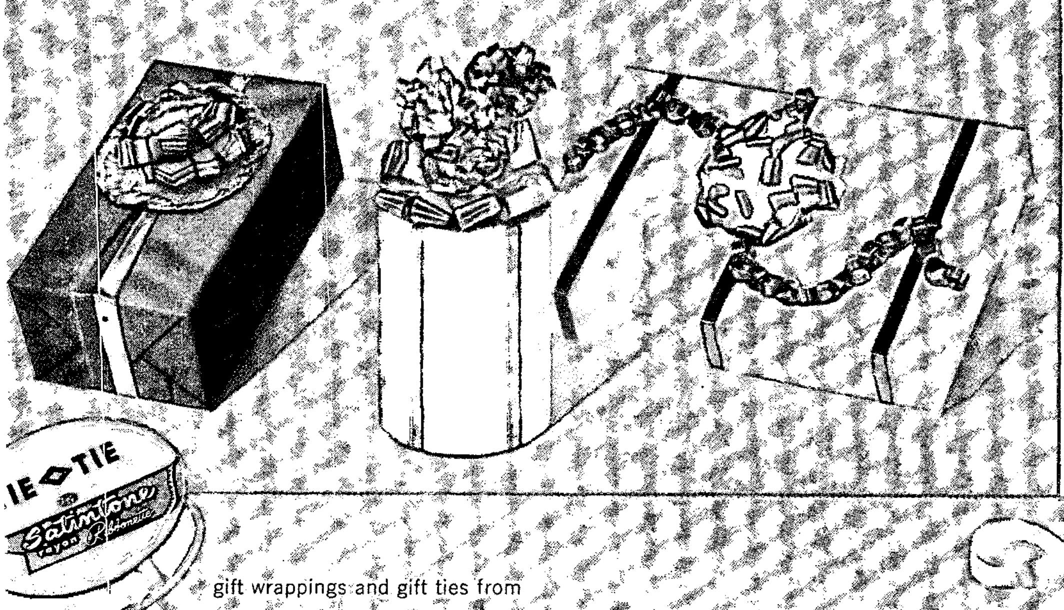
AMERICA HOUSE
32 East 52nd Street
New York 22, N. Y.


here are bows...
and beaus...
and bows...

but only *Satintone Ribbonette*

does everything to give you packages

"wrapped in beauty"



1. **IT'S THE SAME** on both sides to create an infinite variety of patterns without any special skill.
2. **IT STRIPS** into narrower widths, without fuzzing or fraying, to gratify your every creative whim.
3. **IT CURLS** into tight ringlets to form decorative designs simply by drawing with a keen edge.
4. **IT STICKS** to itself without glue or paste yet is not sticky to handle. Just moisten and press.

no other gift tie makes prettying packages so easy!

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

gift wrappings and gift ties from

CHICAGO PRINTED STRING CO

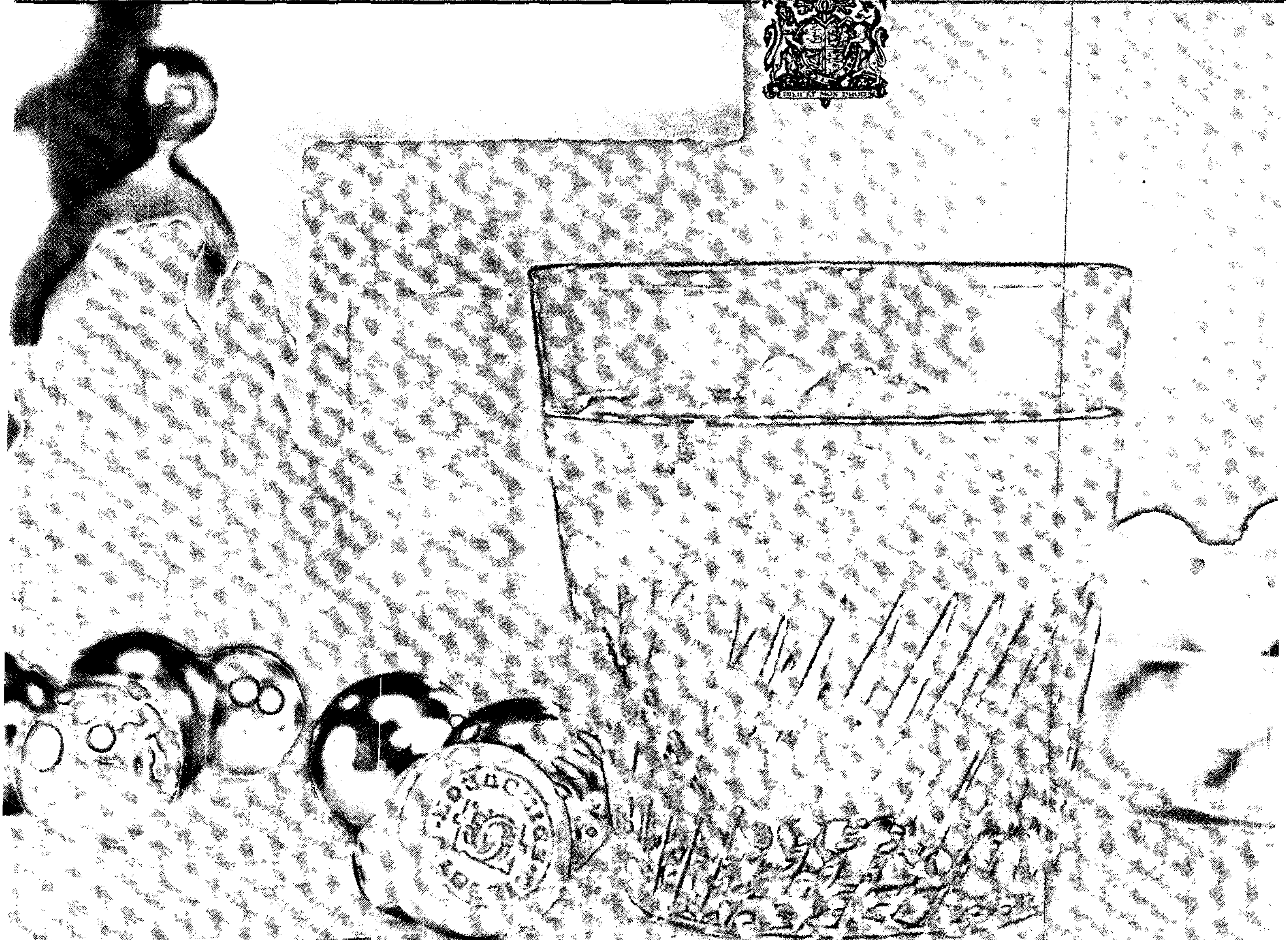
CHICAGO . . . 2300 LOGAN BLVD. • NEW YORK . . . 225 FIFTH AVE.

*Ribbonette**
*Satintone Ribbonette**
PRINT-AD-STRING* and
TIE◇TIE* Gift Wrappings

It's fun to indulge in heavy foods and rich sauces occasionally, but, as a daily diet, they're too much for the modern taste to cope with. It's exactly the same with drinks.

And that's why thousands of smart Americans have learned that it's more pleasing to the old T-zone to stick to Gilbey's Spey Royal scotch with soda or water. Try Gilbey's Spey Royal yourself next time. It's the easy-going-down scotch with the mild, refreshing flavour. Highest quality, of course. You'll find a Gilbey's Spey Royal highball (long or short) a drink that's easy to take.

By appointment *Whisky Distillers to The Late King George VI*



W&A GILBEY
18 57
GILBEY'S
Spey Royal
Fine Old
SCOTCH WHISKY

... so drink and give the scotch that's easy to take!

GILBEY'S *Spey Royal* **SCOTCH WHISK**

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS: BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., 595 MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. SCOTCH WHISKY—A BLEND... 86.8 PROOF

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

TOCCATA AND FUGUE

ONE dismal November evening in 1932, I was walking aimlessly through the streets of Aarau, a dull factory town in northern Switzerland. I was between trains—on my way to Paris—and I was not due to leave until midnight. A slow rain was falling, and I felt lonely and rather lost, as one is apt to feel on a dreary night in a strange provincial town. As I passed Aarau's late-Gothic *Stadtkirche*, I heard the organ being played inside. The music was Bach's Great Fugue in G Minor, and I could tell at once that the organist was a master. The main entrance to the church was closed, but a small side door stood open, and I went in. The church was dark, except for a dim light from the organ loft, and, as far as I could make out, it was empty. I sat down in a pew near the door and closed my eyes. The organist was performing with understanding and authority, his phrasing was intimate, and his legato was beautifully lucid. He managed to convey all of Bach's sweep and grandeur without sacrificing, as so many organists do, his fascinating detail. The drab, damp streets of Aarau began to seem a long way off. After the fugue, the organist played the moving chorale prelude "Nun danket alle Gott," and then one of the Leipzig Preludes, during which the church seemed to be ringing with a multitude of exquisite voices.

When the music came to an end, I continued to sit quietly in the pew, with the sound of the fine organ still in my ears. After a moment or two, I heard the sound of steps, and a man came down from the loft and walked swiftly toward the door. As he passed through a patch of light, I could see that he was perhaps sixty years old and carried himself with remarkable vigor. His face was deeply lined, he had an aquiline nose, and a bushy mustache drooped around the corners of his mouth. I stood up as he approached, and he raised a hand in greeting. "I played the chorale too fast, didn't I?" he asked, and nodded vigorously, as though in answer to his own question. He spoke German with an Alsatian accent. I apologized for having come in without permission, but he didn't seem to be listening.

"Do you like this music?" he asked, with the directness of a teacher quizzing a pupil.

I told him that I certainly did, but that, as a student of the violin, I had never felt as close to Bach as an organist would.

He shook his head. "You mustn't say that," he told me firmly. "Bach was an accomplished violinist. He knew a lot about the technique of violin playing. If he didn't, how could he have written all that great polyphonic music in his violin sonatas and partitas? Many of his works for the organ demand a violinist's phrasing and modulation. Have you ever played the Chaconne that concludes the Second Partita?"

I said I had tried to.

"An astonishing work," the organist said. "One doesn't know what to admire most—the wealth of the variations, the development, or the polyphony." And then he smiled, raised his hand again, and left.

I stared after him, wishing that I'd been bold enough to suggest walking him home. In a moment, another elderly man came in and told me gruffly that the church was now closed. I asked him who the organist was. He gave me an odd look. "You mean to say you don't know Albert Schweitzer?" he said.

As a matter of fact, at that time I knew next to nothing about Albert Schweitzer. He wasn't, of course, as celebrated then as he is now. I was vaguely aware that he was a doctor somewhere in the African bush and that he had written a number of books, but otherwise his name meant little to me—so little that a few years before, when Schweitzer visited Prague, where I was then living, to receive an honorary degree and deliver some lectures, I hadn't bothered to attend any of them.

When I got to Paris, I bought Schweitzer's autobiography, "Out of My Life and Thought," which had come out a year or so before. I was impressed by its modesty and its clarity of style ("I was born on January 14th, 1875, at Kaysersberg, in Upper Alsace, the second child of Louis Schweitzer, who was shepherding just then the little flock of evangelical believers in that Catholic place. . . ."), and when I finished it, I began to read everything else I could lay my hands on by and about Schweitzer—Schweitzer the organ builder, the organist, the interpreter of Bach and Goethe, the architect, the philosopher, the minister, the theologian, the apostle of the universal spirit, the lumberman, and the doctor or, as his African patients call him, "the fetishman." The

"Your ominous silence is very effective. Don't spoil it."

more I read the more eager I became to see Schweitzer again face to face, and once, years later, I even thought of visiting him at his hospital in Lambaréné, in French Equatorial Africa, but a friend who had been there dissuaded me. He told me that I had no business going, for Schweitzer was all too frequently pestered by casual visitors who went down to Lambaréné out of curiosity and, once there, took up a lot of his time and kept him away from his patients. "Schweitzer can never say no to a caller," my friend said. "If you want to see him, wait until he comes back to Europe. In Africa, he belongs to the sick."

In his "On the Edge of the Primeval Forest," written in 1920, Schweitzer explains, with customary directness, why he cut short a brilliant career in Europe to establish a hospital in the jungle: "I gave up my position of professor in the University of Strasbourg, my literary work, and my organ-playing, in order to go as a doctor to Equatorial Africa. How did that come about? I had read about the physical miseries of the natives in the virgin forests; I had heard about them from missionaries, and the more I thought about it, the stranger it seemed to me that we Europeans trouble ourselves so little about the great humanitarian task which offers itself to us in far-off lands. . . . Moved by these thoughts, I resolved, when already thirty years old, to study medicine and to put my ideas to the test out there. At the beginning of 1913, I graduated as M.D. That same spring I started with my wife, who had qualified as a nurse, for the River Ogowe in Equatorial Africa, there to begin my active work. I chose this locality because some Alsatian missionaries in the service of the Paris Evangelical Mission had told me that a doctor was badly needed there on account of the constantly spreading sleeping sickness." Schweitzer left for Lambaréné on Good Friday of 1913, and it has now been his headquarters for more than forty years; *every once in a while he returns to* Europe to study, catch up on medical progress, play the organ, and raise funds, or simply take a rest, but in recent years these visits have become shorter and more widely spaced. He has always run the hospital as a private venture, never seeking aid from either the French government or the Paris Mission, because he wants to preserve his independence. When he set out, however, he promised the Mission, which had misgivings about his religious orthodoxy, to be "as silent as a carp" on

Grand Marnier Liqueur

mellow moment

Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR A L'ORANGE PRODUCT OF FRANCE – 80 PROOF

One of the world's great liqueurs, Grand Marnier has the exquisite fragrance and delightful taste that are prerequisite to after-dinner enjoyment. *No other liqueur is made exclusively with a Cognac base;* no other liqueur crowns a repast so royally.

For Grand Marnier recipe book write:
CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., 693 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y., Sole U. S. Agent

Christian Dior

Parfums Christian Dior

Perfumes compounded, bottled, and packaged in France

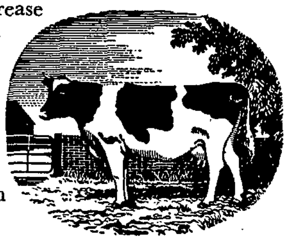
THE FACE AND VOICE AND HEART OF ENGLAND . . . *No. 9 in a Series*

"Trade increases the wealth and glory of a country; but its real strength and stamina are to be looked for among the cultivators of the land."

WM. PITT, *Earl of Chatham.* 1708-1778

Horace Livings is a British Farmer. His face mirrors a healthy love of life and an infinite capacity for taking the rough with the smooth. Long hours on Hertfordshire land in all weathers leave him little time for studying the subtleties of international politics. But of one thing you can be sure. Nobody appreciates the blessing of freedom or loathes the blighting power of tyranny more than Mr. Livings.

In arming against the forces that today threaten all free people, Britain is powerfully served by the great Hawker Siddeley Group of Companies —Hawker, A. V. Roe, Gloster, Armstrong Whitworth, Armstrong Siddeley, Avro Canada . . . The Group's aircraft and aero engines provide the very sinews of air supremacy, while other group companies produce necessities as varied as alloys, grass and grain driers and prefabricated houses. Templewood's, for instance, are famous in the farming world for producing grass driers which, with a system of grass rotation, enable farmers to produce for themselves all the high protein feeding stuff they need without any increase in grass acreage. Instead of one crop a year of low protein hay, Templewood farmers get three or even four crops of rich grass, dried and milled into valuable, easily stored home-produced winter feed. They also serve the nation . . . by helping to reduce the £30 million now spent on imported feeding stuffs.



Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

PIONEER...AND WORLD LEADER IN AVIATION

A. V. ROE · GLOSTER · ARMSTRONG WHITWORTH · HAWKER · AVRO CANADA · ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY
BROCKWORTH ENGINEERING · AIR SERVICE TRAINING · HIGH DUTY ALLOYS · TEMPLEWOOD ENGINEERING

You can tell by his clothes . . . he's been to Bermuda

As good in East Hampton as in Hamilton, Trimingham sports jackets in cashmeres or Shetlands. London-tailored to suit tastes on this side of the Atlantic.

★ BALLANTYNE CASHMERES
★ DOESKINS
★ DAKS TROUSERS
★ LIBERTY SCARVES
★ BRITISH WOOLENS
★ POLO COATS
★ BERMUDA SHORTS
★ JAEGER CLASSICS
★ PARIS PERFUMES

YOU'LL MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT
Trimingham's
BERMUDA

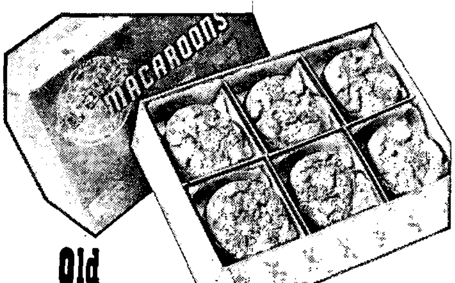
theological matters. He has long since been released from that promise.

NOT long ago, I read in the papers that Schweitzer had arrived in Bordeaux on his way to spend a few months in the small Alsatian village of Gunsbach, where he makes his home when he is on the Continent. Later, I heard on the radio that he had given an organ recital in Strasbourg and, as the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1952, had attended a meeting of Nobel Prize winners in Lindau, on Lake Constance. I figured that now was my chance and wrote to him in Gunsbach, asking if I might see him there, but I received a prompt reply from Mme. Emmy Martin, his private secretary, expressing her regrets. "Dr. Schweitzer is going through a fatigue crisis," she wrote, in French. "He must concentrate on a special manuscript, which must be completed by a certain date. He has called off all his lectures. Please try to understand. . . ." There was a postscript in German, written in a small, vertical hand: "Please forgive a man who is so tired and swamped with work that he cannot fulfill your request. For the first time in my life, I must try to live as quietly as possible." This was signed by Schweitzer.

So that was that, I thought. But recently I was taking a leisurely drive through Alsace with two friends, on the way from Strasbourg to Zurich. At lunchtime, we arrived in Colmar, a lovely old town with a fine old restaurant, the Maison des Têtes, and I suggested that we stop there for some Alsatian *choucroute*. While we were waiting for our lunch, I glanced at a map of the region. Eleven miles from Colmar, on Route N-417 to Munster, was Gunsbach. A couple of months had gone by since I had written my letter, and I found myself speculating whether Dr. Schweitzer might be less tired now and more in the mood for talking. I went to the phone and put in a call to Schweitzer, and after a nip-and-tuck struggle with the whimsicalities of the French long-distance telephone service, I heard a voice saying, "This is Mme. Martin, in Dr. Schweitzer's house." I introduced myself, mentioned my letter, said I happened to be passing by, and asked if Dr. Schweitzer was at home. "I knew you would call someday," Mme. Martin said, with a sigh. "If I ask you to come at three o'clock, will you promise not to stay too long?" I promised. Returning to the table, I finished my *choucroute* almost without noticing how good it was. My friends

The best after dinner speech...
"Which Cusenier will you have?"
Freezomint (*Creme de Menthe*) 60 proof
Blackberry, 60 proof Orange Curacao, 84 proof
. . . and 14 other distinctive cordials.
Also available in half bottles.
imported from France
CUSENIER
CORDIALS

Sole U. S. Distr., BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.

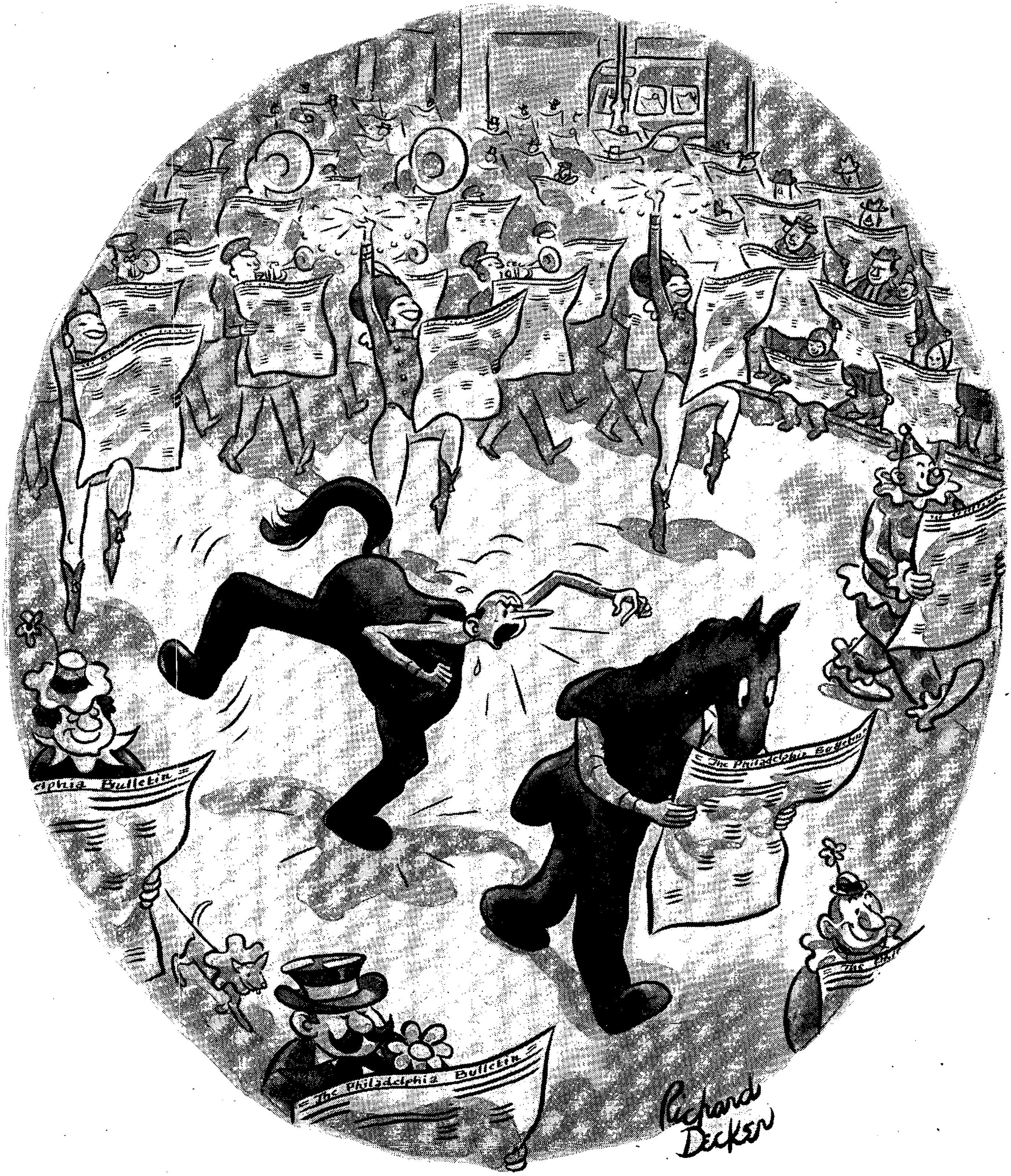


Old Fashioned
CHEWY ALMOND MACAROONS

Mmmm . . . Just crunch through the crispy thin coating, get a mouthwatering taste of that rich chewy almond center—and you'll know you've hit the high spot of anyone's visit to Atlantic City! Munch them with ice cold milk, ice cream, coffee. They're delicious every way! A flavorsome party treat . . . a delightfully unusual gift! Gift Wrapped.

Box of 24 (*illustrated*) **$1.95**, ppd.
Box of 48 (*Family Size*) **$3.50**, ppd.
Check or Money Order No C.O.D.'s Please
Send for FREE Folder of Other Assortments
A. L. ROTH, *Macaroon Bake Shop*
2627 Boardwalk Dept. M Atlantic City, N. J.

Enjoy Thanksgiving Hospitality
Lake Shore Drive
HOTEL
181 East Lake Shore Drive, CHICAGO


The Philadelphia Bulletin
elphia Bulletin
The Philadelphia Bulletin
The Phil
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

(*Advertisement*)

(*Advertisement*)

Lord Calvert
LORD CALVERT

Bright Idea!

Used to be that when someone had a bright idea (according to the cartoonists, anyway) a balloon would appear over his head, with a light bulb in it.

This time of year it's more likely to show a bottle of Lord Calvert, the whiskey that costs a little more, tastes a little better, and makes such a marvelous gift—especially in the gold or silver "Treasure Chest" package.

Of course a bottle of Lord Calvert won't light up. But the faces of the folks you give it to will. After all it's the *only* gift that says "To a Man of Distinction".

BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DIST. CO., N. Y. C.

had decided they wanted to visit a museum in Colmar, and this fitted in perfectly with my plans. After arranging to meet them at the Maison des Têtes for dinner, I set out to find Route N-417.

THE day had been gray and cloudy, but as I left the picturesque, brightly painted houses of Colmar behind me, the sun broke through and the countryside, washed clean by recent rains, looked sparkling. The air had a brisk edge to it. I drove through the valley of Munster, between vineyards and potato fields, with the Vosges looming ahead and on either side. Everything was so peaceful that it was hard to believe this was one of the most fought-over regions in the world. As I drove along, I passed many road signs, but Gunsbach didn't appear on any of them. A *garagiste* assured me that I couldn't miss the village, though—on my right, just before Munster, which he was sure I must have heard of because of its cheese. As I approached that town, I saw a village nestling in the foothills, with a pointed church spire at its center and well-kept vineyards around it. A road branched off toward it from the highway, but there was no sign. Obviously, the community preferred to remain anonymous. A man wearing the light-blue overalls and apron that are the uniform of winegrowers on both sides of the Rhine told me, in a very thick Alsatian accent, that the village was indeed Gunsbach. Reaching it was only a matter of a minute or two. It was an attractive hamlet—a few old but sprucely kept-up houses with small gardens behind them, a town hall, a schoolhouse, an *épicerie*, a bakery, a butcher shop, and, on the side of a steep hill, a church.

Three women were standing on a corner, chatting, and I asked them the way to Dr. Schweitzer's house. One of them told me to take the next turn to the left. "You'll know the house when you see it," she said. I was dubious, but she proved to be right. The third house I came to was a three-story structure, a good bit larger than its neighbors. It had gray shutters and freshly painted window frames, and its sides were covered with ivy. Schweitzer, I knew, had built this house in 1930, with the money from the Goethe Prize, given him by the city of Frankfurt am Main "for his general services to humanity."

I parked my car, walked up to the door, and pulled an old-fashioned bell cord, which produced a tinny sound in-

Go to blazers

Show your sartorial savoir-vivre. Nothing so flatteringly reveals a gentleman's stripe as our Rugby Jacket. Currently being revived on the Continent and the finer watering spots, the blazer cuts a finer figure than ever in Galey & Lord's elegant cotton stripings. Comfortably tailored in a wide range of colors, and yours for about **$25.**

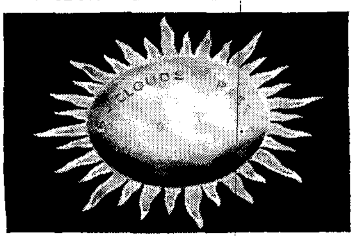
MINIMUM WEIGHT MAXIMUM COMFORT
GORDON OF PHILADELPHIA

Available at the following fine stores:

New York	Whitehouse & Hardy
Cincinnati	Gidding's
Dayton	Rike-Kumler
Indianapolis	L. S. Ayres & Co.
Kansas City	Jack Henry
Miami Beach	Whitehouse &Hardy
Oklahoma City	Connolly's
Palm Beach	Stinchfield
Pasadena	Atkinson's

For other stores write: Gordon-Ford Sales Co. Empire State Bldg., New York 1, N. Y.

Italian brass sun ashtray



Tarnish-resistant, diameter 5". Engraved around the rim is an old Italian proverb . . . "CLOUDS PASS—THE SUN REMAINS" 6.75

Christmas brochure on request

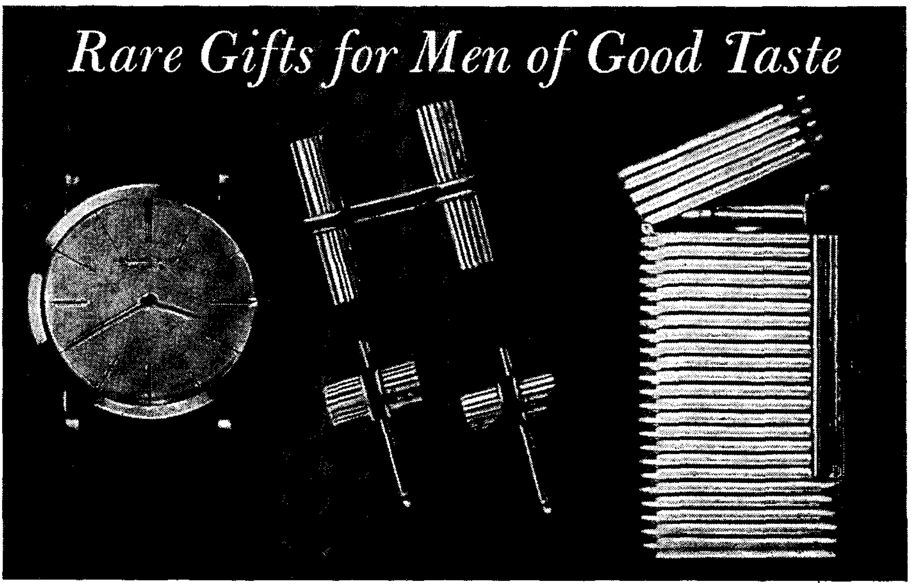
Leah Curtiss
TINY HOUSE • CANNONDALE • CONNECTICUT

side. In a moment, the door was opened by a young woman wearing a nurse's dress of unbleached linen. She gave me a questioning and, I thought, dismayed glance, and I quickly explained that I had an appointment with Dr. Schweitzer and gave her my name.

"Oh, yes, Mme. Martin mentioned that you would be here," the young woman said, looking relieved. "Come in, please. I was afraid you were another passerby. We had quite a few this morning. Everyone who passes through the village wants to see Herr Schweitzer. Come upstairs to his office, won't you?"

As she led me toward the stairway, we passed a closed door with a printed sign, in French: "If possible, don't stay more than five minutes. Dr. Schweitzer must work." The walls of the house were white—hospital white, I thought—and along the stairway were hung photographs of church organs in Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, France, and Germany, with the name of the church written on each in Schweitzer's small, vertical script. On the second floor, the nurse opened a door with the same forbidding sign on it and asked me in. It was a big, not very tidy, room, with two large windows commanding a view of vine-covered slopes. The nurse told me that Herr Schweitzer had gone to Munster that morning but was due back any minute and that meanwhile she'd wait with me here. After we sat down, she introduced herself as Ali Silver, a native of Holland, and said that she had been working for Herr Schweitzer in Lambaréné for the last nine years and would return there with him and his wife in December. Mrs. Schweitzer, she said, was visiting her daughter Rhena, near Zurich. Rhena, the Schweitzers' only child, is the wife of an Alsatian organ builder and the mother of four children. As I looked about the room, Miss Silver explained that it was here that Herr Schweitzer (she apparently

LONG ISLAND POTATOES 25¢


Rare Gifts for Men of Good Taste

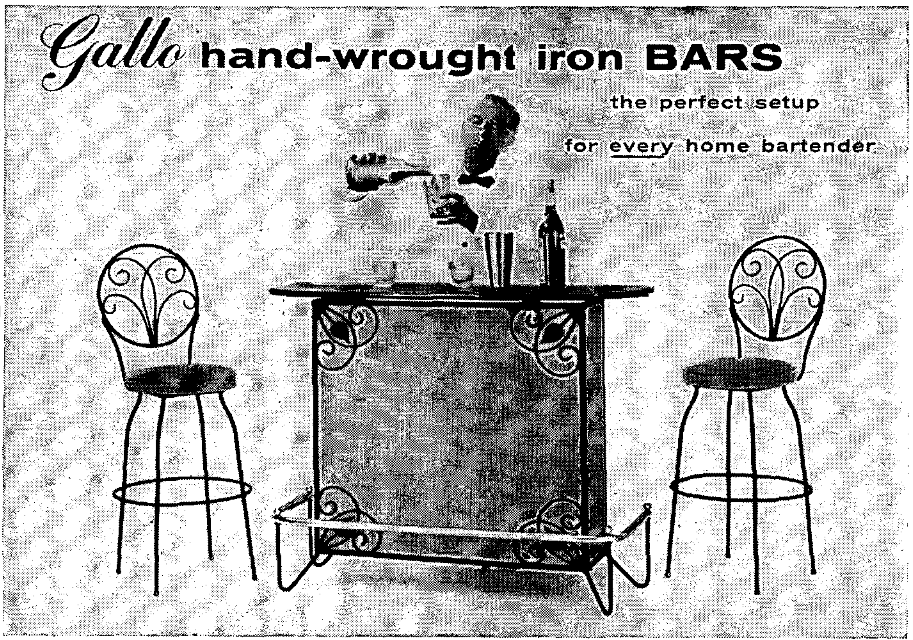
THINNEST WRIST WATCH IN THE WORLD (1/16 inch thin) The most distinguished watch for formal wear. Audemars Piguet movement, 18 kt. gold, $960.* Platinum, $1500.*

"MYSTERIOUS LIGHTER"† One of the most artistic and technically perfect lighters ever designed. Exclusive with Van Cleef & Arpels. 14 kt. solid gold as shown. $300.*

BATONNET CUFF LINKS AND STUDS. First created by Van Cleef & Arpels in Paris. Still most popular of cuff links. Smart for day or evening, easy to put on, self-locking. 14 kt. gold cuff links $90,* studs (two) $55.* With Sapphires, Rubies or Diamonds; cuff links from $375,* studs (two) from $130.*

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
World-Famous French Jewelers
744 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK · DALLAS · PALM BEACH
PARIS · MONTE CARLO · CANNES · DEAUVILLE

*Prices Include Fed. tax †U. S. Reg. Trademark 509,404, Pat. Pend.


Gallo hand-wrought iron BARS
the perfect setup
for every home bartender

THE OLD TIMER even makes Blue Blazers, now almost extinct—and he does it from memory! He prefers his trim Gallo Bar to the huge old wooden bars. He likes its 15 x 48" burn and stain-resistant plastic top*, its sleek 38" height and two full-size shelves in the rear. Bar (#3670) about $90. Barchairs (#3570) about $18 ea.

Write for Booklet 1, showing all the Gallo Bars and Barchairs.

Gallo... WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER OF HAND-WROUGHT IRON FURNITURE AND ACCESSORIES
at these and other fine stores or through your decorator!

Boston ....Jordan Marsh Co.
Chicago ....The Fair
Houston ....Joske's of Texas
Los Angeles ....Barker Bros.
Newark ....L. Bamberger & Co.
New Orleans ....Maison Blanche Co.
New York ....B. Altman & Co.
Philadelphia ....John Wanamaker
St. Louis ....Lammert Furniture Co.
Washington ....Woodward & Lothrop

GALLO FURNITURE, INC. • 401 PARK AVENUE, BROOKLYN 5, NEW YORK

Game and Lake
ORIGINALS
TRADITIONALLY
FINE
SHIRTS
Boutet Dueling Pistol, Versailles 1830

Fashioned by Craftsmen! Comfort cut from world famous woolens, imported and domestic, *absolutely washable!* In *Game and Lake's* exclusive plaids and solids. At finer stores, or write for nearest source.

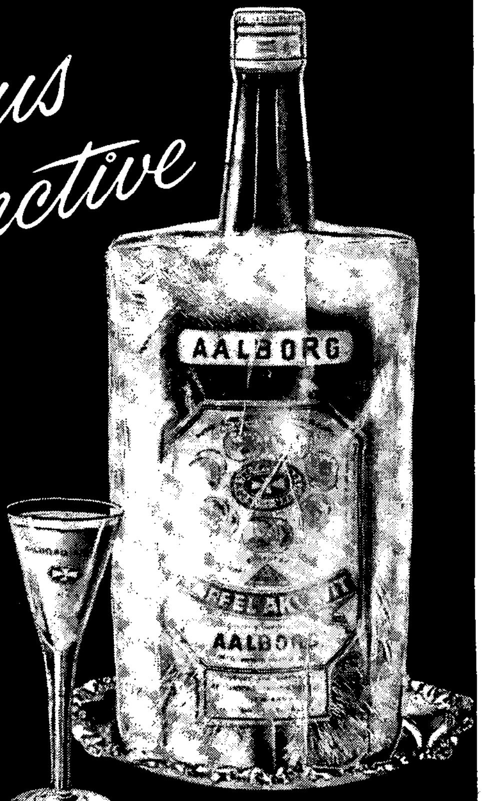
BLOCH-HELLER COMPANY • MINNEAPOLIS 1, MINNESOTA

Dry Delicious Distinctive

From Denmark . . . serve it straight and icy cold right out of the refrigerator — with smorgasbord, buffet supper or canapes. And as a cocktail, it is delightful, too.

For zest, serve ice-chilled

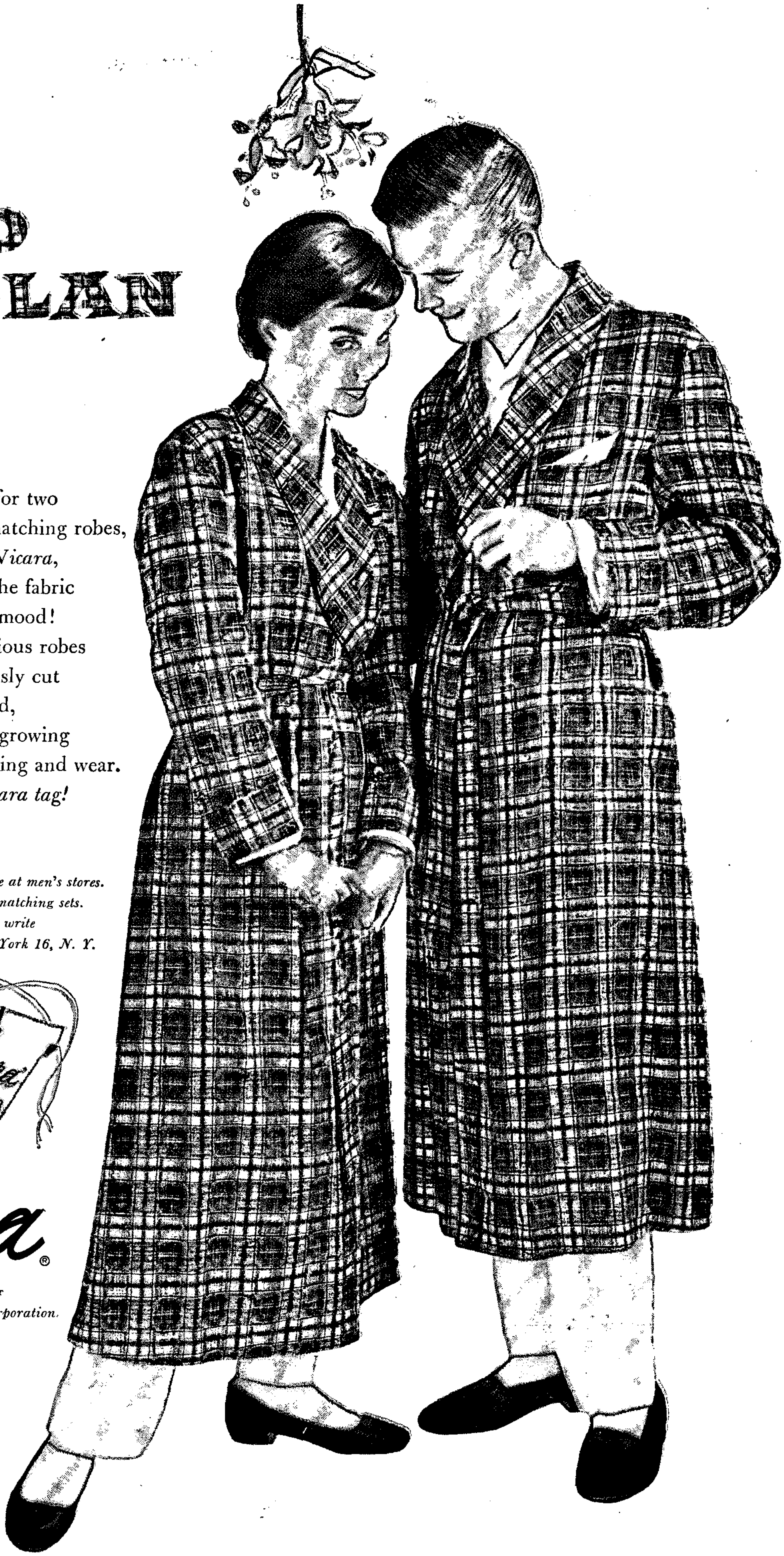
AALBORG
AKVAVIT



BRIONES & CO., NEW YORK 4, N. Y. 90 Proof—100% Potato Neutral Spirits

made it a point not to refer to him as "Doctor") worked with Mme. Martin, who acts not only as his secretary when he is in Gunsbach but as his European representative when he is in Africa, ordering supplies for Lambaréné and carrying on a worldwide correspondence with pharmaceutical firms, medical authorities, publishers, philanthropic institutions, autograph collectors, Prime Ministers, volunteers who want to work with him in Africa, and various committees that have been formed to help him—such as the Friends of Lambaréné and the Albert Schweitzer Fellowship—in Great Britain, Switzerland, Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, France, and the United States. On the walls there were paintings of Schweitzer and photographs of him in Africa with his wife, his hospital staff, and his patients, and in Europe with his friends and family. At one side of the room stood a large round white-tiled stove. There were books everywhere, including a complete set of Goethe, and there was a collection of curios that Miss Silver told me grateful patients had given Schweitzer—small elephants crudely carved out of ivory and ebony, a large elephant tusk, a small stuffed doe, and a model of the Ogowe river boat Alembe, which looked something like an old Mississippi stern-wheeler. Miss Silver said that a new boat now makes the hundred-and-eighty-mile trip once a week from the coastal town of Port-Gentil, in Gabon, to Lambaréné, in twenty-four hours, instead of the forty-eight the Alembe required. I gathered that it is nevertheless quite a journey. The Ogowe is infested with crocodiles, it changes abruptly from a narrow channel to a broad lake and back again, and it threads the tropical forest, full of pythons and gorillas. Lambaréné is no place for people who cannot stand solitude and a hard life, Miss Silver told me. The equator is only fifty miles to the north, and the coolest the temperature gets—and that only during the rainy season—is about eighty-five. After a couple of years, people accustomed to a temperate climate begin to suffer from fatigue and anemia. There is a constant struggle to keep the jungle from reclaiming the land. White ants eat into the foundations of the buildings, and the plantations that provide the hospital with food—mostly bananas, tapioca, and rice—are often ravaged by wild elephants. Other supplies must be brought in by boat, for there is no railroad or road—only footpaths.

Miss Silver went on to tell me that at the moment the hospital staff con-



TWO OF A CLAN

A gift is a family affair,
when it's tartans for two
in handsome, man-tailored, matching robes,
starring the soft, rich texture of V*icara*,
the luxury fiber. The feel of the fabric
puts you in the mistletoe mood!
And these luxurious robes
are so practical, too. Generously cut
and fabulously fashioned,
they are completely washable, growing
richer in texture with washing and wear.
Look for the V*icara tag!*

Her robe at specialty shops. His robe at men's stores.
Many leading stores feature matching sets.
For the name of your nearest store, write
J. M. Wise Co., 10 E. 39th St., New York 16, N. Y.

Vicara
LUXURY FIBER

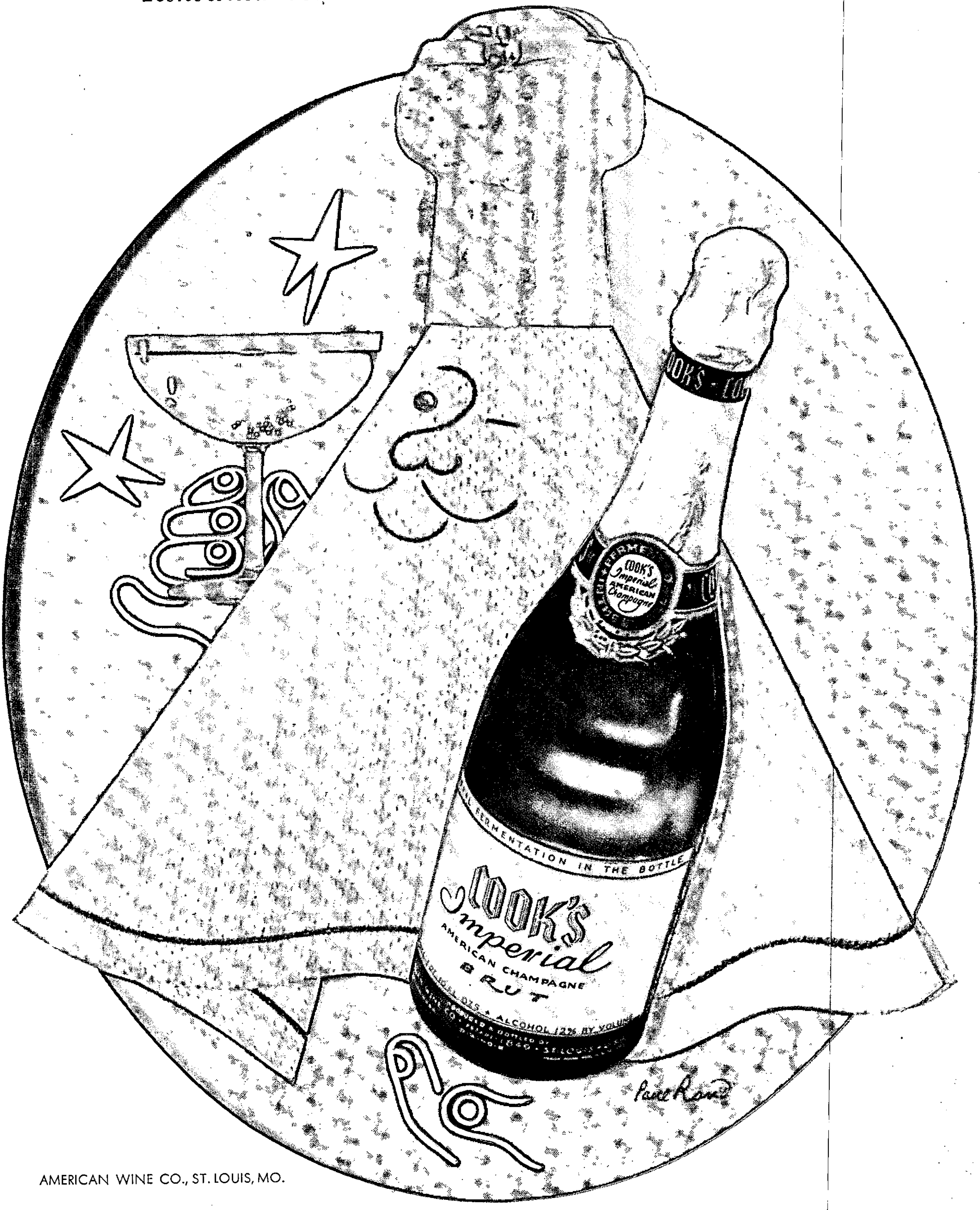
Vicara
ZEIN FIBER ®

V*icara, the luxury fiber, is a product of*
Fiber Division, Virginia-Carolina Chemical Corporation,
99 Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COOK'S *Imperial American Champagne*

Renowned 'round the world


COOK'S · LOU
COOK'S Imperial American Champagne
FERMENTATION IN THE BOTTLE
COOK'S Imperial
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME
Paul Rand

AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

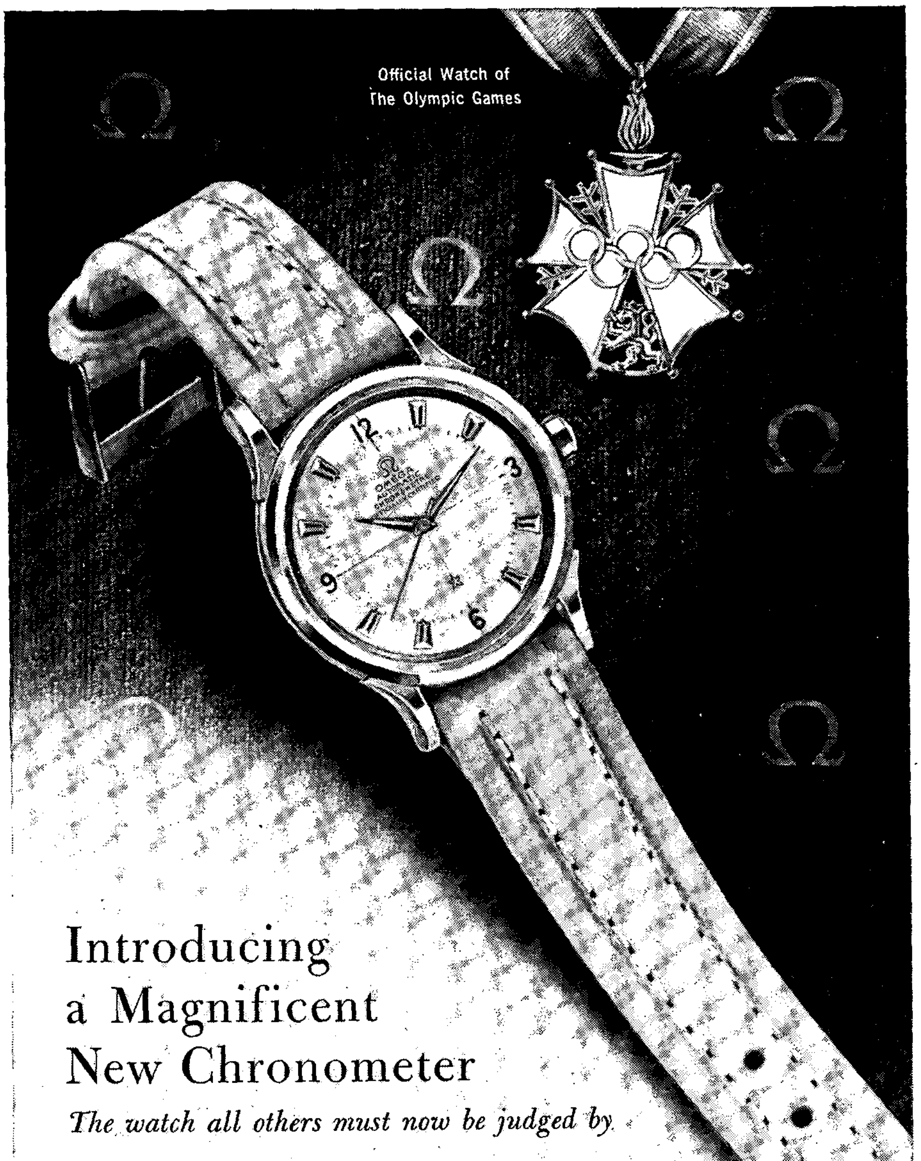
sists of three doctors, in addition to Schweitzer, and nine nurses—all volunteers and all Europeans. They keep extremely busy. Two of the worst ailments they have to contend with are diphtheria and leprosy. "We've had good success in recent years, though," Miss Silver said. "There's a good diphtheria toxoid from England, and there are two good drugs for leprosy—one from Madagascar, called *Hydrocotylus asiatica*, and one from America, called promine. Sleeping sickness, elephantiasis, malaria, osteomyelitis, and amoebic dysentery are common, too, and there are a good many cases of mental derangement, brought on by poisoning. (Some natives still do poison their enemies.) But there is no cancer or appendicitis. We never have any empty beds. We have more than two hundred and fifty in-patients at the hospital proper, and two hundred and forty in our leprosy village. Some patients travel hundreds of miles from the interior by canoe, and often the entire family comes along. Relatives insist on staying near the patients, and that creates a number of problems. When we tell Herr Schweitzer that there is absolutely no more space, he smiles and says, '*Arrangez-vous, mes enfants.*' And we do. No one is sent away. Herr Schweitzer holds a service every Sunday morning. He plays the harmonium and gives a simple sermon in French, and then two native interpreters translate it into the Galoa and Pahouin dialects. At night, he makes the rounds of the wards, and then goes to his house, where he plays the next best thing to an organ. A real organ wouldn't last long in the climate down there, so the Bach Society in Paris gave him a special instrument—a zinc-lined piano fitted with organ pedals. When he starts to play, the rest of us turn out the lights and listen."

The door opened and Mme. Martin, a gray-haired woman in her sixties, came in. She is a widow, and has her own apartment in the house. Her husband was a classmate and close friend of Schweitzer, and she has worked with Schweitzer for forty years. Miss Silver introduced us, and then remarked that something must have held up Herr Schweitzer.

"He should have been here half an hour ago," Mme. Martin said to me. "He went to a funeral. I suppose he got to talking to people in the street. Meanwhile, his work piles up."

"But he loves to talk to people," Miss Silver said. "And they need him."

"Yes, Ali, but think of all the things he's got to do here," Mme. Martin



Introducing
a Magnificent
New Chronometer

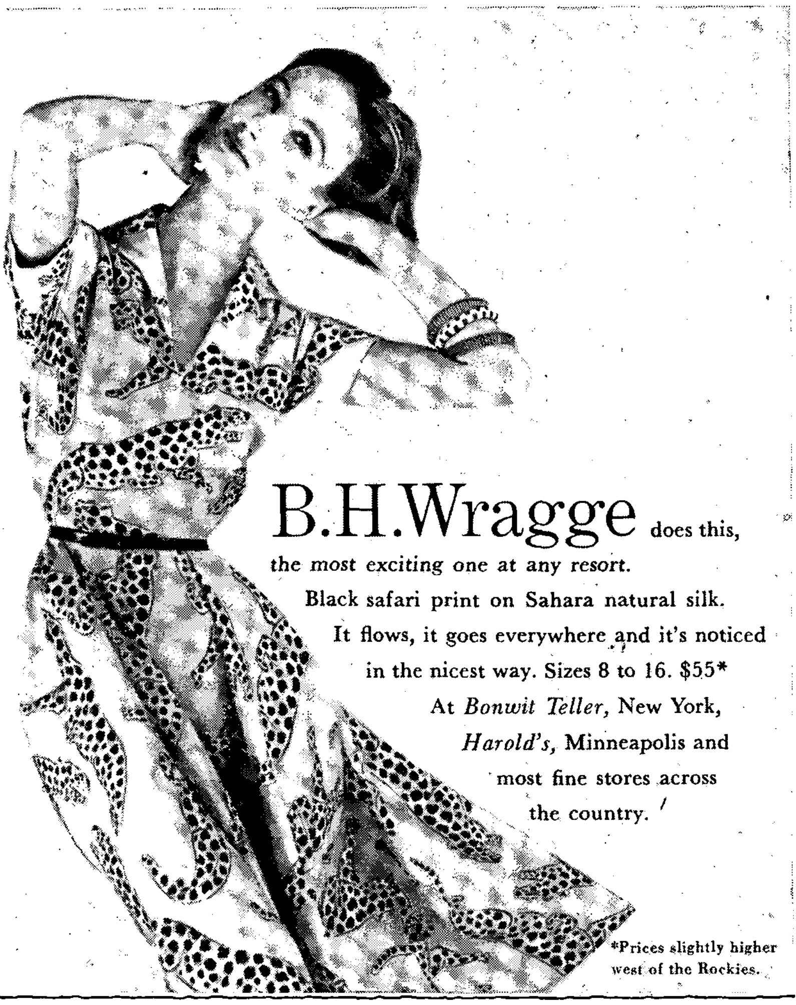
The watch all others must now be judged by

To be rated a chronometer is distinction enough. But of the many hundreds of Omegas sent every year to the Official Swiss Government Testing Bureau, *none has ever failed to win* a special citation for supreme accuracy. Furthermore, Omega is the only watch ever to receive the distinguished Olympic Cross for its timing of the International Olympic Games over the past 22 years.

Globemaster 18K gold case and applied figure dial, self-winding, water-resistant, sweep-second hand, $500 Federal Tax included

Omega Globemasters are priced from $225. Other fine Omega watches for men and women from $71.50.
Sold and Serviced by Fine Jewelers Everywhere

Ω
OMEGA
THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST



B.H.Wragge does this,
the most exciting one at any resort.
Black safari print on Sahara natural silk.
It flows, it goes everywhere and it's noticed
in the nicest way. Sizes 8 to 16. $55*
At *Bonwit Teller,* New York,
Harold's, Minneapolis and
most fine stores across
the country.

*Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

Fastest train to San Francisco... by hours!
Southern Pacific's luxury-liner...

City of San Francisco

CHICAGO • RENO • SAN FRANCISCO

RELAX AND ENJOY YOURSELF IN THE CITY'S LOUNGE
VISIT SAN FRANCISCO'S FISHERMEN'S WHARF

People of discernment ride the *City of San Francisco,* and with good reason. You'll love its extra features. Luxurious private accommodations. Valet service. Shower bath. *Hors d'oeuvres* at cocktail time. Full-length lounge car. And fun all the way!

Southern Pacific

said. "This morning there were so many interruptions. The bell didn't stop ringing once, and everybody promises to leave in five minutes, and then everybody stays for an hour." She sighed, and looked significantly at me. "Of course, the Doctor sends no one away. And then he stays up half the night working."

In Gunsbach, Mme. Martin told me, Schweitzer gets up at seven and, after a simple breakfast, retires to a room on the ground floor to work on a book about ethics—the "special manuscript" she had mentioned in her letter to me—that he started many years ago and is determined to finish before he returns to Africa. The room is as bare as a monk's cell. It is just above street level, and passersby can see his head as he bends over his small desk. Sometimes, to Mme. Martin's despair, Schweitzer strikes up a friendly conversation through the window with his neighbors, about the health of their grapes or of their children. At around eleven, Schweitzer retires to a small house nearby, where he and Edouard Nies-Berger, an Alsatian-born organist who studied the instrument under Schweitzer in Strasbourg and who is now an American citizen, work together at assembling a complete edition of Bach's Chorale Preludes in their original form. Then Schweitzer comes home for lunch, in the dining room, on the second floor. It can comfortably seat a dozen people, but there are often more than a dozen at meals, for Schweitzer, who is unconcerned about the mechanics of housekeeping, invites whoever happens to be around and brings in strangers he has met on the street. "*Arrangez-vous, mes enfants,*" he will murmur to his staff. In the afternoon, he writes or sees people, and then takes a walk through the fields or goes to the Gunsbach church, which is shared by the Catholics and the Lutherans in the village, to play the organ—an ancient instrument that he had rebuilt, according to his own specifications, in 1928. (He also plays for the Sunday-morning service.) After dinner, he works on his correspondence with Mme. Martin.

"If only we could get some of these letters out of the way," Mme. Martin said, gloomily surveying a pile of papers on a table near one of the windows. "That's just today's mail."

The doorbell rang, and Mme. Martin and Miss Silver looked at each other apprehensively. A servant girl stuck her head in and said that the two ladies from Strasbourg had arrived. Mme. Martin closed her eyes. "Oh, yes," she said,

HARVEY'S
HARVEY'S CHOICEST FULL PALE BRISTOL CREAM SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
HARVEY'S EXTRA SUPERIOR GOLD BRISTOL MILK SHERRY
JOHN HARVEY & SONS, LTD.
HARVEY'S VERY SUPERIOR BRISTOL DRY SHERRY
HARVEY'S PALE DRY AMONTILLADO SHERRY
HARVEY'S SHOOTING SHERRY
HARVEY'S FINE TAWNY HUNTING PORT
HARVEY'S FINE GOLD CAP RUBY PORT
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP.

For over 150 Years favored in the World's most Gracious Homes...

HARVEY'S

The World's Foremost IMPORTED

Sherries & Ports

HARVEY'S "BRISTOL CREAM" SHERRY
The world's greatest luxury Sherry. A full, pale *oloroso* — it is available only in limited quantities.

HARVEY'S "BRISTOL MILK" SHERRY
A rich tasting Wine similar in style to Bristol Cream. This is the only *alternative* luxury Sherry.

HARVEY'S "BRISTOL DRY" SHERRY
A superlative *fino*—the finest tasting *dry* Sherry in the world. Premium quality; superb value.

HARVEY'S AMONTILLADO SHERRY
A moderately priced Sherry that is ideal for daily enjoyment. An Amontillado of rare, fine flavor.

HARVEY'S SHOOTING SHERRY
A full bodied, fine *oloroso* . . . medium rich . . . favorably priced. A superior Wine for every occasion.

HARVEY'S HUNTING PORT
A soft, fine, *tawny* Port whose excellent qualities have earned the esteem of connoisseurs.

HARVEY'S GOLD CAP PORT
A distinguished *ruby* Port that can be trusted to truly enhance your reputation as a host.

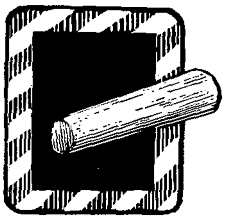
BY APPOINTMENT WINE MERCHANTS
TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI

For every occasion of Hospitality

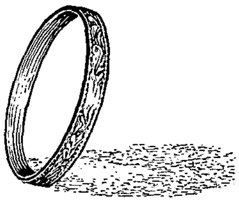
Your wine cellar should include a selection of these world-famous Harvey's Imported Sherries and Ports. Each is the finest of its kind —and a supreme value!

IMPORTED BY *Park & Tilford Distillers Corp. New York*

A piece of chalk,
A marriage,
A discovery
tell you about
Duff Gordon Cream Sherry



One stroke of the chalk on a cask of Sherry is called a *raya,* and it signifies top quality. It is from raya casks alone that Duff Gordon Sherry is made.



Mature wines must be blended to make fine Sherry. Only the happiest marriages can become Duff Gordon Cream Sherry.

DUFF GORDON
Cream Sherry
EST 1772

The enchanting flavor and bouquet of Duff Gordon Cream Sherry is a discovery you will be glad to make. You will also enjoy: Duff Gordon No. 28 (moderately sweet), Nina (moderately dry), Pinta (very pale, very dry) and Amontillado (a true Amontillado). Sole U. S. representatives, Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

after a moment. "They should have come yesterday. Ali, ask them to wait downstairs, and when the Doctor comes in, see that he doesn't stay with them more than five minutes. Tell him we're waiting up here."

As Miss Silver started downstairs, the doorbell rang again, and a minute later a little girl came upstairs to the office, followed by two little boys. The girl wore thick glasses, through which she stared at us timidly, and had braces on her teeth. Under one arm she carried a bulky package wrapped in newspaper, which she gave to Mme. Martin, asking if the Doctor would autograph a book for her. Mme. Martin said he would, and told her to leave the package.

The girl was silent a moment, evidently trying to muster up courage. Then she said, in a frightened whisper, "Madame, it isn't only one book."

"How many, then?" asked Madame.

"Five," the girl replied, almost inaudibly.

"Five books?" Mme. Martin said severely. "Child, the Doctor hasn't got that much time."

"One is for Marcel, here—my brother," the girl said desperately. "He wants to have a book by the Doctor when he grows up. One is for my cousin Philippe, in Paris, and one is for—"

The door opened, and Schweitzer came in.

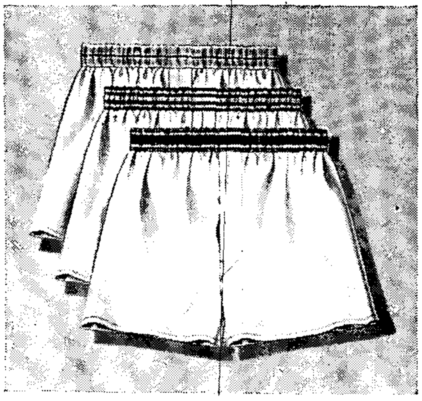
AT seventy-nine, Dr. Schweitzer had the sparkle of a young man. His hair was white now, the lines in his face had deepened, and his mustache still drooped, and he made me think of an Alsatian woodcut, of the sort that my friends in Colmar were probably admiring at that very minute. He was wearing the clothes of a country doctor or a pastor—black trousers, a black coat, a black waistcoat, and a high wing collar with a black bow tie. Mme. Martin introduced us, and he shook my hand. In my letter, I hadn't mentioned our brief meeting in the darkened church in Aarau, for fear I would seem to be stretching a casual acquaintanceship too far, and I didn't mention it now.

"Marie-Louise asked if you would autograph a book, and then she produces five," Mme. Martin said. The little girl stared at the Doctor through her glasses, unable to speak.

"Five!" Schweitzer exclaimed, in mock horror. "Did you buy five of my books, Marie-Louise?" His eyes twinkled.

Marie-Louise smiled; she was at ease

Our exclusive first!
BOXER SHORTS
WITH STRIPED WAISTBAND



Very new and smart! We've added a dash of color to our popular boxer style underpants, with an elasticized waistband trimmed in handsomely striped grosgrain. Comfortably tailored of fine quality, high count sheen broadcloth. In sets of 3 pairs, each differently belted in dominant colors of red, blue and black, **$5.50** per set. Waist sizes: 30-42.

Please add 35c per package on mail orders.

Whitehouse & Hardy
695 Fifth Avenue (at 54th Street)
New York, N. Y. PLaza 9-1225

DOUBLE TREAT GIFT

Gay Assortment of Tasty Bachman Pretzels and Cookies in Handsome Scotch Picnic Tin

Delicious Pennsylvania Dutch pretzels and cookies attractively packed in an all-purpose metal Scotch Basket, a wonderful gift for the most discriminating tastes. Gift card enclosed. Shipping weight approx. 9 lbs.

$6.95 *postpaid anywhere in U. S. or to service personnel overseas. Specify shipping date. Check or M. O.—sorry, no C.O.D.'s.*

BACHMAN BAKERIES CORP.
2547 Kutztown Road, Reading, Pa.

SHANTY BOAT CRUISES

A novel holiday afloat into the tropical Everglades country

One Week Cruises—December 20 thru April—$86
For illustrated booklet write to
Capt. Jim Nisbet, Box 1628-E, Ft. Myers, Fla.

now. She quickly unwrapped the package and handed him five copies of the French edition of his "Memoirs of Childhood and Youth."

"One is for my brother Marcel, who is here," the girl began breathlessly. "And one is for my cousin—"

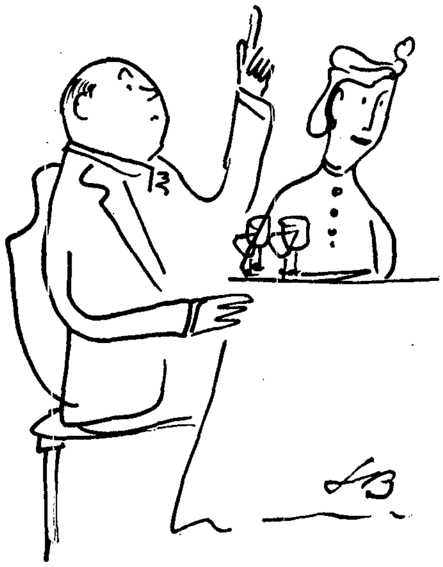
"Of course I'll sign them," Schweitzer said, and touched her hair lightly. "Just leave them here and come back tomorrow. Give Madame all the names. We might as well do this right." He smiled radiantly. When the children had gone, Mme. Martin asked him if he would like a cup of tea. "Not now," he said. "I think I'll go over to the church. Where's the key?"

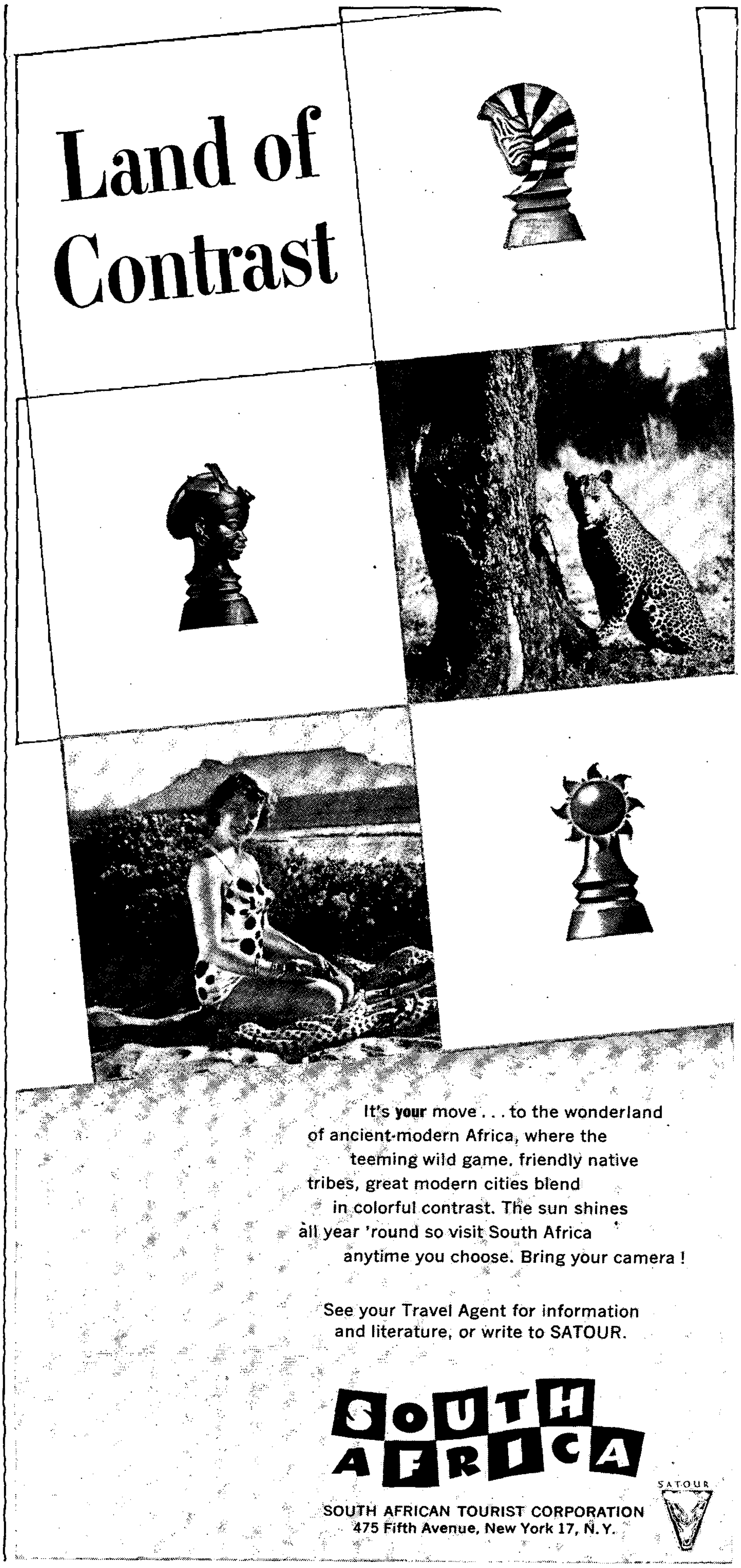
The key was not in its usual place—a nail by one of the windows—and there was some consternation. Mme. Martin called to Miss Silver and asked her to look for it. While we were waiting, Schweitzer explained to me that he'd run into a few old friends after the funeral and had been delayed, and then he had had to see the two ladies from Strasbourg downstairs. The phone rang, and Mme. Martin answered it. It was Paris—an invitation to Schweitzer to deliver a lecture. She politely declined. After she had hung up, he said to me, "I've got to practice some Bach chorales that I'm going to record next week. Would you like to come along and listen?"

"Dr. Schweitzer needs no practice," Mme. Martin said. "He knows three-quarters of Bach by heart."

"These chorales belong to the fourth quarter," Schweitzer said, and laughed—a fresh, youthful, ringing laugh.

Miss Silver returned with the news that Domkantor Emilius Bangert, a friend of Schweitzer's from Copen-




Land of Contrast

It's your move . . . to the wonderland of ancient-modern Africa, where the teeming wild game, friendly native tribes, great modern cities blend in colorful contrast. The sun shines all year 'round so visit South Africa anytime you choose. Bring your camera!

See your Travel Agent for information and literature, or write to SATOUR.

SOUTH AFRICA

SATOUR

SOUTH AFRICAN TOURIST CORPORATION
475 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

hagen, had borrowed the key and was at the church, playing the organ. "He comes here every year to play the Gunsbach organ, because he loves it so much," Schweitzer told me. "Wait for me downstairs. I'll be right down."

SEVERAL people had gathered in front of the house, for word had got about that Schweitzer would be playing that afternoon and everybody wanted to go up to the church with him. Standing apart was a frail, thoughtful-looking man with fine features, who, I found out later, was Professor Robert Minder of the Sorbonne, and another of Schweitzer's old friends. He was spending a week in Gunsbach. After a while, Schweitzer came out, wearing a somewhat battered black felt hat and carrying a white-linen bag in one hand and a folder of sheet music in the other. Mme. Martin appeared right behind him, looked about her with an air of resignation, and managed to detach Schweitzer from two newly arrived admirers. Schweitzer took my arm and we moved off up the road toward the church, the whole party falling in behind us. En route, we met several villagers—men in blue aprons and women with children. They said, "*Guten Abend, Herr Doktor*" or "*Bon soir, Docteur*," and each time Schweitzer smiled, shook hands, and inquired about the children. I was reminded of the familiar description of him as "a combination of Goethe and Saint Francis of Assisi."

"They're good people," Schweitzer told me. "There are a little over four hundred in the village. They work in the cotton factory in Munster, and on their evenings and weekends they take care of their vineyards. Strictly speaking, this isn't my native village—I was born on the other side of the mountains—but I was brought here when I was only a few weeks old and my father became pastor of Gunsbach."

Schweitzer stopped walking, looked me straight in the eye, and asked, "Do you still play the violin?"

I was taken aback.

"That night in Aarau, we talked about Bach the violinist, didn't we?" he continued as we walked on.

I said it was astounding that he should remember.

"I've trained myself to remember," he said. "Now, are you still playing the violin?"

"Sometimes, for pleasure," I replied. "Mostly chamber music."

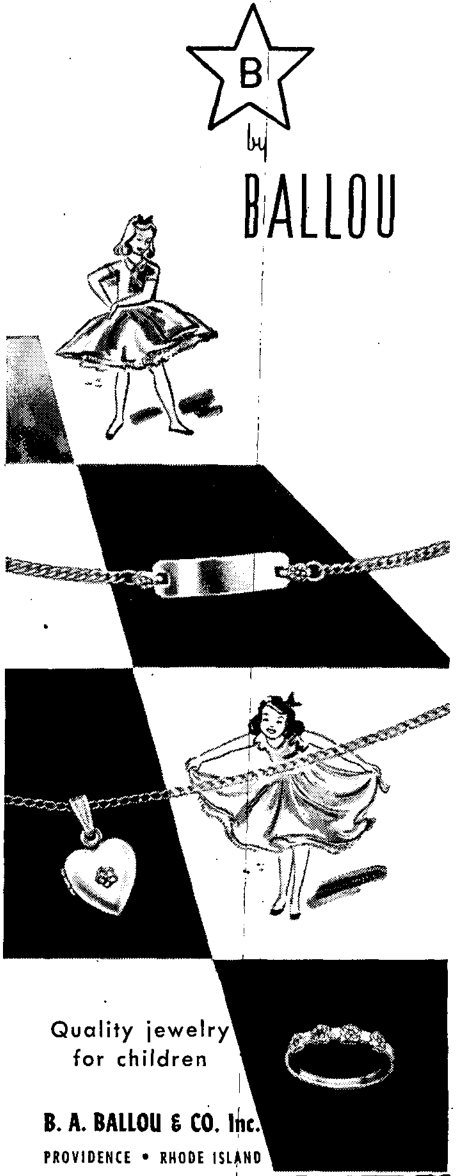
"Chamber music is the finest, purest music of all, better. even than organ

For men of action
—ounce for ounce
it costs no more to look
and feel your best!

AFTER SHAVE LOTION
In handy-grip pinch bottle. Cooling, soothing, perfect for use before and after electric shave!
5 oz. size $1.00 plus tax

CLOSE-UP for a Close Shave
BETTER 4 WAYS
- Spreads Faster
- Softens Quicker
- Shaves Closer
- Rinses Easier $1.00

Lenthéric
NEW YORK PARIS LONDON
MEN'S AFTER SHAVE LOTION Lenthéric NEW YORK PARIS LONDON CONTENTS 5 FL. OZ.
close-up BRUSHLESS LATHER CREAM LENTHÉRIC


B by BALLOU

Quality jewelry
for children

B. A. BALLOU & CO. Inc.
PROVIDENCE • RHODE ISLAND

fly LAI to EUROPE

De luxe DIPLOMAT . . . thrifty Douglas DC-6B Tourist flights from New York to PARIS • MILAN • ROME • NAPLES • with LAI CONVAIR connections in Milan or Rome to principal cities in Europe and to the Mediterranean borderlands.

See your Travel Agent or
ITALIAN AIRLINES-LAI
LINEE AEREE ITALIANE
15 East 51st St., N. Y. 22, MU 8-3700

NEW YORK'S MOST EXCLUSIVE HOTEL RESIDENCE FOR YOUNG WOMEN
The Barbizon

If you are seeking a career in New York, you will appreciate The Barbizon. Music studios. Social activities. Sun deck, swimming pool, radios. Coffee shop. From $3.75 daily. Weekly on application. Write for booklet N.

Lexington Ave. at 63rd St., New York

music," Schweitzer said. "Bach played the viola in small groups. He liked to sit in the middle, so that he could hear what was going on on both sides. Playing music for the joy of it is truly wonderful. Unfortunately, I have usually had to play for money. With my music, I made the money that I needed for my medicine. Without the organ, there could have been no Lambaréné. Music became my refuge when I began to study medicine. Theology and music came naturally to me—my father and my maternal grandfather were both musical pastors—but medicine was a strange new world. Sometimes while I was at medical school in Strasbourg I felt I had to escape from my classes, and I would run over to a church and find peace of mind in an hour with Bach. I've often wondered how the violin was played in Bach's time. I once published an essay on the use of the round bow, and I had a lot to say about the round bow and his partitas. I believe the violinists in those days used a bow with a slightly curved stick. The hairs of the bow were fastened to the wood without screws and could be adjusted by pressure of the right thumb. For double-stops, the player would relax the bow so that it curved over the strings. When the bow is relaxed, the violin has a soft, organlike tone—almost ethereal. Of course, modern audiences would object to its weakness. The louder the better, they say. But I believe it would be altogether proper for chamber music. Bach's solo works should be moved out of the concert hall into the salon. That's where they really belong."

The three women who had given me directions were still chatting on the corner, and Schweitzer waved to them gaily. Then he stopped again, turned toward me, and said, with finality, "You will stay for dinner."

I mumbled something about a previous appointment.

"Can you stay or can't you?" he asked. "Quickly! No foolish excuses!"

I explained that I had to rejoin friends in Colmar for dinner, and that Mme. Martin had emphasized that under no circumstances must I linger.

Schweitzer laughed. "Always listen to a woman, but never too much," he said. "That's how I get along with them. It's too bad you can't stay."

We had reached the foot of a rather steep path leading up to the church. Some workmen were building a stairway up the side of the hill and the path was blocked by large slabs of stone. There was also a winding dirt road that made its way up the hill at a more

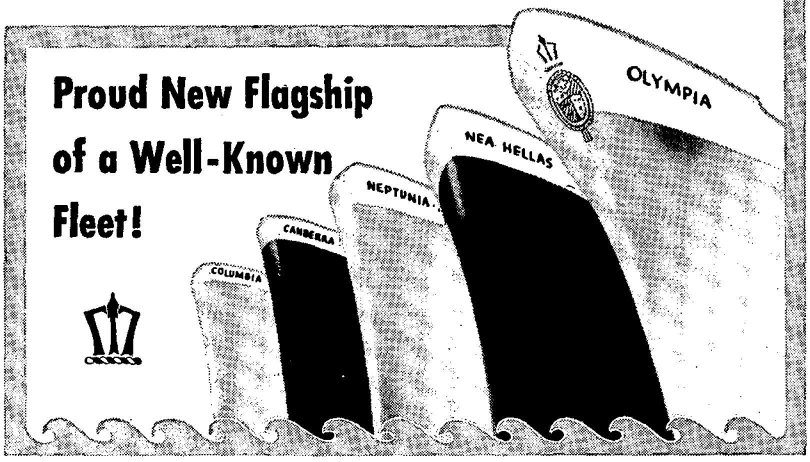
60 PROOF
CREME MENTHE
COINTREAU
50 PROOF
CRÈME de CACAO
COINTREAU
70 PROOF
BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY
COINTREAU
50 PROOF
Anisette
Extra Fine
COINTREAU
COINTREAU LTD
SPECIALTY
COINTREAU
LIQUEUR
COINTREAU
Manufactured in U.S.A. Under Formula Supplied By COINTREAU Angers-France
THE WORLD RENOWNED AFTER DINNER LIQUEUR
ALCOHOLIC STRENGTH 80 PROOF · CONTENTS 4/5 QUART

cordials by Cointreau

A time-honored formula gives Cordials by Cointreau the superb flavor that is preferred by *all* who instinctively choose the finest

Cointreau Cordials are produced in 19 distinctive flavors

80 PROOF • PRODUCED AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N.J.



The T.S.S. OLYMPIA

Proud New Flagship of a Well-Known Fleet!

The magnificent service and cuisine, the comfort you enjoy aboard a Greek Line ship stems from the ancient sea-faring tradition of Greece. *It means finer travel for you* . . . to Europe* and the Mediterranean. Regular sailings from New York and Canada. This Spring enjoy wonderful Grecian hospitality . . . sail the famous Flagship, T.S.S. OLYMPIA, newest, fastest to Greece and Mediterranean.

*BREMERHAVEN • CHERBOURG • COBH • LISBON • SOUTHAMPTON

See your Travel Agent or

GREEK LINE General Steam Navigation Co. Ltd. of Greece
8-10 Bridge Street, New York 4
BOSTON • CLEVELAND • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • MONTREAL • TORONTO

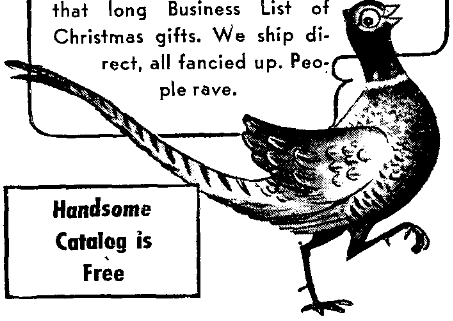
GIANT
HOUSE
OF
CARDS

GIANT HOUSE OF CARDS

DESIGNED BY CHARLES EAMES

Young "architects" will build fabulous structures with these vividly colored slotted cards. Of poster-board weight, they measure 7 x 11 in. each! A fascinating spur to the imagination.
Send $2.25. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s. Write Dept. X-3

PLAYHOUSE
66 East Walton Place
Chicago 11, Illinois



Hop to it! Time's getting short. Better send for our Catalog and choose delicious, delectable food assortments, for that long Business List of Christmas gifts. We ship direct, all fancied up. People rave.

Handsome Catalog is Free

Fin'n Feather Farm Dundee, Illinois

carven
parfums
ma griffe
robe d'un soir
PARIS

leisurely grade, but Schweitzer would have none of it. Instead, he set off up the path, leaping from stone to stone. I managed to keep up with him, but I was soon out of breath. And all the while he went on talking about music. He said he'd recently been to a symphony concert in Strasbourg conducted by Charles Münch, whose uncle, Eugène Münch, had once been Schweitzer's organ teacher. Had I heard anything good lately? Yes, I panted—a magnificent "Tristan," in Vienna.

"Ah, 'Tristan'!" he exclaimed. "I still get as excited about it as I did when I heard it for the first time."

I said I'd often thought how singular it was that he, a Bachian, should admire Wagner.

"But why not?" he said. "Wagner himself greatly admired Bach. I've been an ardent Wagnerian since I was a youngster in Mulhouse, where I heard my first 'Tannhäuser.' I was sixteen then. I was so excited I couldn't sleep for two nights. 'Tristan' affects me that way, too, and it always has. So they like 'Tristan' in Vienna now, do they?"

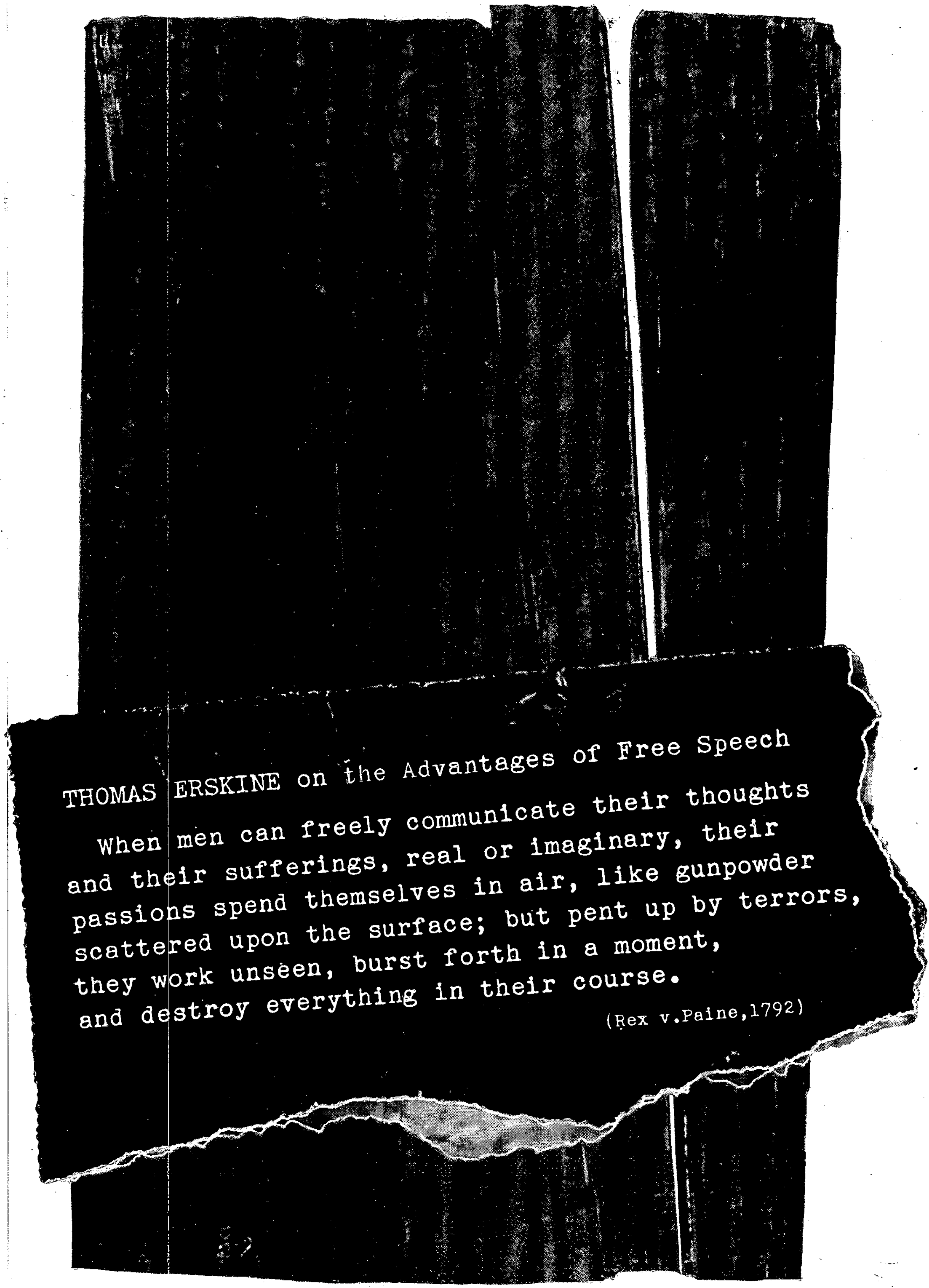
"Yes, very much," I assured him.

"They didn't always," he said, still bounding along. "The powerful anti-Wagner camarilla kept 'Tristan' out of the Court Opera for a long time. If I'm not mistaken, the prelude to the first act was first performed there at a garden concert conducted by none other than Johann Strauss. Wagner reciprocated by conducting one of Strauss's waltzes at the first Bayreuth Festival."

To my relief, Schweitzer became winded himself after this speech, and he had to slow down. "No more talking," he said abruptly, and we climbed the rest of the way in silence.

As we approached the church, we could hear organ music. Schweitzer stopped at the door, took a deep breath, and cocked an ear. "My Danish friend, playing Buxtehude," he said. "How soft and lovely the organ sounds! I must admit it, even though I had it rebuilt myself. The number of fine old organs is decreasing rapidly these days, and I don't think much of the new organs they're building. The pedals are coarse. People have become obsessed with strong tone, and forget beauty and softness. Someday, our lovely old Silbermann organs will all be gone, and then people will have no way of knowing how Bach's music was played in his own time. I'm afraid I can't speak very highly of American organs. Harsh and tuberculous—that about sums them up."

Not all modern organs are inferior,



THOMAS ERSKINE on the Advantages of Free Speech

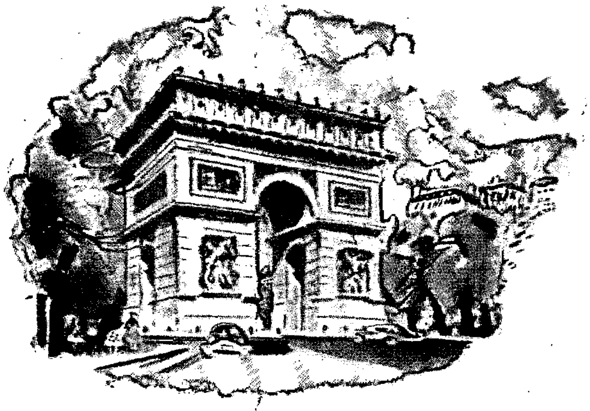
When men can freely communicate their thoughts and their sufferings, real or imaginary, their passions spend themselves in air, like gunpowder scattered upon the surface; but pent up by terrors, they work unseen, burst forth in a moment, and destroy everything in their course.

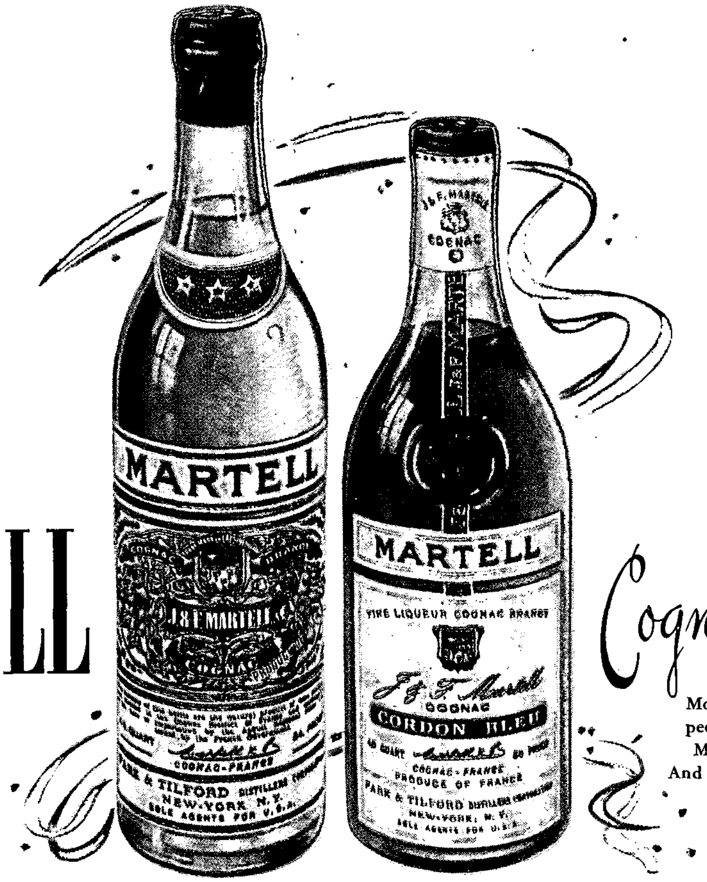
(Rex v.Paine,1792)

Great Ideas of Western Man...(one of a series) CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Martell-A Symbol of France Since 1715

"First Choice in France... and in the world!"




MARTELL
COGNAC
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC-FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS
NEW-YORK N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC
MARTELL
FINE LIQUEUR COGNAC BRANDY
J.&F. Martell
COGNAC
CORDON BLEU
COGNAC-FRANCE
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS
NEW-YORK, N.Y.
SOLE AGENTS FOR U.S.A.

MARTELL Cognac Brandies

More people in France (in fact, more people throughout the world) drink MARTELL than any other Cognac. And who knows Cognac quality better than the French!

The World's Renowned 'All Purpose' Cognac Brandy
MARTELL *Three Star*

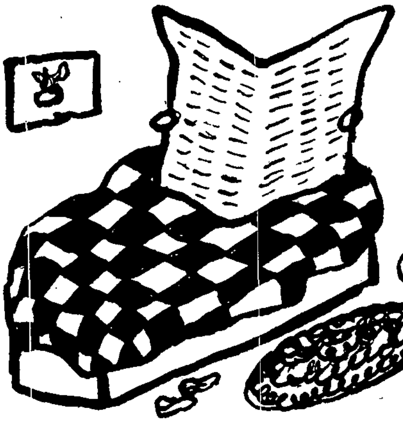
The World's Most Cherished Liqueur Cognac
MARTELL *Cordon Bleu*

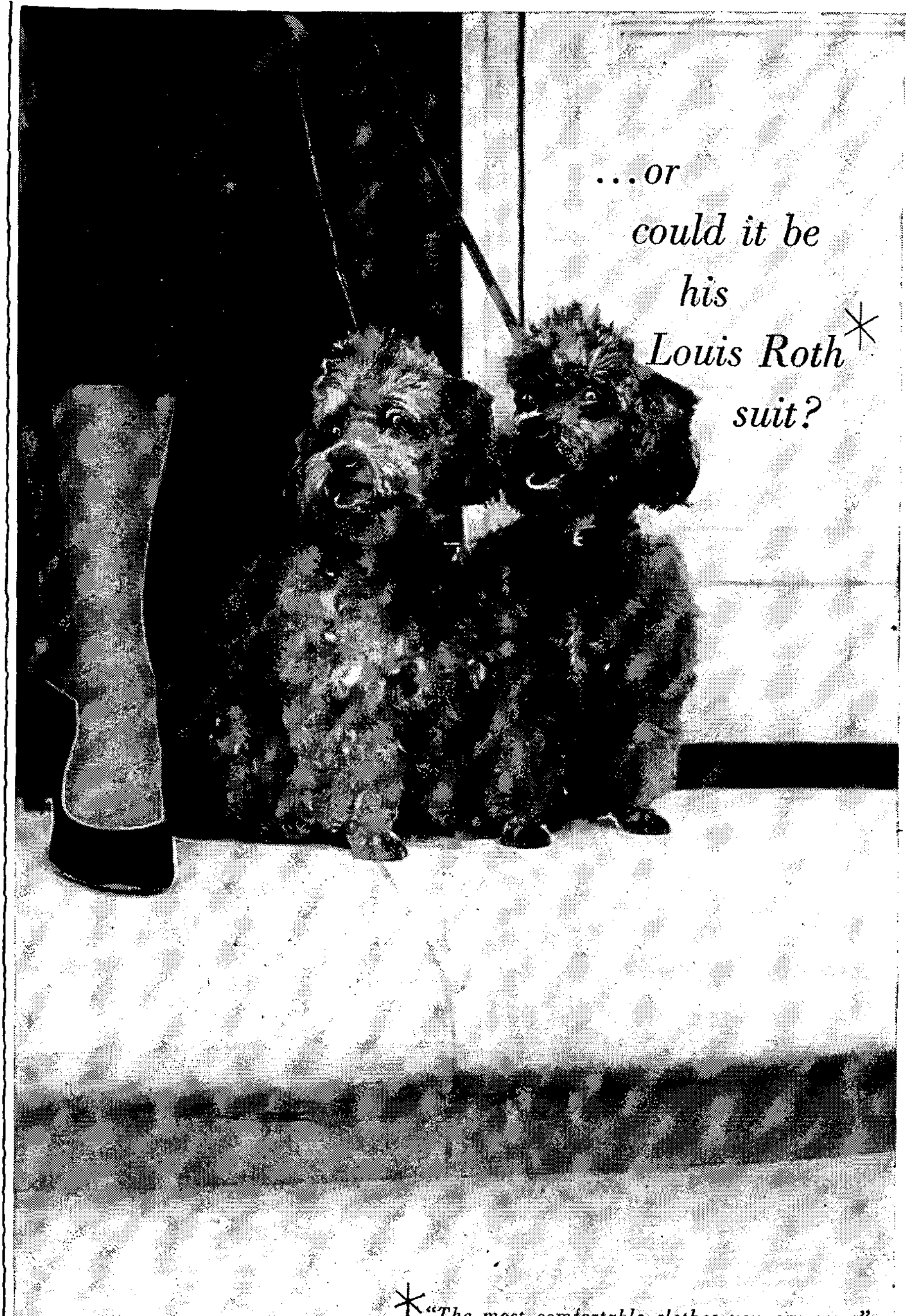
Imported from ***COGNAC, FRANCE*** *by* PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP. NEW YORK • MARTELL THREE STAR 84 PROOF • MARTELL CORDON BLEU 80 PROOF

Schweitzer admitted. He admires César Franck's organ, in the church of Ste. Clotilde, and Charles Marie Widor's organ, in St. Sulpice, both in Paris. These two, as well as the magnificent organ in Notre Dame, were constructed by the great French organ builder Aristide Cavaillé-Coll. "But best of all I like my Gunsbach organ," he said. It was on this organ that Schweitzer recorded a number of Bach works for Columbia in 1952.

While we were talking at the entrance to the church, the rest of the company caught up with us. The crowd had grown along the way, as people discovered that Schweitzer was going to play, and there were several children, including Marie-Louise and her two small escorts. Schweitzer went inside and walked quickly up the steep, creaking wooden stairs to the organ loft. Most of the people sat in the pews, but a few of us—including the members of Schweitzer's staff, Professor Minder, and Marie-Louise—climbed up to the loft and sat on the choir benches flanking the organ.

The Danish organist, who was still playing Buxtehude as we came up the stairs, made as if to stop when he saw Schweitzer, but Schweitzer motioned to him to keep on. While he played, I looked out over the church. It was small and austere, but the afternoon sun pouring in through the colored windows made it seem warm and friendly, rather like a large living room. Schweitzer removed his shoes, opened the white linen bag, and took out a pair of organist's shoes, with soft rubber soles. More people slipped into the church in groups of two or three. Schweitzer sat with his hands crossed on his lap and his head lowered in meditation. In a few minutes, his friend stopped playing, and he walked over to the organ. He sat down, put on a pair of spectacles, arranged his music, and then beckoned to me. "Careful!" he said softly as I tiptoed





*"The most comfortable clothes you can wear"
—tailored in California and sold in these and other fine men's stores:

NEW YORK....LEIGHTON'S
CHICAGO ....LYTTON'S
WICHITA ....HENRY'S
ST. LOUIS......J. W. LOSSE
SAN ANTONIO ....SID ROBBINS
OMAHA...... CHARLES J. ASSMANN
DETROIT....THE J. L. HUDSON CO.
BEVERLY HILLS.........EDDY HARTH
SAN FRANCISCO ....JACK DAVIS
LOS ANGELES..............PHELPS-TERKEL
CLEVELAND ....ROGOFF BROS.
DENVER....COSMOPOLITAN MEN'S SHOP
OKLAHOMA CITY........MEN, INC.

Truly off the Beaten Track
Tobago
BRITISH WEST INDIES
Tropical, tranquil, tensionless—is Tobago of Robinson Crusoe fame! Devaluated currency favors you. *Information, folders from Travel Agents or write to*
Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board
Dept. 12, 122 E. 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, B.W.I. • Montreal • London

Help your pup develop STURDY BONES!
Give him New Formula VIONATE®
Complete vitamin and mineral supplement for
• PEP & VIGOR • STURDY BONES
• HEALTHY SKIN • GLOSSY COAT
• GOOD APPETITE
Choice of kennel-owners, veterinarians, pet owners!
See Your Druggist
VIONATE® is a Squibb trademark
79¢ 8 oz.
Save on kennel-size packages!
SQUIBB—A NAME YOU CAN TRUST

thing of beauty

The lightest lighter, almost cigarette slim. Flames at a finger flick.

Styles for men and women. In silver plate $8.50; gold plate $10.00. Others priced from $7.50.*

SYLPH
CIGARETTE LIGHTER

dunhill
at 50th and 5th
New York, N.Y.

IN BEVERLY HILLS: 136 SOUTH RODEO DRIVE

*All prices plus 10% fed. tax

over. "Don't touch the pedals with your feet! Turn the pages for me. I'll tell you exactly when." He lowered his head again, as if in silent prayer, and sat motionless for a couple of minutes. There was a great stillness in the church. Then he raised his head, set the manuals, and began to play.

He started with "An Wasserflüssen Babylon," one of the eighteen chorales Bach wrote in Weimar and revised toward the end of his life. The organ had a sweet, soft, almost tender sound. When the time to turn a page drew near, Schweitzer whispered, "Wait," and then, "Now." Throughout the chorale he didn't once change the manuals, and only once or twice did he glance down for an instant to ascertain the position of his feet on the pedals; otherwise his eyes remained on the score. After he finished, he sat staring hard at the music. "I'm afraid I played too fast," he said, shaking his head. His friend from Copenhagen said he thought the tempo was just right, but Schweitzer disagreed. "I always feel I play the chorales too fast," he said. "So much detail of Bach's magnificent architecture comes to light only when you play the music slowly."

Schweitzer played another chorale, "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr'," and then "Schmücke dich, O liebe Seele"—one of those Bach compositions in which the structure is hidden behind a lovely haze of melody. Schumann once wrote that Mendelssohn had told him that "if all hope and faith were taken out of your life, this chorale alone would be enough to restore them to you." Schweitzer played it with deep feeling. His expressive hands were in complete command of the keyboards. He repeated the second part of the chorale, and then complained once more that he had played too fast. As he took down the score, he said, "Now I don't need my glasses." He laid them aside, removed his jacket, adjusted the stops, and, after a few seconds, during which he seemed to withdraw completely into himself, plunged into the magnificent chords of the great D-Minor Toccata and Fugue. For me, this has always been one of the most dramatic of Bach's works, and now I was overwhelmed by it. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, as the music ended with a majestic fortissimo, the sun had fallen below the level of the windows. No one in the loft stirred, not even the children. It was Schweitzer who broke the spell. He put down the organ lid resolutely, locked it, and turned off the light.

One by one, people rose, but nobody

Choose Royalty

ROYAL DOULTON ENGLAND

Devotees of authentic English character jugs will be glad to know Royal Doulton still makes the genuine article for den, bar or curio shelf.

Long John Silver, large, $12.50
Small size, $5.50

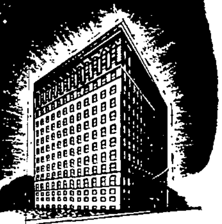
Choose
Royal Doulton

SEND FOR NEW FIGURINE BOOK IN FULL COLOR, 25 CENTS
DOULTON & CO., INC., DEPT. J-29, 11 E. 26TH ST., N.Y.C.

THE Pearson CHICAGO

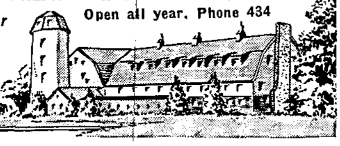
A distinguished address in the heart of the Near North Side's Famous Gold Coast.

Just a whisper from the Lake!



Hotel PEARSON
190 EAST PEARSON STREET
CHICAGO 11, ILLINOIS

JUG END BARN
NEW ENGLAND'S MOST popular Club-Hotel resort
GALA THANKSGIVING WEEKEND
Enjoy yourself in the Berkshire Hills
Year-round sports, dancing, entertainment.
BOX A, GREAT BARRINGTON 31, MASS.
Open all year. Phone 434
Write for Booklet



STRAVINSKY
LE SACRE DU PRINTEMPS
SIDE 2
FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY

Welcome, Strangers!

Of course you recall them from concerts—the oboe, 'cello, celeste, harp, piano—and other instruments whose beauty eludes ordinary recording.

The problem of capturing instruments in their original beauty has challenged the entire recording industry. Indeed it has taunted us. For years, our determined effort at Capitol has been to perfect our Full Dimensional Sound technique so that it might deliver, for your home concerts, music that would achieve live concert quality.

To make our task more complicated, we have insistently approached our high fidelity recording as a matter of music, not of contrived sound effects. Instruments and choirs of instruments are recorded in their proper perspective and tonal balance, true to the composer's intent, the performer's interpretation.

To borrow a phrase from our Engineering Department, you hear—in Full Dimensional Sound—"the maximum possible within the present limits of the recording art."

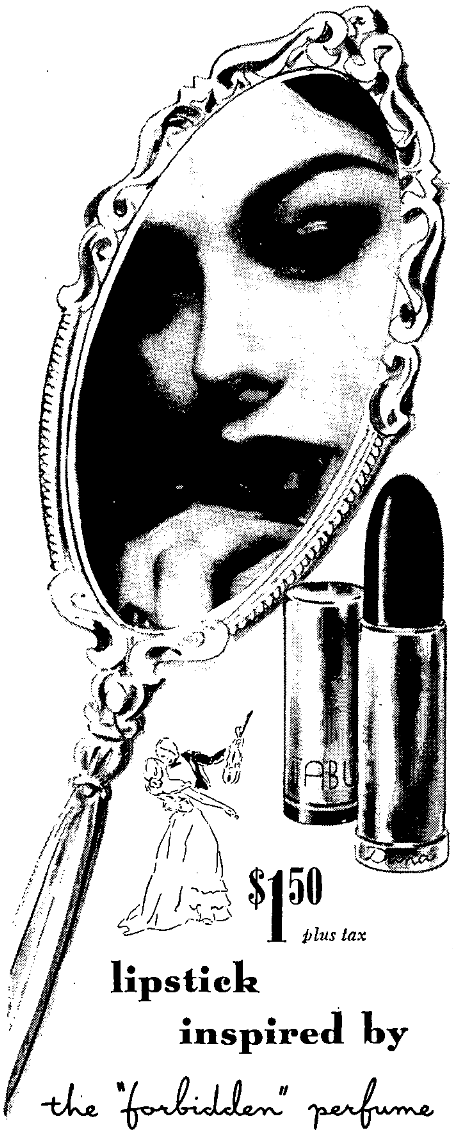
This "maximum possible" is, we are convinced, incomparable—magnificently near our ideal of perfection. So near, in fact, we confidently invite you to listen to a Full Dimensional Sound recording. Listen and renew your acquaintance with music as the composer intended you to hear it. Listen—and welcome to your home concerts even the most elusive of musical "strangers."

All Full Dimensional Sound records come to you in Inner Protective Envelope.
FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND
FDS
INCOMPARABLE HI-FIDELITY

Incomparable High Fidelity in Full Dimensional Sound

FDS
FULL DIMENSIONAL SOUND

Capitol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RECORDS



Scented image of
TABU

$1.50 plus tax

lipstick
inspired by
the "forbidden" perfume

Only *once* in a lifetime
can a parfumeur capture
and translate the fragrance
of a distinctive perfume
. . . into a soft,
yet dramatic lipstick.
Such, and such only,
is TABU lipstick,
scented with the "for-
bidden" fragrance . . .
now available in
ten fascinating shades of
red . . . one of which
will adorn your lips.

*Save the case,
plated with 24-carat
gold. Refills, 75¢.
plus tax*

Dana®

PARIS • NEW YORK

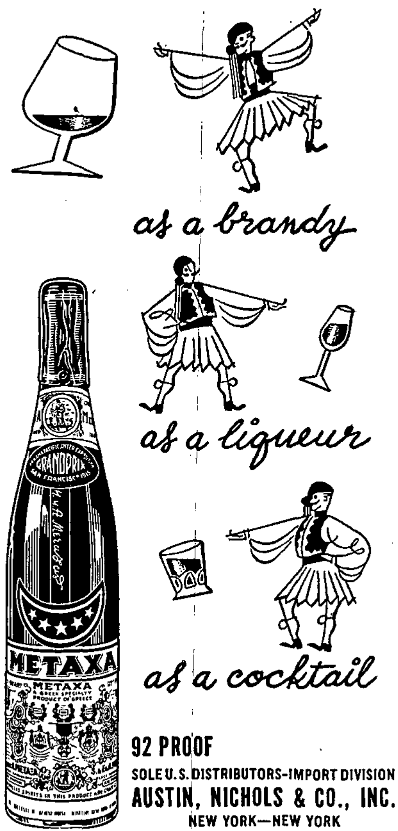
spoke. After Schweitzer had changed back to his street shoes, we all filed down the narrow stairway. Some women were still sitting in the pews, and one of them was wiping her eyes. There were a number of people out front, standing near the little church cemetery. They smiled at Schweitzer in a grateful, affectionate way. One man, nervously twisting a blue beret in his hand, told him that he and his wife had walked to Gunsbach from a village three hours away in the hope of hearing him play and that they had arrived just in time; the man's father had been a missionary at Lambaréné during Schweitzer's first years there. Schweitzer asked the father's name, and then exclaimed happily. Of course he remembered the missionary! The man's wife joined them, and for a few minutes the three talked together in high excitement; Schweitzer was plainly delighted to see someone who, as he said, "belonged to Lambaréné." He told the couple that he missed his hospital. "I'm needed there," he said.

"You ought to stay with us now, Doctor," the woman said. "You're needed here, too."

Schweitzer shook his head. "No, no," he said. "I've got to go back."

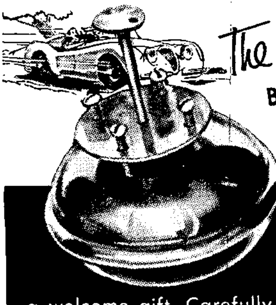
Mme. Martin came up and announced that it was time to go home. Schweitzer shook hands with the couple, and then we walked down the dirt road. The sun had set and the sky was a mass of color. Schweitzer stood for a moment looking toward the west, and then he said the sky reminded him of Africa, where darkness comes quickly. "At this hour, I make my last rounds of the wards," he told me.

WE were only a few steps from Schweitzer's house when a large bus came by, filled with tourists. Schweitzer quickened his pace, but it was no use. The tourists had seen him. The driver stopped the bus, and the passengers rushed out, armed with cameras, and began taking Schweitzer's picture and asking for his autograph. Mme. Martin tried to hurry him into the house, but he shook his head and said, "No, no, leave them alone! It doesn't matter." A second bus came up and stopped, and more people sprang out. The tourists pleaded with Schweitzer—please sign here, please smile, please look this way—and he stood helpless and amiable, unable to say no. Only when a guide with a megaphone stepped out of the second bus and shouted "*Mesdames et Messieurs, le grand Docteur Albert Schweitzer!*" did he



METAXA
GREEK SPECIALTY LIQUEUR
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER
as a brandy
as a liqueur
as a cocktail
92 PROOF
SOLE U.S. DISTRIBUTORS-IMPORT DIVISION
AUSTIN, NICHOLS & CO., INC.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

Fancher's BUCKINGHAM
BUFFET IN GENUINE MAHOGANY
At selected decorators, furniture and department stores.
Send 25c to Dept. N for illustrated folio
FANCHER FURNITURE CO. • SALAMANCA, N.Y.



The Authentic
BERMUDA CARRIAGE BELL
This distinctive two-toned car accessory makes a welcome gift. Carefully made of heavy nickel plate—5½" in diameter. Directions for easy installation included. $8.95 postpaid. No C.O.D.'s please.
The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

show any irritation; he shook his head and said, "No, no, not that!" He asked me if the car parked in front of his house was mine. I nodded. "Let's get into it," he said. "Get me away from here."

I slid behind the wheel, Schweitzer slipped agilely in on the other side, and we drove off. He laughed at the way he'd outwitted the guide, and then he turned around and waved to the tourists. "I should have stayed," he said regretfully. "But too much is too much."

Down the road we saw the man with the blue beret and his wife trudging along, and Schweitzer asked me to pull up beside them. They were on their way home. Schweitzer turned to me. Their village was not far from Colmar, he said; it would mean only a short detour. Would I drive them home? I said, "Of course." Schweitzer smiled, got out of the car, and helped the woman in. "Now I must really go," he said. "No long goodbyes." And he was off.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

◆

EDITOR OF THE PRESS: One of the most precious emblems of home and community fellowship is the old-fashioned fireplace with its leaping and receding flames from a "bed" of wood logs and blocks. There is something almost living and appealingly human about those tongues of fire.

One huge golden-orange spurt of forked heat seems to speak to children gathered about the protective screen: "Hello, Mary!" To another child it greets the little lad with: "Hi, Bill; how's tricks?" To a businessman and father holding his baby girl in his arms the flame calls: "My dear sir, my warmest and most cordial regards to you. That pretty baby in your arms is the hope of this tough old world. It is hot down here where I give and take with my fellows, but the very heat which makes us brothers and sisters in 'burning appeal,' can help you and yours to achieve happiness and the kind of success which our 'warm enthusiasm' loves to witness."

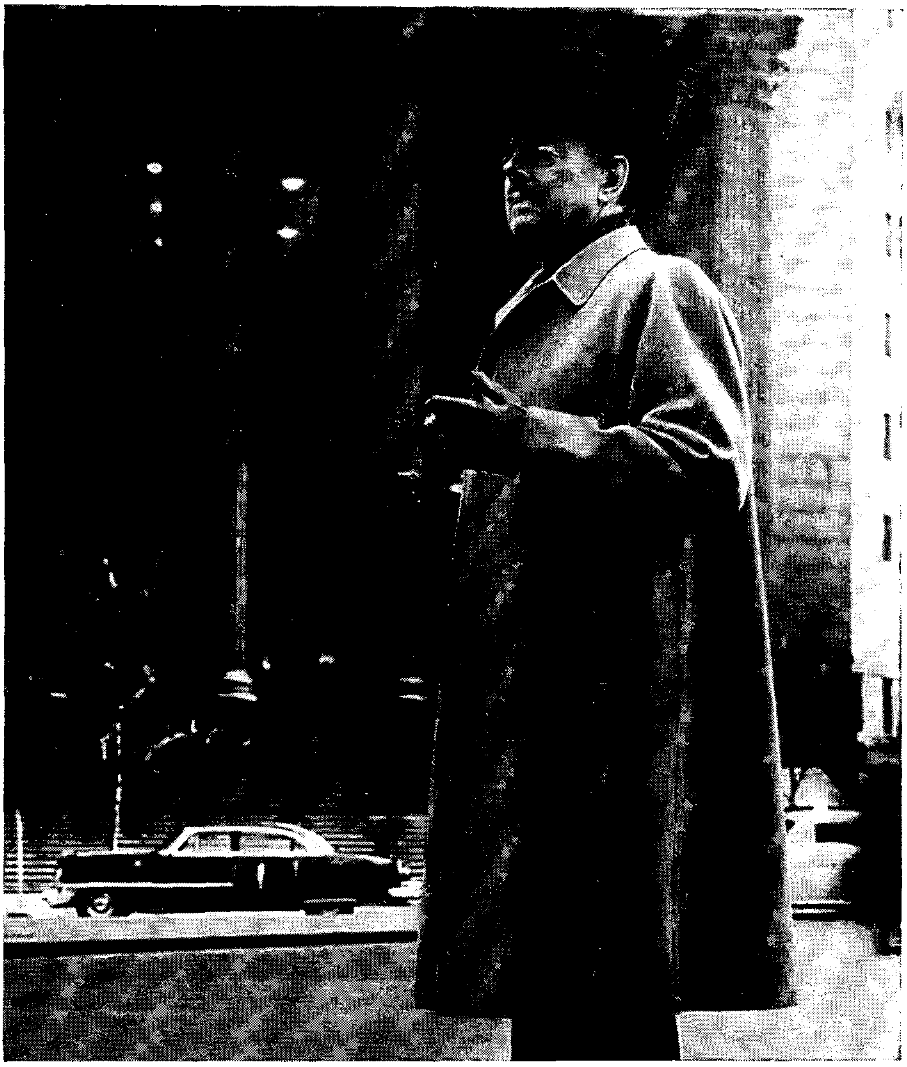
Little "Johnny jump-up," purple violet emissary of warmest good will from the grate fire, seems to call as the light begins to fail charmingly: "Goodnight, Freddie and Suzie and Delbert and mother Rachael and father Richard Henry; may your night's rest be as sweet as honey and pure maple syrup! May your family circle be so rich that nothing else matters. You see, I'm getting so sleepy; I'm becoming drowsier and less colorful by the minute. But, you see, I'm happy, too, because you folks are! Good night, one and all; may your dreams be lovely and strengthening. Perhaps tomorrow night I'll see you here again. How wonderful to look forward to that meeting!"

L. B. KARR.

EAST JORDAN, MICH.

—*Grand Rapids Press.*

What do you say we throw some water on that chatterbox?



Macintosh delights the Gifted man

The higher a man has climbed, the more he will delight in receiving the *authentic* Macintosh Weathercoat for Christmas. This highly versatile, all-weather topcoat, imported from England, gives him the solid satisfaction of unusually fine all-wool gabardine impeccably tailored in the London tradition, with raglan sleeves, slash pockets and clean, complimentary lines. A happy gift choice, rain or shine, at the stores listed below. $65. Or write Robert Appleby & Company, Inc., 347 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Where to buy Macintosh

NEW YORK Abercrombie & Fitch
Albany........W. E. Walsh & Sons
Amherst, Mass...House of Walsh
Athens, Ga..........................Gunn's
Atlanta..............John Jarrell, Inc.
Baltimore........Wm. H. Lohmeyer
Berkeley, Calif.....George J. Good
Beverly, Mass. Johnny Appleseed's
Birmingham, Ala. Henry Porter, Inc.
Boston......................Jordan Marsh
Boston......Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Brockton, Mass.........Tonis, Inc.
Buffalo.....................Flint & Kent
Burlingame, Calif. Robert W. Gates
Carmel, Calif...Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Chicago Von Lengerke & Antoine
Cleveland....The Halle Bros. Co.
Colorado Springs MacNeil & Moore
Denver........The Gano-Downs Co.
Detroit.............Capper & Capper
Grand Haven, Mich.....Reichardt
Grand Rapids Mackenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Hopkinsville, Ky...Frank Cayce
Huntington, W. Va. Geo. H. Wright Co.
Indianapolis L. Strauss & Co., Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.........Jack Henry
Los Angeles..J. W. Robinson Co.
Los Angeles...........Phelps-Terkel
Los Angeles....Boshard-Doughty
Louisville, Ky. Roche & Roche, Inc.
Madison, Wis. MacNeil & Moore
Miami, Florida....Eddie Stephens
Milwaukee........MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis...........Nicolas, Inc.
Monterey, Calif.......Ed Williams
New Haven...............Gentree Ltd.
New Orleans.............Godchaux's
Newport, R. I...Thompson-Forbes
New York....Abercrombie & Fitch
Omaha, Neb. . Chas. J. Assmann
Pasadena, Calif...William Taylor
Philadelphia,...Jackson & Moyer
Pittsburgh ....Larrimor's
Portland, Oregon.............Mathis
Portland, Oregon........Ray Bolger
Providence, R. I. Elsbree-Valleau
Richmond, Va. Berry-Burk & Co.
Sacramento, Calif.......Mayhood's
St. Louis.............................Boyd's
San Francisco Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Seattle ....Littler
Spokane....Davenport Sport Shop
Springfield..........Raymond White
Syracuse Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop
Trenton, N. J.........Holland Bros.
Washington, D. C. Lewis & Thos. Saltz
Waterville, Me. Dunham's of Maine
Watertown, N. Y.........Ted Rand
Williamstown, Mass. House of Walsh
Worcester, Mass.........Mark, Inc.

MACINTOSH

—the standard by which all other weathercoats are judged.

THE ART GALLERIES

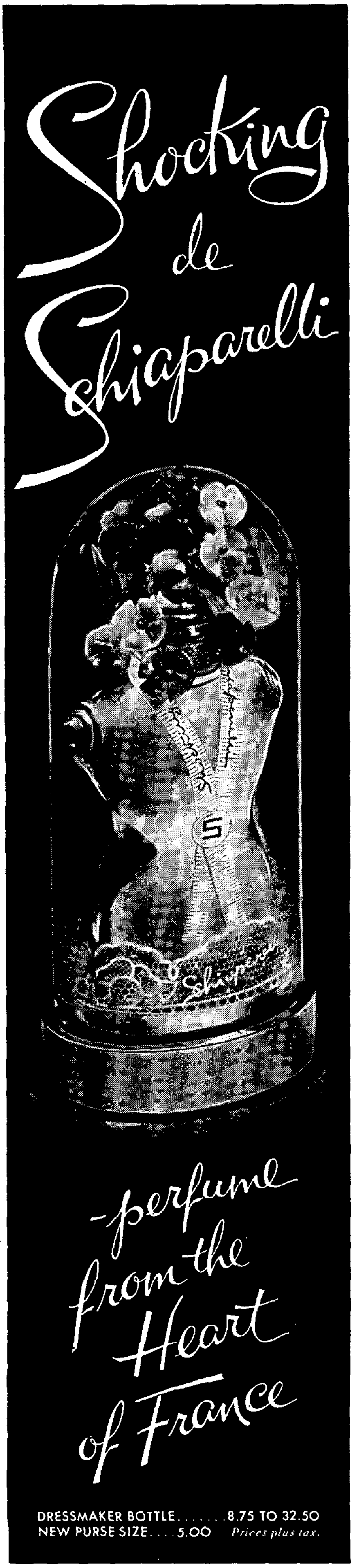
The Dutch Renaissance

THERE are few periods in the art of any nation that have seen as sudden and extravagant a surge of artistic production as occurred in the Netherlands in the seventeenth century, and there is certainly no other that illustrates quite so well what I'll call for the moment—I'm sure there must be some better term—the peripatetic quality of art. For, though no one has yet explained why, the artistic impulse seems to move, through the centuries, unpredictably, from one people to another, and as it shifted in other eras from Germany and Italy to France and England, in the seventeenth century it moved, almost exclusively, to the Netherlands. To be sure, there were great artists elsewhere—Claude and Poussin in France, Velázquez in Spain, and in Italy such stepchildren of the High Renaissance as the Caracci and their fellow-Mannerists. But these were more or less isolated instances. In the Low Countries, and particularly in Holland, the outflow of art was at once more coherent and more abundant, and this manifestation is all the stranger because of its isolation in time. Before that era, such Dutch artists as there were—Dirk Bouts, Petrus Christus, and so on—drew their inspiration from Flanders and France, and after it, Dutch painting went into a decline from which it is still recovering.

So the Metropolitan Museum is hardly exaggerating when it calls its current loan exhibition of Dutch paintings of that period "The Golden Age." It's a big affair, put on in conjunction with the Toledo Museum of Art and the Art Gallery of Toronto (both of which it will visit later), and since over two-thirds of the entries are from foreign sources, it is an unusually interesting one, too. Tastes vary slightly from country to country, even in the case of old masters, and although all the great names are represented—and in a profusion that is seldom seen in one collection—in several instances the works shown are from periods that are not collected in this country, and a number of the artists included are little known over here.

To my surprise—I suppose it has something to do with the mechanics of the selection—none of either our own National Gallery's or the Metropolitan's large holdings of Rembrandts is in the exhibit, and the nine Rembrandts that are shown are in general smaller, earlier, and less grandiose than the late-period ones we go after in this country. There's an especially winning "Portrait of His Son Titus" (a late one, to be sure) as well as a very early "Self Portrait" and a goldenly lighted landscape called "The Stone Bridge." The five Halses, too, are more restrained. One, "Portrait of a Man and His Wife," done about 1620, is actually stiff, but there are, on the other hand, "Portrait of a Young Man" and "The Jolly Toper" to suggest the bravura quality we are used to in Hals. Four Vermeers are on view, including not only the famous "The Love Letter" and "The Little Street" but one of his rare outdoor figure subjects, "Diana and Her Companions," and there are also some handsome pieces by, among others, Jan Steen ("The Merry Company"), Pieter de Hooch ("Mother with Two Children"), and the landscapists Cuyp, Hobbema, and van Ruisdael. I was equally taken by some of the lesser-known men of the period. There's "Winter Scene on a Canal," by Hendrick Avercamp, that is Breughelesque in its panoramic activity, as well as the big, Halsian study of a woman camp follower, called "The Sutler," by Jan van Bijlert. I liked, too, "The Tailor Shop," by Quirijn van Brekelenkam; the architecturally precise "Church of St. John's, 's Hertogenbosch," by Pieter Saenredam; and the appealing "The Gray Boy," by Jacob Backer. There are handsome paintings, in fact, pretty much throughout the show.

HENRY MOORE, at the Valentin, is having his first exhibition of sculptures in more than three years, and it's clear from the work on display that not only his technical approach but his point of view has changed in the interim. The main change is in the direction of a more classical feeling. Forms are solider, and in some cases (see "Reclining Figure," of 1953) a good deal more naturalistic than heretofore; when he turns to abstraction, as in "Head of an Animal," there's a freshness and freedom of inventiveness that together give sparkle to the exhibition. In a few of the pieces ("Three Standing Figures," with its connotations of Oceanic art, is an instance), he seems to have ranged fairly far afield for his inspiration, and several others, among them the filigreed "Head," depend



DRESSMAKER BOTTLE.......8.75 TO 32.50
NEW PURSE SIZE....5.00 *Prices plus tax.*

Why sugar in reducing diets?

It's based on important new medical findings

In healthy people the blood sugar level helps regulate appetite

When it's low you're most apt to eat more than you need

When it's high you're more quickly satisfied on less food

The fastest way to raise your blood sugar level is to have some sugar, or one of the good things that contain it

Here's why an 18-calorie teaspoonful of sugar may make it easier for you to turn down extra helpings that contain far more calories

Many people have the idea that dieting means giving up almost everything they like to eat. They think of 10 or 14 or 21 days of rigorous fasting . . . of drab, uninteresting or one-sided meals . . . of lagging energy and constant hunger.

As a result, all too often people who *should* diet put off dieting. All too often people who *do* diet gain the lost pounds right back again.

New approach to diet planning

Now health authorities say that anybody who wants to can lose surplus pounds—and keep them lost—without making drastic changes in his or her own eating habits.

Modern diets are easier to *start on,* easier to *get used to* and easier to *stick to* because you go right on eating the foods you like. You do not cut out any food—you simply *cut down.*

Surprising as it may seem, one of your best-liked foods, sugar, can be one of the things that can be one of your best helps in cutting down your total calorie intake!

When you include moderate amounts of sugar (or the good things that contain sugar) in your diet you actually take advantage of nature's own system of appetite control.

This was recently demonstrated at a leading university where scientists found that, in healthy people, the size of the appetite is related to the *blood sugar level.*

When your blood sugar level is *low,* you're hungry. You're most apt to eat more than you need.

When it is *elevated* you find it much easier to stay satisfied on smaller portions—to say "no thanks" to the extra portions that mean extra pounds.

Part of the foods you eat must be turned into sugar before the body can use them up as energy. Many foods, however, raise the blood sugar level so slowly that you may have already eaten too much before your appetite is "turned off."

Artificial no-calorie sugar substitutes have *no* effect on your blood sugar level. Since they do nothing to curb your appetite, you may find that, by using them, you are eating *more calories* than they save you.

Sugar, on the other hand, is assimilated into the blood stream and used as energy faster than any other food. It satisfies your craving for food faster than anything else you can eat because it *almost immediately* raises your blood sugar level.

Make Smaller Meals More Satisfying

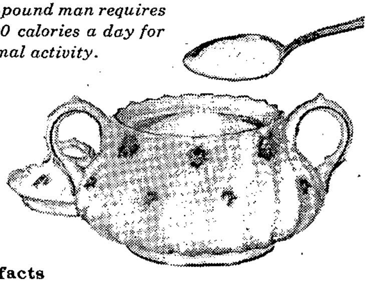
That is why a nibble of something sweet between meals is permitted in the newer diets. It not only revives your energy, but helps you to keep your appetite *within bounds* at the next meal. You may also use a spoonful of sugar in your coffee or tea, and may eat desserts that include sugar with lunch or dinner. The *sense of satisfaction* they give is far greater than would be provided by the same meal without sugar.

And whether you're overweight or just watching your weight, doesn't it give another kind of satisfaction to know that science now says you *can have your sugar and your waistline, too?*

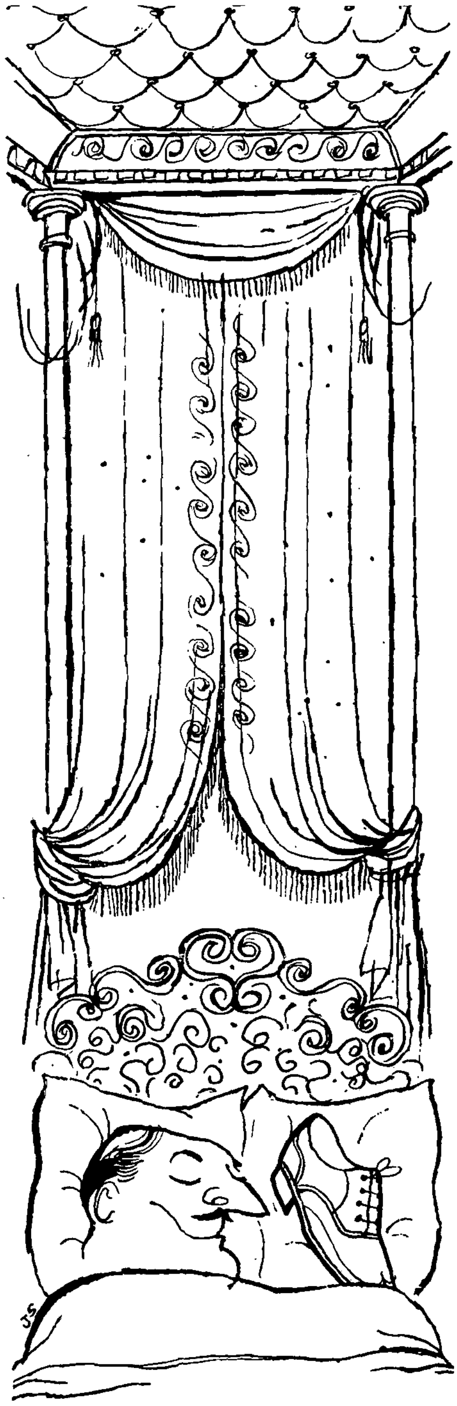
SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
Box 137, New York 5, New York

18 CALORIES

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? Compare this with the 2,500 a moderately active woman (123 lbs.) uses up every day. A 154-pound man requires 3,000 calories a day for normal activity.



All facts in this message apply to both cane and beet sugar.



Connoisseurs Choose Church's Shoes

British-made by craftsmen who, from the moment they hand-cut the shoe, care greatly about only one thing--upholding their reputation for the finest footwear in all the world.

CHURCH'S
Famous English Shoes, Ltd.
428 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

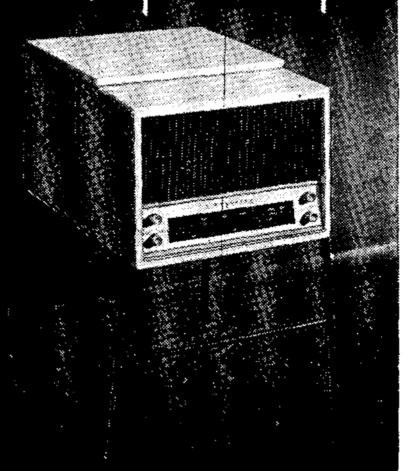
more on their tricks of interpretation than on anything else. His big "Warrior with Shield," however, at once simple and massive in concept, is a major achievement, and there are enough smaller items, such as "Leaf Figure" and the truly lovely "Woman Seated on Bench," to make the show a thorough success.

At the Parsons Gallery there is a collection of new sculptures by Seymour Lipton, in what looks to me like the best exhibition of his career. Lipton works for the most part in hammered and welded metal, and in the past the ductility of his materials has occasionally led him into too great elaboration and ornamentation of his forms. No such faults can be found in his present work. It may be that he falls back too often on a concentric pattern—as of spheres, or segments of spheres, within spheres—and this, in such pieces as "Sunken Chamber" and "Carnivorous Flower," among others, may give a certain monotony to the show. To my mind, though, this is incidental to the cleanness of design and the vigor of imagery. The forms are tighter and the textures are more effectively handled, and in general I feel that the artist's advance has been remarkable. I'd cite especially "Sea Bloom," with its suggestion of floating, the adroitly symbolic "Citadel," and the involuted, ladderlike "Germinal No. 2." But there are at least as many more that are equally outstanding.

The newly opened Brown Stone Gallery, at 146 East Fifty-seventh Street, has an exhibition of paintings and other works, on display through this Saturday, by seventeen contemporary Danish artists, and though the majority of the group are fairly young and their work is a little unformed, there is enough novelty and variety in the showing to make it interesting. The range in styles is considerable, from the fairly representational and quite successful "Houses on 'Norrebro,' " by Folmer Bendtsen, through the Abstract-Expressionism of Carl-Henning Pedersen's "House of the Night" and "Sunset," to the geometric abstraction of Robert Jacobsen's "Forms, 153." But this, of course, is a healthy sign, and apart from a tendency toward stridency in color (it appeared at times as if everyone was trying to outshout the others), I found the exhibition enjoyable. Who knows? Perhaps another renaissance is now being dimly projected, this time in Denmark.

—Robert M. Coates

America's newest value in High-Fidelity



MUSIC MASTER. High fidelity in record and AM-FM radio sound. Two extended-range speakers, three-speed changer. Chairside style in mahogany or white oak.

the magnificent Magnavox high fidelity radio-phonograph

Vesture
19 E. 69 N. Y.

ITALIAN WRAP-AROUND
For Loungers

Black or Brown Striped Denim
One Size for Waists from 26 to 36.
$4.95
Add 35¢ for Handling & Postage.
No C.O.D.'s.

YOU ARE SURE of a Fine Time!

All sports, guest membership Country Club and adjoining Doctor's Cave Beach. Dancing. Finest cuisine, service. Private Balconies Overlooking Ocean. Individual Guest Cottages.

HOTEL CASA BLANCA
Montego Bay, Jamaica, B.W.I.

have
you
met
Jack?

Jack's here for the holidays. The way Apple Jack's getting around chances are you're going to run into it... especially now with the festive season upon us. What makes meeting Apple Jack so memorable is its exceptionally rich delicate aroma, its clean bold flavor. Aged in charred oak barrels, Apple Jack is extraordinarily smooth, easy to take. Laird's Apple Jack goes way back to 1780. It is distilled today by the same family to the same private formula. This not only accounts for the deliciously light dry taste but the fact that the only thing that lingers on is the pleasant memory. During the holidays ahead, serve Apple Jack at home or buy it as a gift. Whether you drink it straight, on the rocks or in a highball, you'll thank us for introducing you to this delightful new friend.

Laird's Apple Jack

84 PROOF STRAIGHT APPLE JACK • LAIRD & CO., SCOBEYVILLE, N. J.

LAIRD
Three ★ Star
LAIRD'S
Straight
Apple Brandy
84 PROOF

Pronunciation Guide to FRENCH Wines

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu leé en*

your Quality Guide to all these wines is the name

B&G

The finest wines of FRANCE

By BARTON & GUESTIER, *Established 1725*
Browne Vintners Co., Inc., New York City.
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.

AYAMÉ

IN Tokyo, in the strange and, for the Japanese, terrible winter of 1945-46, the men of the Occupation were suffering the usual military ennuis, and most of them, especially those who spoke some Japanese, were eager to explore the mysteries that, in spite of considerable evidence to the contrary, they were sure were to be discovered not far away.

There was no mystery in the bombed-out heart of Tokyo, or in the efforts to revive its commercial life, or in the quickly built dance halls and cabarets that welcomed Americans, or in the smirking invitations of younger brothers. But on the far-circling hills the edge of the old city survived in a broken ring—now a huddle of small houses leaning into each other across narrow alleys, now a string of shops along a highway, and occasionally, on the highest ground, handsome villas set apart by tall gray walls. Here, sometimes, there was mystery enough.

THE wheels of the jeep crunched on the gravel as it rolled to a stop in the darkness under some tall pine trees. The gate, which Harry Hoffman had found with difficulty at the end of a maze of lanes in the Yūtenji district of the suburb of Meguro, stood open, unlike the other gates in the neighborhood. There was enough light in the evening sky to silhouette the pines but not enough for Harry to read the numbers on the houses.

He pressed his horn lightly, once, twice. There was no sound but the wind in the pines. Then he began to hear the kindred sound of wooden sandals shuffling on gravel, and wheezing breath. Someone flicked a flashlight in his face.

"Is this the villa of Baron B——?" Harry asked, in Japanese.

There was no answer from behind the flashlight.

"Isn't this a *machiai*?" Harry asked. A *machiai* is not a restaurant and not an inn, but has about it something of each, and is also a place of entertainment; the literal translation of the word is "to linger and meet." The beam of light held steady; there was still no answer. Harry fished a card from his pocket and, holding it so that the person behind the light could read it, said, "I'm a friend of Kimura, the newspaperman."

The flashlight swung away from Harry's eyes toward a little space between some bushes, and an old man's voice cautioned him to park the jeep where it could not easily be seen. Harry was grateful. The place was off limits, and though the regulations were not stringently enforced, he knew that he could find himself in minor trouble if the M.P.s spotted his jeep and investigated. When the jeep was parked, the old man, with many politenesses as complicated as they were ancient, led him to a faintly lit entrance, where he called out "Mistress, Mistress! Here is a guest!" while Harry took off his shoes.

At the back of the panelled entrance hall there was a counter of expensive souvenirs: gaudy dolls, kimonos, ornate ivories—evidence of American custom. Harry already knew, from Kimura, that the house belonged to Baron B——, a former cement magnate who had cautiously retired to the country until the intentions of the Americans should be more apparent.

At the old man's shouts, a maid came to hand Harry felt slippers and lead him through the inner hall. He slithered along after her in the slippers, which were too small to stay easily on his feet. It was a moment of doubt: small, practical doubts about what the Japanese dinner he had come for would cost him, and whether the M.P.s would see his jeep; a larger doubt about the pleasures of this Japanese half-world; and, finally, the ancient, metaphysical doubt of the victor about to cross the threshold of the vanquished. He reached into his pocket to touch Kimura's card.

The maid knelt and slid back a paper panel, murmuring "The mistress" and "Please go up," and revealed a magnificent large, low-ceilinged, rush-matted room and the mistress of the establishment. With the courtly elegance of a trained geisha, she made a deep bow, kneeling, palms to the floor, brow touching fingertips. The stiff old brocade of her kimono rustled loudly, and the butterfly wings of her golden *obi* stood erect.

Harry sank down on a cushion in the place of honor, facing a low lacquer table and with his back to the unpeeled lintel post. The woman moved to his side, and he handed her Kimura's card, on which there was a brief message. She told him her name—Kazué—and asked him the predictable polite questions, first about Kimura and then about his own impressions of Japan. When her house in the gay district of Tsukiji was destroyed, she told him, the Baron had let her come to this villa, since his family had already moved to the country. After he followed them, Kazué had turned

N° 5 - BOIS DES ILES - GARDENIA - RUSSIA LEATHER - N° 22

PERFUMES: $7.50 TO $300.00 PLUS TAX

ECHOED IN TOILET WATER - EAU DE COLOGNE - SOAP - BATH POWDER - TALC

$2.00 TO $10.00 PLUS TAX

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

The Moon Never Sets

On This Silk Tuxedo!

WAYLITE®

Pure Silk Tuxedo

FABRIC AND LINING BY SKINNER

In the capitals of the world, in every climate, you'll find the WAYLITE Pure Silk Tuxedo. It is the *lightest tuxedo ever made* — almost weightless and completely comfortable. Yet it is strong, full-bodied, luxurious and spot-resistant — ideal for year-round wear! And the subdued rich Honan weave perfectly compliments the well cut natural shoulder, shawl collar, center vent model.

in ebony—two piece, about
$95
cummerbund & tie to match $15

at fine stores, including
NEW YORK: B. ALTMAN & CO.
PHILADELPHIA: JACOB REED'S SONS
CHICAGO: MARSHALL FIELD & CO.
DALLAS: NEIMAN-MARCUS
names of other stores upon request

TAILORED *by* H. FREEMAN & SON PHILADELPHIA
33rd and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

falling silent occasionally, for syncopated interludes from the samisen.

As Ayamé—poised, calm, her rich kimono stretched smoothly under her knees, the white collar of her under-kimono standing just so far out from the back of her powdered neck—sang, Harry watched her. He caught himself wondering whether she wasn't more attractive than Kazué, and then for an instant felt annoyed at playing Honda's game.

The time passed quickly. There was beer and Japanese whiskey and warm *sake*—scarce in Japan at that period, because it was brewed from needed rice—and Harry drank all three. Kazué and Ayamé took a sip or two; the maids accepted more from Harry, and became quite flushed and hilarious and made slightly bawdy jokes. He himself wasn't entirely sober. After a while, the maids cleared the half-filled whiskey glasses from the lacquer table and brought clean ones. Honda appeared, this time friendly and familiar, with a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label under his arm. He would not let the maids pour it for him but did it himself—"in the English style," as he explained. Kazué and Ayamé slipped away. Honda's drinking courtesies and toasts made Harry impatient and irritable.

Finally, after several jiggers of Scotch, Honda said, "I bring one for you."

Was it because of his stubborn insistence on speaking English that Honda seemed so offensive, Harry wondered. In Japanese, the offer would have been soft and indirect and a little easier to accept. But that would not have blurred his distaste for this business of a go-between. He would have preferred simply to be left alone with Ayamé.

"Did you notice the new maid—the one in the purple kimono? You notice she not regular maid?"

The maid. Yes, there had been a new maid in a purple kimono, a stocky little peasant girl with chapped hands and a face like a squirrel with nuts in its cheeks.

"I thought the one you brought was Ayamé-san."

"Ayamé-san?" Honda repeated. "S-s-sa-ah! She is here only to keep Miss Kazué company." In the manner of someone giving a lecture, he went on, "She is very famous geisha. She become Number Two hostess for house. Much honor." He paused. Then he said, "You did not like fat maid? I brought her here specially for you."

Harry got to his feet. "The bill, please."

Honda smiled and, at last, switched

Fairway to Good Play

Tee off on our private 18 hole golf course. Enjoy this magnificent resort estate with mammoth swimming pool . . . private beach at door . . . fast rubico tennis courts . . . fishing . . . dancing . . . congenial social life.

SPECIAL PRE-SEASON RATES FROM DEC. 18TH

FORMAL OPENING FOR WINTER SEASON JAN. 1ST

HOTEL Charlotte Harbor

Floyd Alford, Jr. Owner-Manager

ON THE BEAUTIFUL WEST COAST
PUNTA GORDA • FLORIDA
New York Res. Office:
630 Fifth Avenue, Circle 6-9260

Christmas and New Year's on Cat Cay...

Enjoy these holidays on the tropical island paradise of Cat Cay. Finest golf, big game and reef fishing, tennis, cycling, and your own cottage and private beach to better appreciate this year's Holiday House Party on Cat Cay. Reservations by application only.

The Cat Key Club each year invites a limited number to enjoy the club and its facilities; no one can become a member the first year.

We will be glad to mail you a copy of our Cat Cay magazine, just off the press. Write to H. W Rawe, General Manager, Cat Cay, Bahamas, P. O. BOX 1191, Miami, Florida.

Cat Cay
BAHAMAS
Open All Year

to Japanese. "I'm sorry," he said. "I suppose there's no help for it."

Although Harry knew that later he would regret the night spent on his Army cot in an office building converted into an officers' billet, at that moment he wanted only to leave the house in which, somewhere, Ayamé would sleep.

BUT Harry came back to the villa in Yūtenji again and again. Sometimes he danced with Ayamé and sometimes with Kazué, while the other wound the phonograph. They never tired of Western-style dancing, which had been prohibited during the war and had now become a fad. They called Harry Ha-san. Sometimes Kazué accompanied Ayamé while she sang old songs, for which Harry began to have a deeper feeling. And sometimes they just talked—about the meaning of the songs, about the black market that governed everyone's livelihood, and about the days before the war, when Kazué had ridden as high in business circles as Ayamé had in political ones. Once, Ayamé, saying that old confidences didn't matter any more, since the people concerned were dead, told him about hearing Prince Konoye talk of a possible meeting with President Roosevelt in Hawaii to avert war—a plan thwarted by the Army toughs, who had kept him under secret-police supervision until the war ended. And once she showed Harry a clipping from the front page of a 1927 issue of the newspaper *Asahi Shimbun*, which told in trite and sentimental phrases how she had entered a geisha training school at the age of twelve to save the fortunes of her family, impoverished minor samurai from Shizuoka.

When Ayamé spoke of the past, she became almost as friendly and gay as Kazué. Her smile was more in her eyes than on her lips, and so touching that it was almost more than Harry could bear. She smiled at him often—sometimes, he thought, out of more than politeness. She even corrected his Japanese once in a while, an act of great familiarity. But she was never left alone with him very long.

On his fifth visit, Harry whispered an invitation to meet him downtown, at his billet. She didn't answer. Harry could not tell whether her silence was regret, rebuke, or withdrawal. For all the ease and accommodation of Tokyo's floating world of pleasure, for all the enticing hedonism of this villa in Yūtenji, and for all his new familiarity with its more evident customs, Harry kept

Cordon Rouge
CORDON ROUGE
G. H. MUMM & Co
REIMS
Dessin de E. VIRTEL

to say Congratulations...
c'est MUMM'S
CHAMPAGNE

Inspired idea for a gift. The natural choice for great occasions. The classic champagne of France.

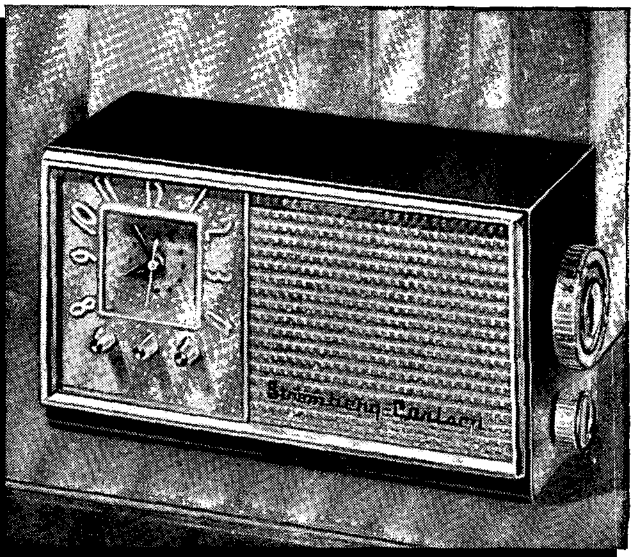
We also recommend the slightly sweeter Mumm's Extra Dry.

BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N. Y. C. SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS

Sings you to Sleep!

Wakes you to Music!

Starts your Coffee!



STROMBERG-CARLSON **MusiClock Deluxe**

Powerful AM radio, special Civil Defense dial settings... full-toned permanent magnet speaker...electric clock, automatic appliance timer...alarm buzzer, sleep switch. Compact plastic cabinet, choice of 6 decorator colors . . . **$39.95***

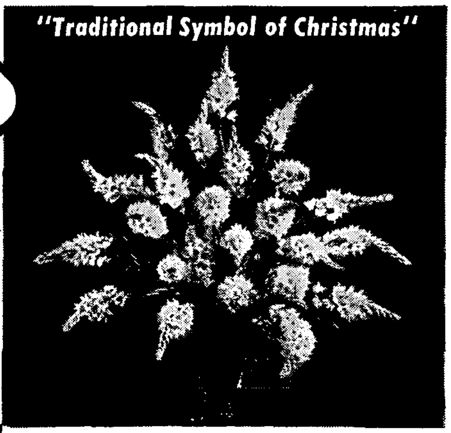
*MusiClock II—with standard clock timer...$29.95**

**Slightly higher in South and West*

"THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A STROMBERG-CARLSON"®
STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, NEW YORK

GUARANTEED TO BLOOM
UP TO 6 LONG WEEKS!

"Traditional Symbol of Christmas"



Star of Bethlehem
(CHIN-CHER-IN-CHEE)
TRADE MARK

EXOTIC FRESH
FLOWERS FROM
FAR-AWAY AFRICA!

BOX OF
25 FOR $3.50

1 box of 25 Star of Bethlehem flowers at peak of bloom. Larger, more glorious arrangements made with 2 or 3 boxes.

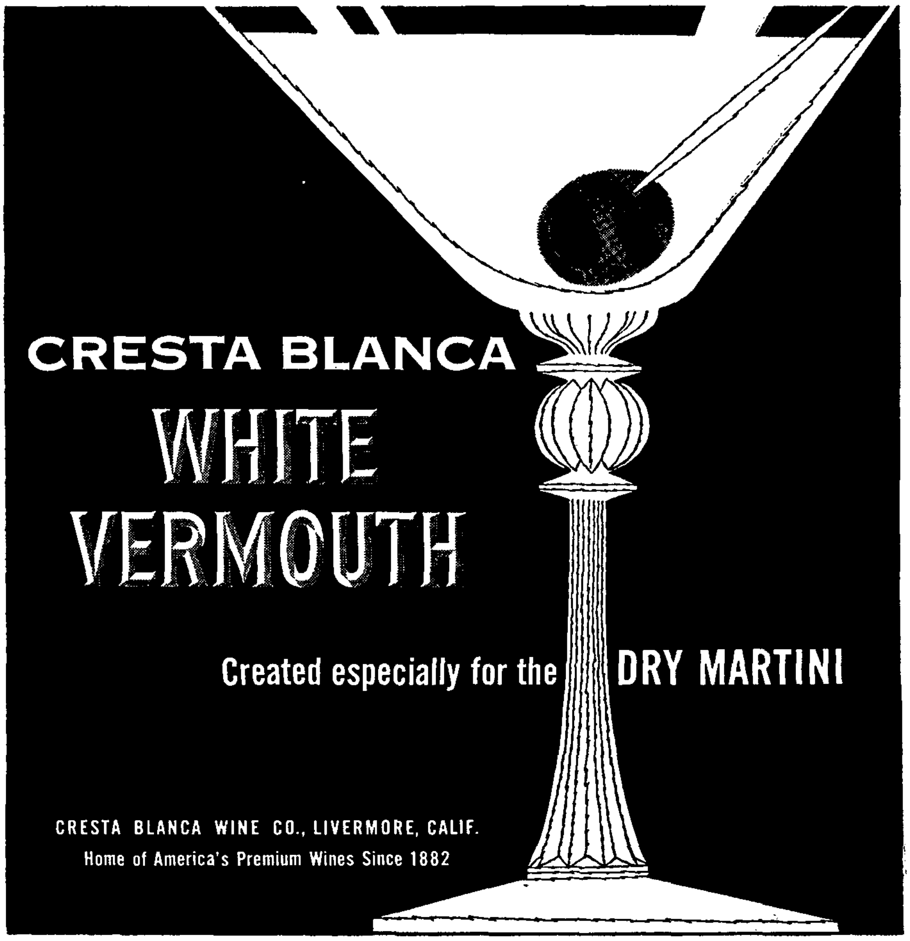
Shipped postpaid anywhere in U. S.
Add 3% Sales Tax for N. Y. C. Delivery

These snow-white fresh flowers open into a glory of perfect stars—from 10 to 20 on each cut stem. Delivered before Christmas; will blossom at their loveliest throughout Christmas week and last beyond the New Year! Gift box contains instructions for care and inspiring story of Star of Bethlehem. Order now—quantities limited!

GOLDFARB
flowers · gifts
ESTABLISHED 1889

Mail and phone orders promptly filled. No COD's.

Dept. NY1, 160 East 57th Street, New York 22, N.Y. • Plaza 3-3730



CRESTA BLANCA
WHITE
VERMOUTH

Created especially for the DRY MARTINI

CRESTA BLANCA WINE CO., LIVERMORE, CALIF.
Home of America's Premium Wines Since 1882

sensing—when he did not actually crash into—tradition-imposed barriers as numerous as they were firm.

Later that evening, after the two women had left the room, Honda came in with his professional emblem, the bottle of Johnnie Walker.

"Miss Ayamé say she like you very much," Honda pronounced carefully in his Oxford accent.

Harry waited for him to say more.

"Miss Ayamé is bound to this house. I pay much money to bring her here. First to the holder of her contract. Then I buy her kimono to restore that which burn up in American fire raids. Now I pay her monthly salary." He looked at Harry as if he were to blame for this. "In house like this, geisha must behave correctly. Otherwise become low-class house."

Harry protested that Honda had been quick enough to offer him a peasant girl, but the Japanese fanned away his words with a gesture. "She not geisha, so no matter. You can meet Miss Ayamé outside, often as you wish, for one month, if you pay for her time away from this house."

The man annoyed Harry more than his proposal. "But I can see her here whenever I want," he said.

"Yes, of course. As you do now. But you wish to see her outside. Perhaps that is an American custom." He raised his hands in exaggerated resignation.

So Ayamé had told him of the whispered invitation. But how, Harry wondered. In appeal? As a routine of business? Or in obligation?

Honda misunderstood Harry's silence, and finally said, "Such arrangement will help pay Miss Ayamé's debt to this house, and leave something for her."

"Ask Miss Ayamé to come back," Harry said. "I want to talk to her alone."

Honda obeyed with astonishing alacrity. When Ayamé returned, she sank at the threshold in a ceremonious bow. Harry motioned toward the cushion at his side.

"Mr. Honda says you like me."

"Ha-san is very kind."

"Won't you meet me at the Yūraku Building tomorrow?"

"I cannot."

"Or any time you are free?"

"I have no freedom."

"I didn't mean 'free' in that sense."

"For this humble person it is the same thing."

And then, when Harry persisted, she, never dropping her eyes from his, gave him a glimpse into the hierarchical com-

What Goes With What?

The Standard of Excellence in Coated Papers

Helps Lees Carpets display Color Harmony in the home

In Lees Carpets' booklet on home decorating, accent is on color. To reproduce all hues faithfully, and brilliantly, Champion-International's Cico-Graph was selected on the recommendation of Lees' printers, Davis, Delaney, Inc.

Known everywhere as the *standard of excellence* in coated paper, Champion-International exceeds expectations for consistent color brilliance and smoothness.

When you want the highest quality in coated papers, specify Champion-International of Lawrence, Massachusetts. Write us today. We will be pleased to send you complete information on CICO papers — including swatch books and the name of your nearest CICO distributor.

CICO-GLOSS
CICO-FLEX
CICO-FOLD
CICO-GRAPH
CICO-BRITE
CICO-PRESS
CICO-PRINT
CICO-OFFSET
CICO-DUOSET
CICO-LITH
CICO-IVORY

CHAMPION-INTERNATIONAL CO.

of Lawrence, Massachusetts

Manufacturers of Quality Coated Papers

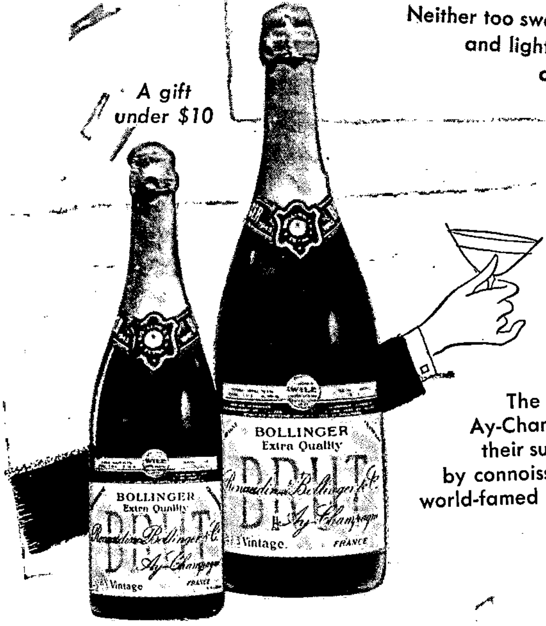
One for Cocktails

Dry Sack Sherry

The world's finest sherry
comes to the party *dressed in a sack!*
Unmistakably it's Dry Sack!
Neither too sweet nor too dry, but mellow
and light. Perfect at lunch and
cocktails. *A handsome gift from Spain!*

DRY SACK
DRY SACK SHERRY
DRY SACK

A gift under $5


BOLLINGER Extra Quality
BRUT
Vintage
FRANCE

A gift under $10

One for Dinner

Bollinger Champagne

The 125-year-old firm of J. Bollinger,
Ay-Champagne, France, proudly announces
their superb 1947 Vintage . . . recognized
by connoisseurs as comparable to their
world-famed Vintages of 1928 and 1937.

Four Cheers for the Holidays

One for After Coffee

Bénédictine

B and B Liqueur

The host with the golden
touch always serves
Bénédictine after coffee—
either of two ways: The one and
only Bénédictine by itself,
or Bénédictine's own B AND B,
bottled at the ancient Abbey
in Fécamp, France. Both 86 proof.

D.O.M
BÉNÉDICTINE
B AND B
D.O.M

A gift under $10

One for Later On

Peter Dawson Scotch

A wee bit smoother . . .
a wee bit mellower . . .
a wee bit tastier . . .
that's Peter Dawson—*The Spirit of Scotland!* Dawson "Special" and "Old Curio", a premium Scotch. Blended Scotch Whisky. Both 86.8 proof.

A gift under $6.50

PETER DAWSON SCOTCH
OLD CURIO BRAND
PETER DAWSON SPECIAL BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
PETER DAWSON OLD CURIO BRAND

Julius
WILE
SONS & CO INC.
2 PARK AVE N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877

Let this seal be your guide to quality
Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.
2 Park Avenue, N. Y. C.

plexities of the entertainment world—its emphasis on jealously guarded status, its rigid code of obligations, its feudal loyalties. Harry could hardly follow her distinctions, but he could see that as she described the ancient barriers, she did not withdraw behind them. She told him more about her life before the war, when her patron, now in Sugamo Prison, had given her a house of her own in the select district of Akasaka (the "hillside reddened by blossoms"). She had made the house famous for its entertainments, but it had gone in the fire raids, together with everything she had owned. Her floating world had sunk into darkness and disorder. For months, she had led a miserable life, until Honda took her in—but not with her old proud standing. Now she was under his orders, and he hoped to make use of her reputation to attract the new black-market millionaires to this villa in place of the unaccountable Americans. She told him all this with simplicity, and with what Harry took to be trust.

"Is that why you could not keep the secret of my invitation?"

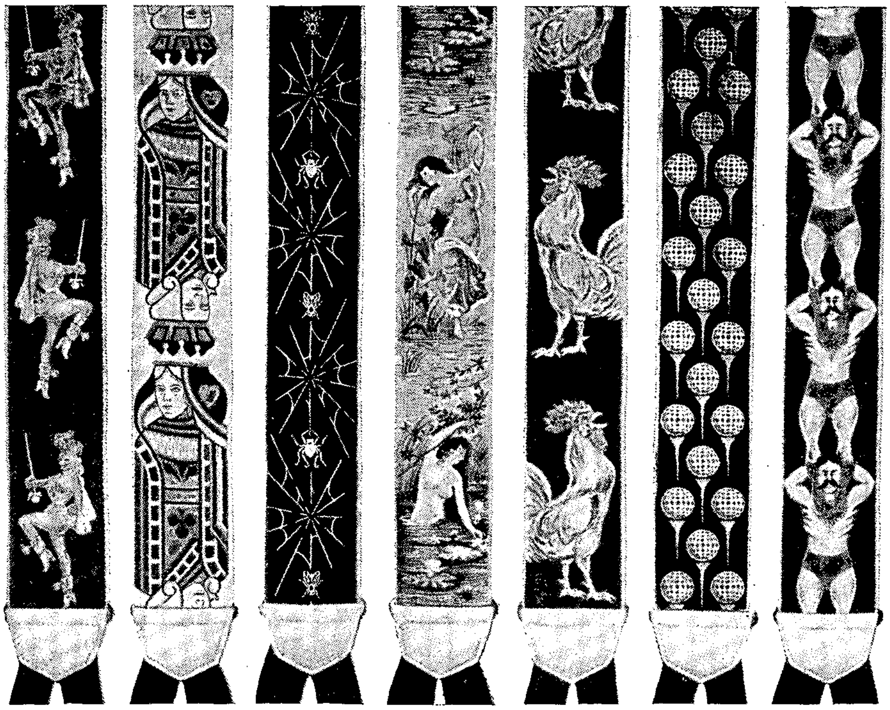
"Yes."

"Please ask Mr. Honda to come here again."

Harry wondered what a month's freedom of a geisha was worth. He suspected that tradition stopped where figures began, and still he was not prepared for Honda's demand for twelve thousand yen. At the official rate, that would have been eight hundred dollars. Harry offered sixty dollars in United States currency. They settled for seventy-five.

EVEN after this transaction, Harry continued to see Ayamé more often at the villa in Yūtenji. The money didn't matter; some of it would benefit her, he thought. He tried taking her to one or two noisy parties at his billet, but her quiet grace seemed out of place. Japanese restaurants, theatres, and movie houses were, through some administrative inspiration, off limits. He didn't worry much about regulations. He was just a lieutenant, in the education division of Headquarters, and he had no particular reason not to worry about them, but that was his nature, and besides regulations were violated with impunity a good deal. But he didn't fancy having Ayamé questioned by M.P.s.

More than once, on bright days, they followed the old but always absorbing custom of strolling along the Ginza, where commercial life was starting up again, for the most part in hastily knocked-together sheds and on peddlers' carts. They escaped as often as he



For Sartorial Security —

Our famous brocade braces $8.50 Garters to match $2.50

Gift-boxed. Postpaid U.S.A. Sorry, no C.O.D.

On parade - black ground
Card Royalty . playing card colors
Spider web . gold & grey on black
Daphne . grey on mauve ground
Rooster . white & red on black
Golf . white & yellow on navy
Acrobats . red & white on black

Calvin Curtis
CRAVATEUR
60 EAST 55th ST., NEW YORK
"CRAVATEUR" Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE BOLD

...BLENDED INTO A DELICATE OPEN GRILLE. A GOLDEN SETTING FOR JEWELED TONES.
BRACELET. ABOUT 17.00
EAR WING CLIP. ABOUT 8.00
DOMED EARRING. ABOUT 7.50
PLUS FED. TAX

AT ALL FINE STORES OR WRITE

Castlecliff
THE TALKED-ABOUT JEWELRY
366 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

COMPLETE
MEDITERRANEAN
CRUISE

MARCH 12
FROM NEW YORK ON THE FLAGSHIP
NIEUW
AMSTERDAM
56 DAYS - 17 PORTS - INCLUDING
EGYPT
AND THE
HOLY LAND

A luxury cruise planned to take advantage of the finest weather around the Mediterranean.

The ship—the 33,667 gross ton flagship Nieuw Amsterdam, queen of the Holland-America Line cruising liners, featuring luxurious lounges and salons, spacious decks, swimming pools, gay cafes and night clubs, quiet, immaculately kept suites and staterooms. Her social program has been planned by experts. Her world-famous menus and lavish buffets will be "conversation pieces" for years to come.

The cruise—well planned and well run—encompassing the entire Mediterranean—includes 2 days in the Holy Land (Israel), 5 days in Egypt, 2 days in Athens, 3½ days in Naples, 2 days on the French Riviera, 2 days in Southern Spain, 2 days in Casablanca, 2½ days in Lisbon. All this in addition to ample stops at the Canary and Balearic Islands, the Islands of Cyprus and Sicily, the African ports of Algiers and Tripoli, and through the Aegean Sea and the Bosporus to Istanbul, Turkey—to cover three continents.

Stop-overs in Europe may be arranged from Southampton or Rotterdam, with return on any Holland-America sailing in 1955 (with certain limitations during August and September).

Cruise membership is limited to half ship capacity. All rooms have bath or shower. Rates, including return to New York, start at **$1,395.**

Shore excursions by American Express Company.

Holland-America Line
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES
"IT'S GOOD TO BE ON A WELL-RUN SHIP"

could to country inns—those quiet and serene old inns, physically unchanged by war or peace, looking out on some storied view, squatting over hot springs if in the mountains, or facing an arc of beach if on the seashore, and staffed by armies of servants schooled away from their village dialect to speak antique politenesses. But the inns had no food whatsoever, and sometimes no charcoal, and it became more and more difficult for an American Army officer to travel with a Japanese. So it seemed pleasantest and simplest to drive out to Yūtenji two or three times a week, to park the jeep in the shadows between the bushes, and to pay Honda's outrageous prices, particularly since he was quite willing to pay equally outrageous prices for the cigarettes and other things Harry brought along. Nevertheless, the pleasure purchased with so much haggling seemed to keep the ease of the freely given.

One day shortly before the month's agreement was up, Ayamé appeared unexpectedly at his billet. She had come to tell him that she had left the villa in Yūtenji. She told him not to worry; she would be comfortable in the house of O-Kaki, the Elder Sister who had been kind to her years before, when she was a young geisha. She would not say much about her reasons for moving, except that Honda and Kazué were not good people. When he pressed her, she spoke vaguely of the unpleasant black-marketeers—"the new-yen moneybags," she called them—who patronized the villa and who had no dignity and no restraint.

"Will you have any money if you leave Yūtenji?" Harry asked.

The slight smile he could hardly bear, more in her eyes than on her lips, stirred her features. "I have none now," she said.

"Honda gives you none?"

"None. He even made me pay some money when I left, because I had been absent from the house too often."

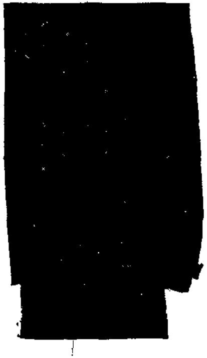
"But I paid for that!" Harry cried. "He said the money would cancel your debt for kimonos and leave something over for you."

"He was not speaking the truth. I had to buy kimonos before he would even let me in the door! See!" She put two fingers into her *obi* and pulled out a small, beautifully tooled red leather purse, and from it she drew a piece of blue velvet. On the scrap of velvet were twelve small diamonds. "I had thirty of these once," she said. "All that I saved from Akasaka. With the others I bought the three kimonos and the cosmetics and

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP
Custom Tailors Chipp Furnishers

Often imitated . . . never equaled, Chipp slender line trousers represent the ultimate in fit and appearance. Cut for belt, detailed with backstrap and buckle. Styled with 21" knee and 18" bottom.

SLENDER
LINE
TROUSERS

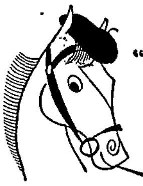


Flannel
Oxford Grey, Cambridge Grey, Clergy Grey $18.50
Worsted Flannel
Oxford Grey (Plain Front Only), Cambridge Grey (Plain Front Only)....22.50
Whipcord Twill
Natural, Clergy Grey....27.50
Tropical Worsted
Oxford, Cambridge, Brown-Black, Lovat 21.50
Washable Poplin
Natural (Plain Front Only)....13.50
State plain or pleated front and waist size. Trousers shipped with unfinished cuffs. Sizes 28 through 44.
Add 50c for postage No C.O.D.'s
Chipp Travelers are now on the road. Upon request, we will be happy to supply their itinerary.
Chipp
14 E. 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.
CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

MARTHA ANN
FRUIT CAKE
created by Grace Rush
90.4% Fruits and Nuts
9 Different kinds of Fruit
5 Different kinds of Nuts
At selected dealers

Martha Ann Fruit Cake
AGED-IN-BRANDY
White Fruit Cake

3 lb. Dark Fruit Cake
$5.50 plus 83c postage
2 lb. White Fruit Cake
$4.50 plus 55c postage
higher in west
Grace a Rush, Inc.
OAKLEY · CINCINNATI 9, OHIO



Cheval Blanc
"A Gay bit of Paris in New York"
Mussels Cheval Blanc Crepes Suzette
Coq Au Vin
145 EAST 45th STREET
Dinner from $3.00 Luncheon from $1.75
Tel. EL 5-9352

RESTAURANT FRANCAIS
Le Chanteclair
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
Your hosts: Rene and Maurice Dreyfus
MEMBER OF THE DINER'S CLUB
18 E. 49 St. • PL 5-7731 • Open Sun. 5-10 P.M.

the mirror stand I had to have. How much did you pay Honda?"

When he told her, she reached out and touched his elbow. She said that Honda should have asked only the small special hourly fee paid when geishas are taken to the theatre or to the country or to some ceremony.

"You see why I cannot go back to Yūtenji," she said.

At the time, Harry thought he saw.

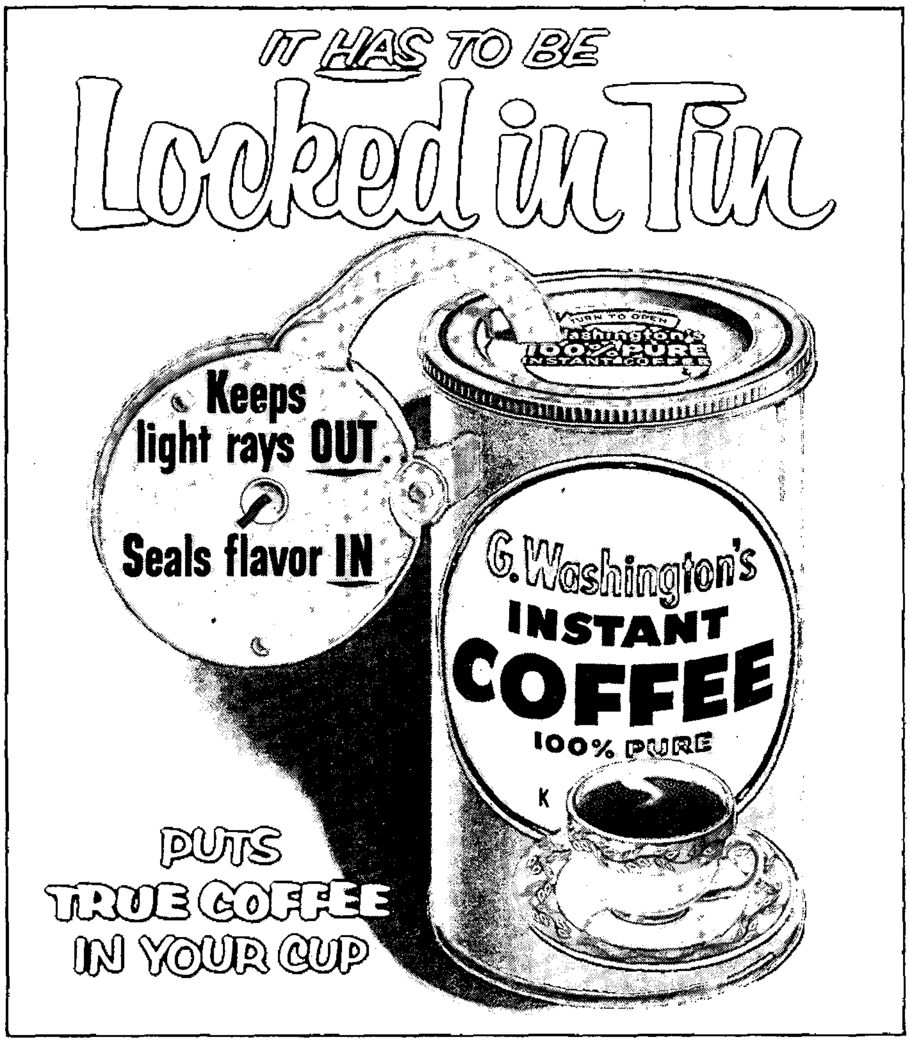
FROM Iidabashi, in the northwestern part of Tokyo, to Mishuku, in the southwestern part, is about six miles, but a good ten by the back lanes through which Harry was driving. The big bags of charcoal, eight of them, heaped in the bed of the weapons carrier would not look like Army goods to the M.P.s, and so he avoided the thoroughfares. He had had an urgent telephone call from Ayamé, asking him to come to Elder Sister's house and to pick up the charcoal, which O-Kaki had arranged for, on the way. From the beginning, Harry had not liked the affair. Putting off the motor-pool sergeant when he took the weapons carrier instead of his jeep had been bad enough; worse was the black-market warehouse in Iidabashi, stuffed with Japanese Army goods that should have been turned in long ago and with plainly marked American supplies that had no business being there. The laborers, wearing blue smocks with their guild sign on the back, and rubber-soled canvas shoes with a separation for the big toe, their legs wrapped in ragged spiral puttees, their heads circled by narrow cloth sweatbands, were expecting him, but even so it had taken quite long enough to load the eight bags.

Once he reached Mishuku, he had no trouble finding the muddy lane to O-Kaki's house, for during the past few weeks he had often waited at the foot of it for Ayamé. Until today, she hadn't let him approach the house itself, and he was not sure he could identify it. Nevertheless, in the lane his tension left him; there would be no M.P.s to notice if he went poking uncertainly along. Would Ayamé be there ahead of him? Would there be anyone to unload the bags? He knew nothing about O-Kaki's household, except that Ayamé seemed to live there on sufferance and that O-Kaki was a retired geisha whom Ayamé respectfully called Elder Sister, although she described her as a tyrant and her husband as a drunkard. No doubt the black-market charcoal was tribute for the tyrant.

First, second, third (did that flimsy

G. Washington's

The Only Instant Coffee SO GOOD...



G. Washington's in NEW BEAD FORM

If you are one who can't stand that off-coffee flavor, this is the instant coffee for *you.* A blend of the world's finest coffees—*and nothing but coffee*—G. Washington's is percolated in small batches, extracted, then sealed with all its rich, fresh flavor into light-proof, flavor-lock tins.

Thus you enjoy G. Washington's natural, mellow coffee taste—never harsh or bitter, never flat or wishy-washy. Yet it costs no more.

Try the new Bead-Form G. Washington's Instant Coffee for the sheer pleasure of deep-down *true-coffee* flavor. We think you'll agree it's the best instant coffee you ever tasted.

Yes, the New G. Washington's is the only one flavor-locked in tin...

LIKE PREMIUM QUALITY GROUND COFFEES

ALSO-QUICK 1 CUP "ACES" Sized for purse or pocket, they give you the same fine coffee wherever hot water is available. For home or office, for trips of all kinds, for real *true coffee* anywhere. Strips of 3 or packets of 12.

Gift-investment in vests

Here's a bright idea for a gift to brighten up a man's wardrobe.

Even a conservative gentleman likes to liven up his attire once in a while with a courageous touch of color-contrast for his customary oxford gray, navy blue or charred brown. A necktie can turn the trick . . . but there's a newer, surefire solution.

Viyella tattersall vests by Hart Schaffner & Marx are handsomely varied in pattern and color. They're a gala gift that makes a man's "thank you" have a genuine ring to it.

The more the merrier

Viyella is a twill-weave fabric, imported from England. It has the rich appearance of all-wool, but is really a pliable combination of fine wool and cotton . . . lightweight enough for ideal comfort, supple enough for easy style and drape.

Better make your selections now. And we do mean "selections" because every recipient is bound to want two or three. Nothing perks up a man's attire more than a vest that has some gumption to it. It gives him a Beau Nash approach to his daily routine.

So here's how to be an especially welcome Santa this Christmas . . . to yourself and to others.

At these and many other fine dealer stores:

Hartford	Horsfalls
New York	Wallachs
Wash. D. C.	Raleigh Haberdasher
Dayton, Columbus	Walkers
Tampa	Wolf Brothers
St. Louis	Wolff's
Omaha	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Denver	Cottrells
Oklahoma City	Lewinsohns
Phoenix	Hanny's

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

separate teahouse count?), fourth, fifth on the right, new, set back from the lane, no wall, no trees, and, where the garden should have been, the geometry of vegetables. This must be it. He jabbed at his horn, and waited. After a while, he got out and walked up the cinder path between the rectangular vegetable beds. The house looked shabby, even though it was new. Part of it was tile-roofed, but an extension was covered with old galvanized iron such as the homeless gathered in the ruins and knocked into a shelter. Harry stepped into the portico and called out, "*Gomen-nasai!* [Excuse me!]"

After a few moments, he could hear a shuffle of felt slippers on board flooring inside, and a woman's voice answering, "*Hai, hai!*" The paper panel slid back, and a woman in her fifties, whom he took to be O-Kaki, bowed deeply at the threshold. She was wearing a dark kimono, and her hair was slightly dishevelled.

"Please come in."

Harry pointed foolishly to the weapons carrier and said that he had brought the charcoal. The woman murmured the conventional phrase, "It was a lot of trouble for you," and told him not to bother about it. Then she called out in rough tones to someone to come and fetch it, and Harry could hear a stirring and a groaning from within the paper partitions. By the time he had taken off his shoes, a man with iron-gray hair had shuffled out. He was in the dirty uniform, without insignia, of an officer of the Japanese Army, and he smelled of alcohol. The woman ordered him to pile the charcoal bags behind the kitchen, and he grumbled sullenly "By myself?" and looked meaningfully at Harry. But he immediately slipped on wooden clogs and went toward the weapons carrier.

In the small living room, O-Kaki introduced herself formally, as if the bustle at the entrance hall were to be ignored, and served Harry tea and bits of dried fish. When Harry asked after Ayamé, she said, "She must have been delayed. Maybe she will soon be here." The shadow of the man carrying one of the bags on his shoulder flickered across a translucent paper panel, and she said, "That one is my husband. It's unbearable." Harry offered a polite denial, but she went on, "Yes, it is. You wouldn't think to look at him that he was a colonel. He still thinks he has importance. Oh, I have many friends who would give him some sort of job, and yet he sits home drinking and complaining of the ruin of Japan. But you

the Strega legend

According to ancient legend, in the City of Benevento, Italy, witches disguised as beautiful young maidens used to mix a magic brew. It was believed that when two people drank this miraculous potion they were forever afterward united.

Strega, made in Benevento where the legend was born, is today enjoyed the world over whenever good friends get together.

Free Strega Recipe Book on request. Write Dept. N, Canada Dry Liquor Dept., 100 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

85 PROOF.

STREGA

A delicious liqueur imported from Italy

Sole U. S. Agents
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

viyella vests by Hart Schaffner & Marx. In New York only we have them. Order now for Christmas, with the coupon, or see them at your nearest Wallachs store.

Sizes 38 to 46.

Solid red, black or gold, 11.50

Tattersall black/red or brown/gold checks, 12.50

Authentic tartans in red or blue, 13.50

wallachs

323 E. 44th St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.
Mail Shopping Service—
Viyella Vests MU 6-3400

Item	Quan.	Color	Size
Solid			
Tattersall			
Tartans			

Charge ☐
C.O.D. ☐
M.O. or Check ☐

Name..........

Address..........

City..........Zone........State..........

N. Y. C. deliveries subject to 3% sales tax. Add 29c shipping charges beyond the United Parcel Service area.

must have a drink, too." She brought out some Japanese gin.

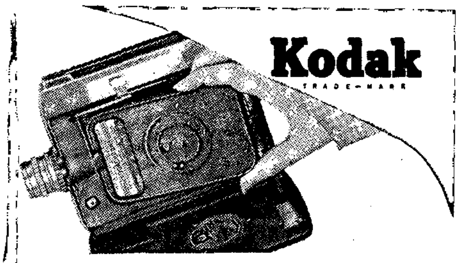
She began to ask Harry questions, first polite, conventional ones about his family and birthplace in America, and then more and more unabashed and intimate ones about Ayamé and himself and the villa in Yūtenji. Harry felt embarrassed by the questions, but he was relieved that she knew about their affair at Yūtenji, because it eliminated one possible reason for his having been kept away from her house.

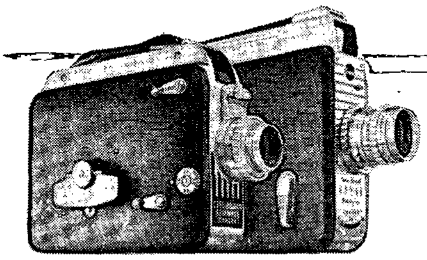
After the second glass of gin, O-Kaki's face became flushed, and she began to tell gay stories of her life before the war. Harry decided that her tongue might be loose enough to answer if he questioned her about why Ayamé wouldn't let him come here. Instead of answering, O-Kaki got to her feet and said, "Come." She led him through a short passageway back to the kitchen. A Japanese kitchen is at ground level or lower, earth-floored, dark, damp, and cool, so that food will keep. It is a persistent symbol of the servility of the female sex—which ended with the war—and no one thinks of making it spacious or comfortable. In a corner of O-Kaki's kitchen, there was just space enough for one rush mat and a mirror stand.

"There," O-Kaki said. "She is ashamed. In this narrow little house there are many people. This was the only place I could find for Ayamé-san."

Harry looked at the single mat in the dark corner. His throat tightened. Perhaps he had been too ready to accept her decision to move. Perhaps he had only begun to glimpse the character hidden by her outward gentleness. But he remembered that he had been worried the day she came to tell him she was moving, and that she had been warm and affectionate and trembling a little.

O-Kaki brought him back to the living room and poured more gin. When he again asked why Ayamé had not returned, she bobbed her head slightly, in





The easy way to make beautiful movies

Kodak
TRADE-MARK

It loads in 3 seconds!

Drop factory-loaded film magazine into camera . . . close the cover—and shoot! Switch magazines (from black-and-white to color) in middle of reel—in broad daylight. Film *can't* become light-struck.

Here are Kodak's two fine magazine cameras—

For extra-low film cost—choose the Cine-Kodak Magazine 8 Camera, $149.50. For extra-large movies—choose the 16mm. Cine-Kodak Royal Magazine Camera, $169.50. They're the easiest-to-use, most dependable movie makers ever.

You get Kodak "extras" in each camera—

Fast f/1.9 lens—enough speed for most light conditions. **Real close-ups**—focus down to inches. **Slow motion, too**—ideal for fast-action subjects. **Little winding**—gives l-o-n-g action scenes. **Takes auxiliary lenses**—wide-angle to telephotos. **See your Kodak dealer** for easy terms.

Prices include Federal Tax and are subject to change without notice.

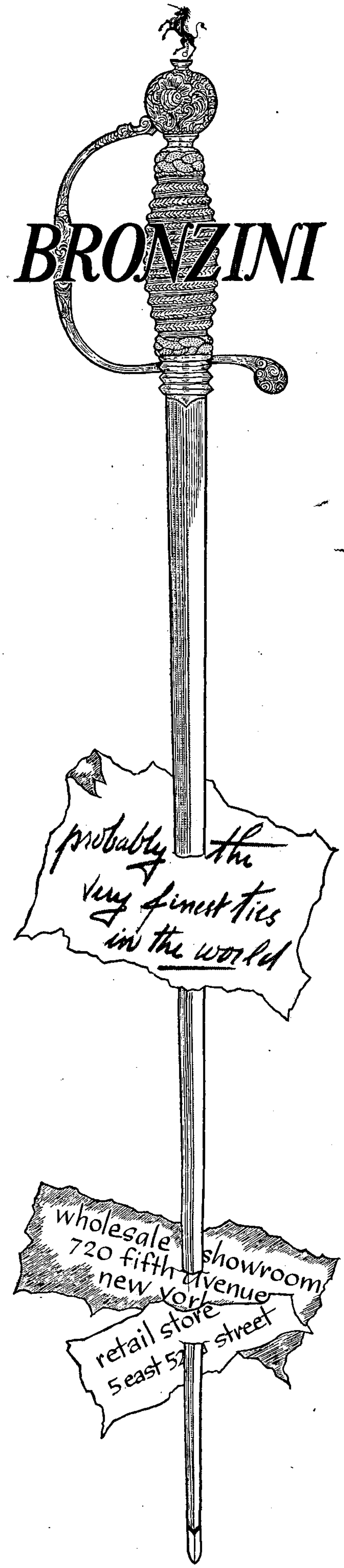
Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester 4, N. Y.

One jewel stands out

A jewel from our designer collection stands alone — for its beauty . . . and because there is no other like it in the world.

Our "Flamingo" brooch has been completed just in time for your Christmas giving. The body is formed by a flamingo colored fresh water pearl. A pink diamond is the eye, a half moon diamond the bill, and 52 more diamonds are set in platinum. 2¾" high. $2400 Federal Tax Incl.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS



BRONZINI

probably the very finest ties in the world

wholesale showroom
720 fifth avenue
new york

retail store
5 east 57th street

the Japanese gesture that can be either doubt or evasion. "It was not only because of the charcoal that I asked you to come here."

"For what other reason?" Harry asked.

O-Kaki did not answer directly. "Now that I have seen you, it's all right. Ayamé can trust you." She replenished Harry's glass, though he had taken only a sip, and filled her empty one. "Do you know why she left Yūtenji?" she asked.

"Because Honda was cheating her."

"No," she said. "That did not matter."

"Because he cheated me?"

"More than that." She smiled at the stupidity of Americans. "But it was because of you. She cannot go back now, even if she should want to. The world of the geisha is very conservative."

"I don't understand."

"No. Americans don't understand." She must be quite drunk now, Harry thought, and waited.

"She has broken her agreement with her master, who was responsible for her. She refused to obey him when he told her that a first-class geisha must not become too fond of a foreigner. Now she cannot work anywhere, for it is known that she left Yūtenji, and no other house will take such a person. Therefore, Ha-san has incurred an obligation. That is why I wanted to see this Ha-san."

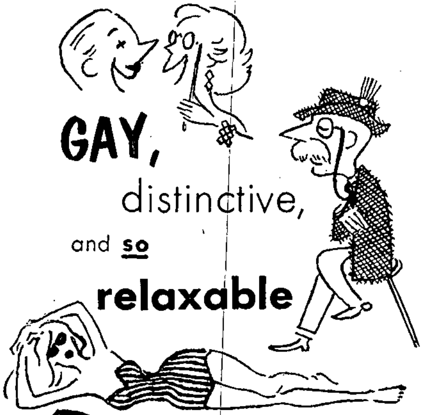
"You mean she has been blacklisted?"

"She has lost her standing," O-Kaki said. She went on to explain that Ayamé's personal status had remained intact even when she accepted a humble position in the villa at Yūtenji. That in itself was no barrier; if she had become popular once more, her name on the lips of the fashionable world, or if she had found a wealthy patron, she could have become again what she had been in Akasaka. But now, as O-Kaki explained in sharp, direct phrases, she had behaved willfully toward clients at Yūtenji. More than that, she had finally run off with a foreigner. The word was spoken scornfully.

"I did everything I could to persuade her not to meet you again, and to return to Yūtenji. I ordered her not to meet you. She didn't say anything, and I thought she would obey. But she met you secretly, not letting you come here. You see how willful she has been—like an American. It is not Japanese conduct to do what she has done." There was now no rebuke in O-Kaki's tone, only regret. Very likely she was thinking of the classic story of Townsend Harris, the first American consul in Japan, and

Her social calendar calls for a holiday dress. Party perfection: our bouffant ballerina of rose-printed nylon, by Wee Togs. Sizes 3 to 6x, 8.95

Lord & Taylor, New York



GAY, distinctive, and so relaxable

Delray Beach

The Florida Gold Coast's smartest resort city got that way for three very good reasons—her country-squire*ish* setting close to famed metropolitan centers . . . her brighter social and sportive mood that leads you on a gay whirl of recreation and congenial conviviality...her serene air of enchantment that helps you relax and get so much more good from a winter vacation. For all the tempting details, simply address:

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, Dept. N
Delray Beach, Florida

his mistress, O-Kichi, at first ostracized and called *rashamen* (foreigner's mistress), and then, after her death, honored for gentling the barbarian and making him more understanding of Japan. One heard the story so often during the Occupation that it became a platitude. It perfectly mirrored the ambivalence of the Japanese, who reached out toward the science and technology of the West, symbolized by the consul, at the same time that they longed more than ever to withdraw into the secluded harmonies of their floating world, symbolized by the geisha. Already in Harris's day—in the eighteen-fifties—there was this tension; the Japanese debated and brawled and slew each other while they held him for many long months at the little port of Shimoda, hoping that they could deal with him and with the West at arm's length. And when they finally bowed to necessity, they sealed off small enclaves of ancient custom, to which they admitted foreigners only reluctantly.

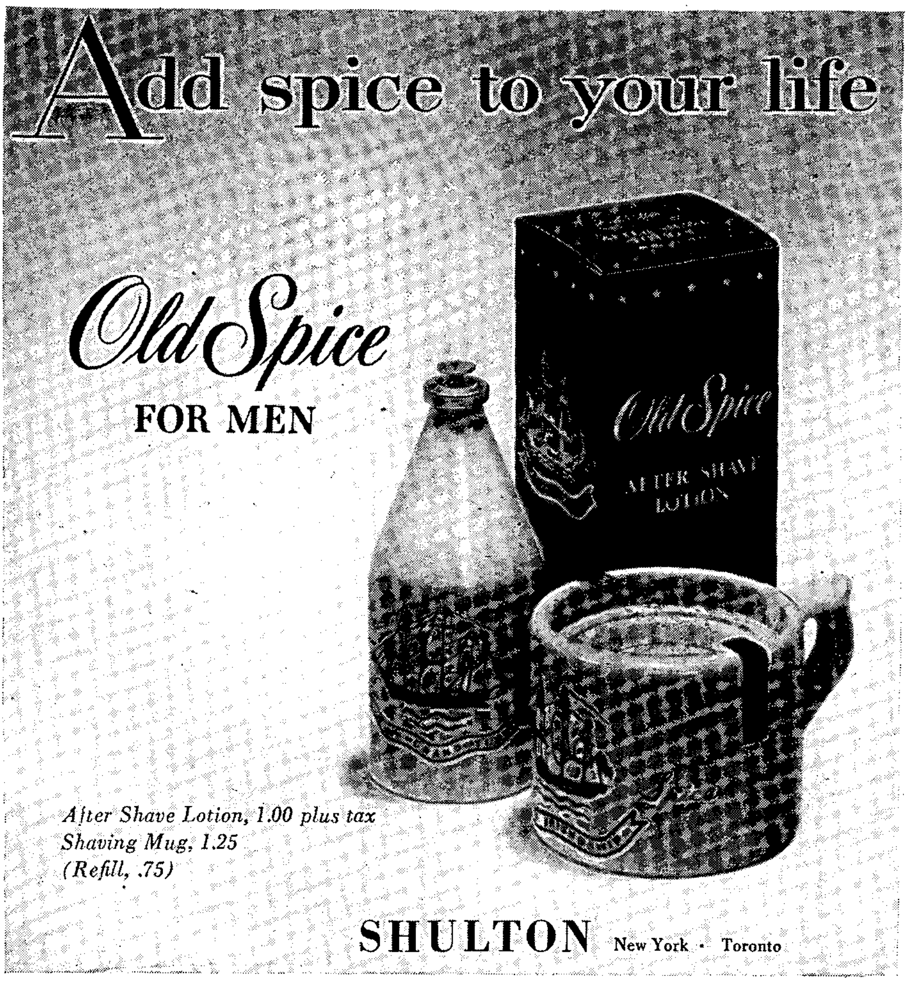
"I also told her that sooner or later you must return to America." O-Kaki's voice broke in upon Harry's thoughts.

"It is true, Elder Sister." Involuntarily, he used the term of respect. Elder Sister, tyrant, shrew—was she any of these things, or none? Bit by bit, she was forcing Harry to look at the reality—the Japanese reality—of his relationship to Ayamé, at the shadows that he had often managed to drive out of his mind. "We must do something before then," he said. "If she cannot become a geisha again—then something else."

"Ha-san is a kind man. When I found out what Ayamé was doing—and there was no way, really, that it could escape my notice—I thought I ought to talk to Ha-san. It might have been better to be unkind from the beginning. You see, the more you do for Ayamé in kindness, the more you alienate her from her own world."

NEVERTHELESS, Harry did a great deal. His first enterprise was to get Ayamé out of the kitchen of O-Kaki's house, even though he had come to like the sloppy, gin-drinking woman more than he had suspected he would when he hauled her charcoal across Tokyo. She had the easygoing simplicity, a combination of sympathy and realism, that one sometimes finds among the mistresses of restaurants and *machiai;* the Japanese call them *anego* (elder sisters to whom one can tell one's troubles).

Harry consulted his friend Kimura,



Add spice to your life

Old Spice
FOR MEN

After Shave Lotion, 1.00 plus tax
Shaving Mug, 1.25
(Refill, .75)

SHULTON New York · Toronto

In Naples--and New York--it's
"CINZANO ON THE ROCKS"

IN ITALY — and at New York's chic restaurants, Mr. and Mrs. Igor Cassini — he's the celebrated columnist Cholly Knickerbocker — enjoy "Cinzano on the Rocks." It's the drink famed in all capitals of the world — indeed, Cinzano means vermouth on the Continent. If you like your drinks full-bodied, rich and smooth — perfect with a smoke — then order Cinzano Italian. For a drink that's dry and light, just brilliant — order Cinzano French. Cinzano Italian or French "makes" your favorite cocktail. Established 1816. Imported by Cinzano, Inc., New York, N. Y.

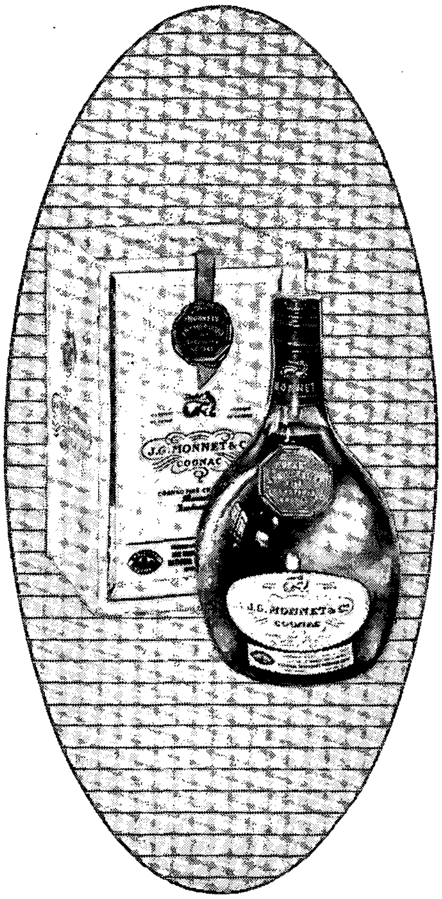
Imported from CINZANO Italy and France

Give Matchless

MONNET

Anniversaire

COGNAC



What could be a more elegant, tasteful liquor gift this year than the Anniversaire bottling of magnificent Monnet Cognac...in a handsome wooden box, beautifully wax-sealed! *4/5 quart price in New York State......* $10.20

82 Proof. National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

and after many cautious inquiries they learned that a Mr. Minakami, in outlying Sakura-jōsui, or Cherry Blossom Aqueduct, was willing to rent two rooms in his house. They went to see him. His house was secluded and much more Japanese than the villa in Yūtenji. It was two-storied and T-shaped. In one of the angles of the T there was a small garden and pond whose exquisite perspectives created the illusion of distance. In the other angle of the T were a vegetable garden, a well, and a pump with a one-cylinder gasoline engine. Since there was no pressure, and no storage tank between the pump and the plumbing system, someone had to go out and start the engine whenever one needed to use even a drop of water. And the engine announced itself to the whole neighborhood, particularly in the middle of the night. Nothing discloses feudal notions of rank and privilege better than domestic arrangements. Minakami assured Harry that he would suffer no inconvenience, since even if he rose at night, he had only to rap on the bathroom floor with a block of wood kept there for that purpose and one of the women of the house would dash out and start the engine and wait for another rap to turn it off again. As for himself, Minakami said, he regarded the engine as one of the duties of his wife, but an American might have democratic ideas and the house was full of maids who understood the engine perfectly.

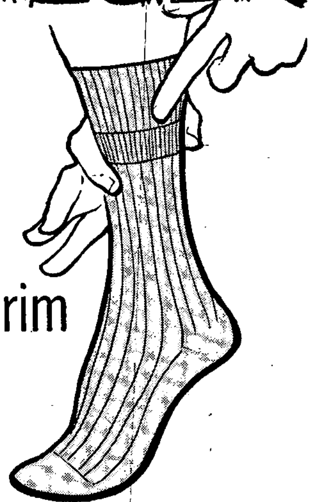
There were new maids in the house every fortnight or so—merry little country girls, delighted to be in Tokyo and for whom no work was ever too much. Minakami came from an important feudal family in Fukushima Prefecture; his father had been governor of Formosa and had now retired to his ancestral village. Whenever Minakami needed rice, village girls were sent down on the crowded trains with huge knapsacks on their backs, and they were permitted to remain at the villa for a while as a reward.

Minakami took Harry and Kimura through the house and up to the two large rooms on the second floor that were vacant. He was an alert man with an uncommon well-fed look, and he ran up the stairs and pushed back the heavy wooden shutters with abundant energy. When the shutters slid away, opening one whole side of each room, they disclosed a narrow porch with a wicker chaise longue, and a breathtaking view of Mount Fuji.

"Your house is beautiful," Harry said, "and I would like to bring a friend

JAEGER

the inter-rim sock



At last . . . a completely new kind of woolen sock! Not too short, not too long, but wonderfully in-between. . . with Lastex just below the calf to hold it up and keep out ankle wrinkles!

Long-wearing nylon-spliced toe and heel, and won't shrink either!

Colors: Greys in Charcoal, Dark or Medium mixtures. Heather mixtures in navy, brown, lovat or oatmeal Only $1.75

Available at better stores or write
F. A. MACCLUER, INC.
160 EAST 56 STREET
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

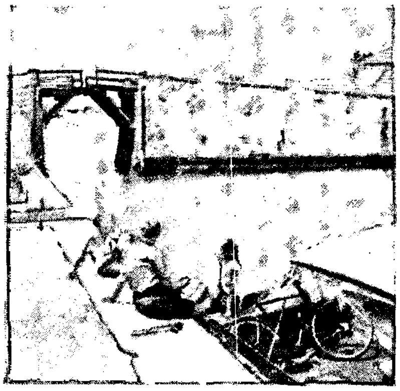
IMPORTS OF Distinction

Particular preserves for particular people have been the forte of Chivers of England since 1806. Bitter yet sweet Orange Marmalade (Seville Oranges of course), delectable Black Currant and luscious whole-berry Strawberry Preserves . . . a royal threesome of true-fruit goodness. Flavour Aristocrats on any table.

Chivers Olde English Marmalade
Chivers & Sons Ltd. Histon, Cambridge, Eng.
1 LB NET

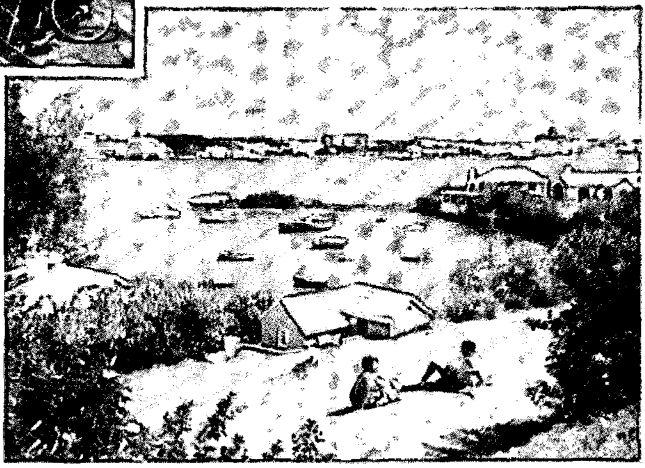
A. GOLDMARK & SONS, CORP., N. Y.
Importers of TERRY'S OF YORK CHOCOLATES
ROSE'S LIME JUICE AND LIME MARMALADE

BEAUTIFUL...



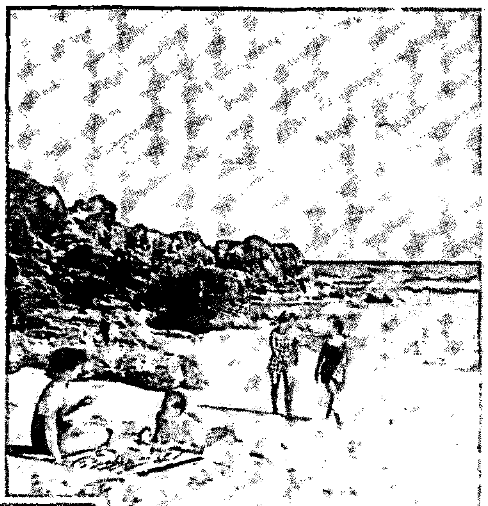
Sightseeing: the smallest drawbridge in the world.

BEAUTIFUL...



Loafing: on a grassy hill-top overlooking a tiny inlet.

BEAUTIFUL Bermuda



Beauty everywhere—in sea, sky and foliage. Days sparkle with brilliant sunshine. Here is the place for loafing time away on pink sandy beaches, for busying yourself with golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, with sightseeing and shopping . . . Go to Bermuda in a great ocean liner or fly in a modern airliner . . . live as you please in a splendid hotel or charming guest house. For the best of holidays—come to beautiful Bermuda.

A Recommendation: Bermuda's hotels, guest houses and carriers suggest you arrange your holiday through your Travel Agent who will save you time and money in planning your vacation.

Bermuda
WELCOMES YOU

FREE ⇨

Write for the beautifully illustrated, full colour, 16-page booklet, "Bermuda Welcomes You," and the Travel Kit which gives you information on hotels, guest houses, shops, transportation facilities.

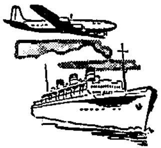
THE BERMUDA TRADE DEVELOPMENT BOARD,
Dept. Y411, 620 Fifth Ave., New York 20
GENTLEMEN: Please send me, without charge, the Travel Kit which contains "Bermuda Welcomes You."

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*________ *Zone*____ *State*______

TRAVELLING AROUND



During the post-War II years Bermuda has become more popular than ever. The nearness of these mid-Atlantic Islands to the United States is an advantage. For example, B.O.A.C. offers top flight service from New York at a tourist round-trip fare of $99. Just 3¼ hours flying time in famous Constellation comfort. And Colonial Airlines offers daily Skycruiser service between New York and Bermuda at tourist rates—$99 round trip, plus fed. tax. The superb Liners Queen of Bermuda and Ocean Monarch provide four glorious days at sea as part of your holiday, two days each way.

The variety of living accommodations is amazing. The Belmont Manor Hotel with its 18-hole golf course and the waterside Inverurie provide everything for vacation fun. Bermuda's largest seaside resort, Castle Harbour ranks as one of the world's greatest hotels. Hub of social activities is Elbow Beach Surf Club, an oceanside "resort estate," with beautiful beach, sports, dancing nightly.

Bermuda's guest houses are unique. Cambridge Beaches, a distinctive cottage colony, has bathing and water sports at your door. Faraway Cottage Colony has one of Bermuda's finest beaches—ideal if you're taking the children. The Mid-Ocean Club boasts a world-famous golf course, a beautiful secluded beach and congenial atmosphere. Century-old Waterloo House, near Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, has private pier, terraced garden, old world charm.

Hamilton's shops display the best Europe has to offer. You can pick up a gift in Wm. Bluck & Co. in china, glass, silver or furniture. You'll find a complete stock of foreign cameras in The Camera Shop where printing and developing are done. A. S. Cooper & Sons overwhelm you with imported china, silver, antiques, furnishings and fine clothing for men and women. Peniston-Brown Co. has an outstanding selection of Guerlain, Caron, Lanvin, Patou, Chanel, Corday, Nina-Ricci, Millot perfumes. H. A. & E. Smith is the big store in Bermuda with just about everything in clothing, furnishings, and antiques. Trimingham's is a place for a connoisseur to shop for handsome British imports and other smart clothes. For tooth paste, razor blades and such there's a Rexall drug store, The Phoenix, on Queen Street. Out in lovely Somerset, in The Irish Linen Shop, there is beautiful linen for every need. And your holiday isn't complete until you see how, through enfleurage and distillation, delicate Lili Perfumes are made. Shopping finished, you can relax after dinner at The Bermudiana Theatre where your favorite stars perform. Come on down, it's wonderful.

(*Advertisement*)

from
any
angle
TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
4/5 Quart
86 Proof
Perfection of
Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. TEACHER & SONS Ltd.
GLASGOW
Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK
always right! It's the flavor.

of mine to live here. How much rent must I pay?"

"Nothing at all," Minakami said.

Harry protested. He was used to the Japanese habit of giving exorbitant gifts. It was impossible to distinguish those that sprang from kindness from those that placed the recipient under a vague obligation, to be drawn upon later, like a bank deposit. But Minakami's gesture seemed too excessive and in any case Harry would be under some obligation to him for an arrangement of doubtful legality, since rentals were required to be authorized. He appealed to Kimura, who, in turn, protested to Minakami. After some polite evasions, Minakami finally explained that he was afraid a strange family would be quartered with him, according to a new law, if he had so much empty space. If it was a Japanese family, there was sure to be the usual trouble of two women in one kitchen.

AT Sakura-jōsui, Harry passed the long, hot summer. His official duties were not very demanding. He returned to his billet only for mail and to buy things at the PX. Ayamé bought food—everything but rice and sugar—from the street venders, whose musical cries could be heard in the late afternoon. The maids did the laborious preparing of the ingredients and Ayamé the table-cooking, over a pretty little bronze brazier. The Minakamis spent many evenings in his second-floor rooms, the coolest place in the house. Harry would recline in the wicker chaise wearing only shorts, and the Minakamis would accept this suggestion of ease, and at the same time acknowledge his position as host in their own house, with a tactful "Is it all right to be nude?" and sprawl on the cool rush mats in the flimsiest of bath kimonos.

Mrs. Minakami was versed in Kiyomoto, the most lyrical and sensuous style of classical Japanese music, and she would often gently debate its merits as opposed to Ayamé's more worldly Tokiwazu style, both women illustrating their points now and again by singing or playing phonograph records.

On other evenings, Harry entertained some of his many Japanese friends, whose personalities, he noticed, changed in such surroundings, losing whatever touches of the West they had acquired. And sometimes he invited a few of his more discriminating American friends. Harry was proud of Ayamé, and exhibited her as souvenir hunters would exhibit a kimono or an ancient sword. She served food and

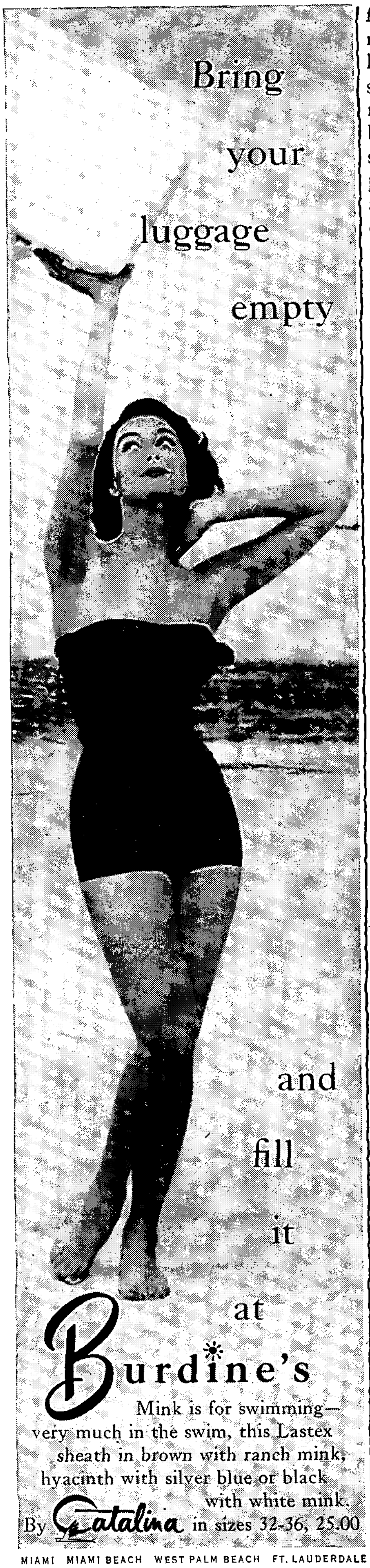
For Men of Responsibility

...it's the **DOBBS**

Embassy

The reputation of Dobbs as a leader in creating fine Homburgs is reflected in the distinguished new Embassy. Master hat craftsmen give it the *precise details* of dimension and curl of brim that make it outstanding. At finer stores. $12.50, $15, and $20. Also available in Canada

Dobbs Hats, New York's Leading Hatter, Park Ave. at the Waldorf, N.Y. 22, N.Y.


Bring your luggage empty and fill it at Burdine's

Mink is for swimming—very much in the swim, this Lastex sheath in brown with ranch mink, hyacinth with silver blue or black with white mink. By Catalina in sizes 32-36, 25.00

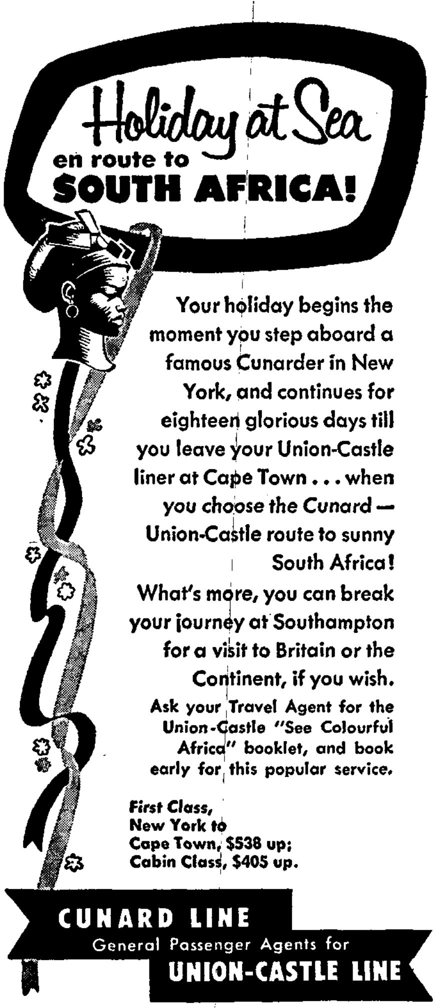
MIAMI MIAMI BEACH WEST PALM BEACH FT. LAUDERDALE

filled glasses in the prescribed unhurried manner, kneeling for each service, her left hand gathering the long right sleeve of her formal kimono. The musky, not-sweet perfume she used blended with the subtle fragrance of soy and filled the room. She kept up a patter of conversation, making personal and intimate remarks with impersonal ease. She had a trick of making each of the three or four Americans and his mood of the moment seem the center of her attention. Perhaps it was this simple, never generalized sensitivity, held short of worship or pursuit, that Americans found so fresh and appealing in Japanese women. No doubt it was a custom, a habit, but because the Americans were astonished by it, and treated it as an individual response, as Japanese men did not, the women quickly made it so.

Years afterward, it was these evenings that Harry remembered most—these and his earlier weekends with Ayamé in some country inn. He hardly knew whether he was in love with her as a person or as a symbol of a vanishing civilization or because of a quality unknown in Western life, a quality of harmony somehow filled with a direct flow of human feeling between person and person. In 1952, when Harry came back to Japan, he saw from a train window an inn at Okitsu where he had been with Ayamé. It was a moment of great emotion. But even then he could not tell whether he had returned to search for Ayamé or for yesterday. He knew for certain only that she had opened the door a little upon a Japan that hardly survived, and that it had been a good and true experience.

On weekends and holidays, Harry would try to read a little Japanese, with Ayamé's help, or to teach her the Roman alphabet, which she considered much more difficult than the Japanese syllabary, with its invariable pronunciation. Or they would walk along the verdant edge of Cherry Blossom Canal, peeping at gardens through the narrow gateways of the houses alongside and speculating on the kind of people who lived there. Ayamé found it almost impossible to walk abreast of him, even though he had made her agree to do so, but fell a foot or two behind, as if he were Japanese, unless he took her elbow firmly.

One day, walking in this manner, they went as far as a dressmaking school on the opposite bank of the canal. The school taught Japanese girls the Western styles that had been out of reach


Holiday at Sea en route to SOUTH AFRICA!

Your holiday begins the moment you step aboard a famous Cunarder in New York, and continues for eighteen glorious days till you leave your Union-Castle liner at Cape Town . . . when you choose the Cunard—Union-Castle route to sunny South Africa!

What's more, you can break your journey at Southampton for a visit to Britain or the Continent, if you wish.

Ask your Travel Agent for the Union-Castle "See Colourful Africa" booklet, and book early for this popular service.

First Class, New York to Cape Town, $538 up; Cabin Class, $405 up.

CUNARD LINE General Passenger Agents for UNION-CASTLE LINE

Voila! It'll taste better with ESCOFFIER SAUCE!

Unquestionably the world's finest sauce—the most expensive—and worth it! Created by the world-renowned chef, A. Escoffier.

SAUCE DIABLE—Piquant, sharp and zesty . . . does wonders for fish and meat!

SAUCE ROBERT—uniquely spicy yet smooth . . . a must for steaks, chops and poultry.

SAUCE MELBA—the heart of fresh raspberries . . . a wonderfully rich dessert sauce.

Imported from England.

Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc. New York

for so long. Harry felt a tremor run through Ayamé's elbow, and she pulled back gently until he had to stop.

"Soon you must go back to America."

"Perhaps not so soon."

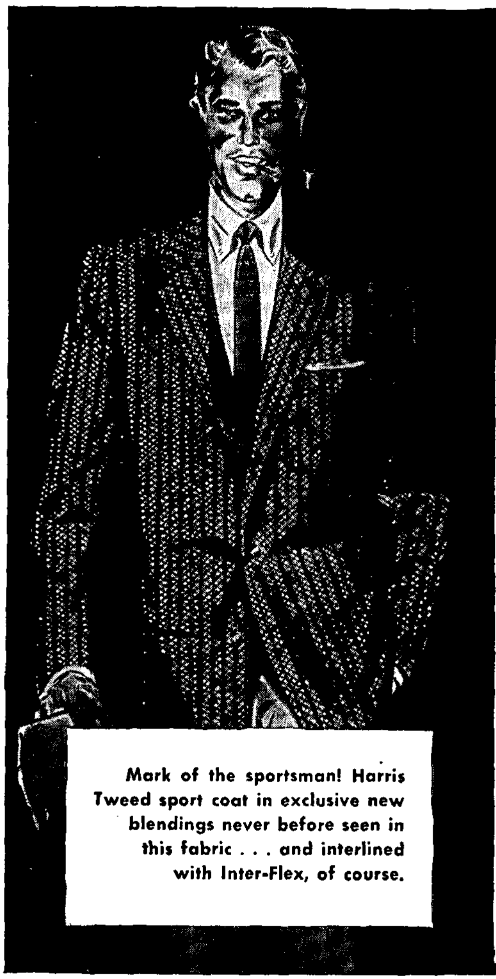
They both knew that it could not be long until he was ordered home, but they liked to pretend that the time was indefinite.

"After you have gone," she said firmly, "I will enter that school."

They now often spoke about finding something for Ayamé to do after his departure, but always vaguely. This was the first specific proposal that either of them had made. Ayamé would never talk of returning to her former life. Once, when Harry tried to joke about it, she became angry. But now she discussed the school as if she had thought about it for a long time. She had even inquired about the tuition. She talked of a career as a dress designer; she would introduce small elements of Japanese taste into the Western-style dresses now in demand. Harry had never seen her in such clothes, and wondered whether she would look as awkward in them as other Japanese girls. But after that, whenever they walked past the school, she talked about her plans in more and more detail.

At the beginning of September, Harry finally received his orders. When he told Minakami, he said that the most difficult problem connected with his departure was finding a place for Ayamé to live in ruined Tokyo. Instantly, without seeming to have paused to think, Minakami said that Ayamé must stay on in his house after Harry left. Harry could see no sensible reason for the offer—not even a Japanese reason—and because of its grandeur he was reluctant to accept. He wavered for several days, and then, one afternoon, he brought Kimura out to Sakura-jōsui to see if there was anything back of Minakami's offer.

He waited upstairs with Ayamé while Kimura and Minakami talked. It was still very hot, and the time passed slowly. He shed his uniform and settled into the chaise with a Japanese primer, but after a while he stopped pretending to study it and watched Ayamé. She had been wearing a very thin bath kimono, not expecting him so early. She slid the knot of her light sash to the front and undid it. She took off her kimono, folded it in the prescribed way, and put it away in a chest of shallow drawers. Even in the very hot weather, she wore at least one *koshi-maki*, of the thinnest, finest wool flannel. The


Mark of the sportsman! Harris Tweed sport coat in exclusive new blendings never before seen in this fabric . . . and interlined with Inter-Flex, of course.

THE HEART
OF THE GARMENT

Inter-Flex®

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

NEW NAME
FOR INTERLINING...
FEATURED IN

COLLEGE HALL

Inter-Flex, a Product of
NATIONAL HAIR CLOTH COMPANY
Philadelphia, New York City

JUSTERINI & BROOKS

Charles Dickens was an eminent patron of Justerini & Brooks who have been purveyors of fine wines and spirits for over two centuries. Today this celebrated house is famous for a standard of quality that has brought good cheer and good fellowship to every corner of the world. Try the famous J & B Scotch, of flavour unsurpassed.

Pennies more in cost
Worlds apart in quality

J&B
SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky

Imported by
THE PADDINGTON
CORPORATION,
630 Fifth Avenue,
New York 20

"Oh, no–not again!"

"Well—!!XX?%$#! I stick around half the night to get these estimates finished and mailed...and now look! Just a few torn stamps. Why does it always happen to me?"

○ It needn't! Now, even the smallest office can do away with licking, sticking and guarding stamps...with postage *always* available! How? With the DM, little desk model postage meter.

○ It *prints* postage, any amount needed for any kind of mail, right on the envelope...with your own small ad, if you like...and a dated postmark, so the mail goes faster through the postoffice. Supplies parcel postage on special tape. Has a moistener for sealing envelopes.

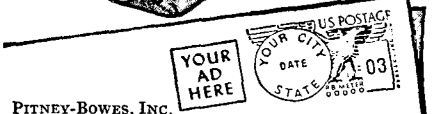
○ The DM can be set for as much postage as you need to buy...protects it from loss, or spoilage, and automatically accounts for it.

○ Other models, hand and electric, for larger firms. Ask the nearest PB office for a demonstration. Or send the coupon for free illustrated booklet.

FREE: ***Handy chart of Postal Rates with parcel post map and zone finder***

PITNEY-BOWES
Postage Meter

Offices in 93 cities in U.S. and Canada



Pitney-Bowes, Inc.
1624 Pacific St., Stamford, Conn.
Please send free ☐ DM booklet, ☐ chart to:
*Name*__________________________
*Address*__________________________

koshi-maki is an ancient kind of Japanese underwear favored by geisha, but disappearing now that they have taken up golf. It is a rectangular piece of cloth, much like a sarong, and it is wrapped one and a half times around the hips and held fast by turning a corner in, leaving the upper part of the body bare and falling a few inches short of the ankles. In cold weather, Ayamé would add *koshi-maki* after *koshi-maki* until she felt warm, but the cloth was so fine that it never bulged visibly.

Now she dropped to her knees in front of her mirror stand and began the long, long business of doing her hair, powdering her neck, and making up her face. She had the figure of a young boy, and its slenderness was exaggerated when she raised her hands to her hair. Her skin was extraordinarily smooth and white, even where it was not powdered—whiter, really, than many white skins—but the whiteness was like an outer coating over a slight peach flush. How odd it is, Harry thought, that we single out skin color as the mark of race.

He watched her tranquil movements for a long time, and he could see her watching him in her mirror. As always in their closest moments, they said nothing. She showed no sign of the tension of waiting. This was not resignation or fatalism, for she could act with the sharpest determination at times. Rather, it seemed to come from a restraint of wanting, from a discriminating acceptance of most circumstances, from a natural harmony, like that of a swimmer who turns over on his back and floats with the stream. Watching was no longer enough; Harry rose and crossed the room and put his hand on her bare left shoulder. She didn't move except to put down the small hand mirror, backed with mulberry wood, that she held in her right hand and to bring that hand gently to her left shoulder to touch his. When, finally, they heard Kimura's stockinged feet on the stairs, she put on her kimono and returned to her mirror stand. She did not pick up the mulberry mirror again but, instead, a little pair of antique mirrors, each embossed with a single autumnal maple leaf, which Harry had given her and which she really did not need at her mirror stand. They fitted into the palms of her hands, and locked together into a kind of compact when they were not being used.

Kimura came up grinning. Like many Japanese newspapermen, he affected an American jocularity and an American bluntness. He came straight

indispensable for every man!
TERRY SNAPARONG

You'll wonder how you ever got along without one! All-purpose terry SNAPARONG snaps on in a wink . . . is ideal for shaving, after-the-shower or locker room. Big, deep pocket holds shaving articles, cigarettes. Makes a wonderful gift! Small (28-32 waist), medium (34-38), large (40-44). Three adjustable fasteners. White only—**$1.95**

Also available in Aztec prints in blue, red or brown—or in Sea Horse prints in red, green or blue—**$2.50**

Send Check or Money Order. **Add 25c for shipping.** Mention quantity & size desired.

THE TOG SHOP
Jackson Street • Americus, Georgia

AMONG THE WORLD'S FINE WINES

Beaulieu Vineyard

BV WINES

Beaulieu Vineyard
BV
BEAUROSÉ

Beaurosé—a light wine of rosy tint and delicate flavor, one of the choice collection of Beaulieu vintages from Napa Valley...Beaurosé is served more and more in homes, best hotels and restaurants.

Beaulieu Vineyard, Rutherford, California

to the point. "It's all right. She can stay."

"But why does he do this?" Harry demanded. "He doesn't even accept any rent."

"It seems he is running for the Diet in the next election. That was the real reason—not the new housing law—that made him invite you here in the first place. He thought that to the people of the neighborhood it would be a sign of special influence with the Occupation to have an officer in his house. He now thinks if Miss Ayamé stays here, it will have almost the same effect."

A FEW days later, Harry went to Sōbudai, the embarkation camp, and began a long, dull wait. There was no way of finding out in advance what troopship he would be assigned to. The camp was in a valley that trapped the persistent heat. There was nothing to prevent Harry from returning to Sakura-jōsui each day after he had checked the morning's orders—nothing but the heat, and inertia, and reluctance to face a second farewell. It was nine days before he finally did return.

The Minakami maids greeted him with surprise and pleasure. Ayamé must not have heard him until he was on the polished wooden stairs, for she was still running impetuously toward him when he reached the top. She was dressed in a white sweater, a short black skirt, and short white socks. It was the first time he had seen her in Western clothes. Even when he had said goodbye, she had not cried, but now she did.

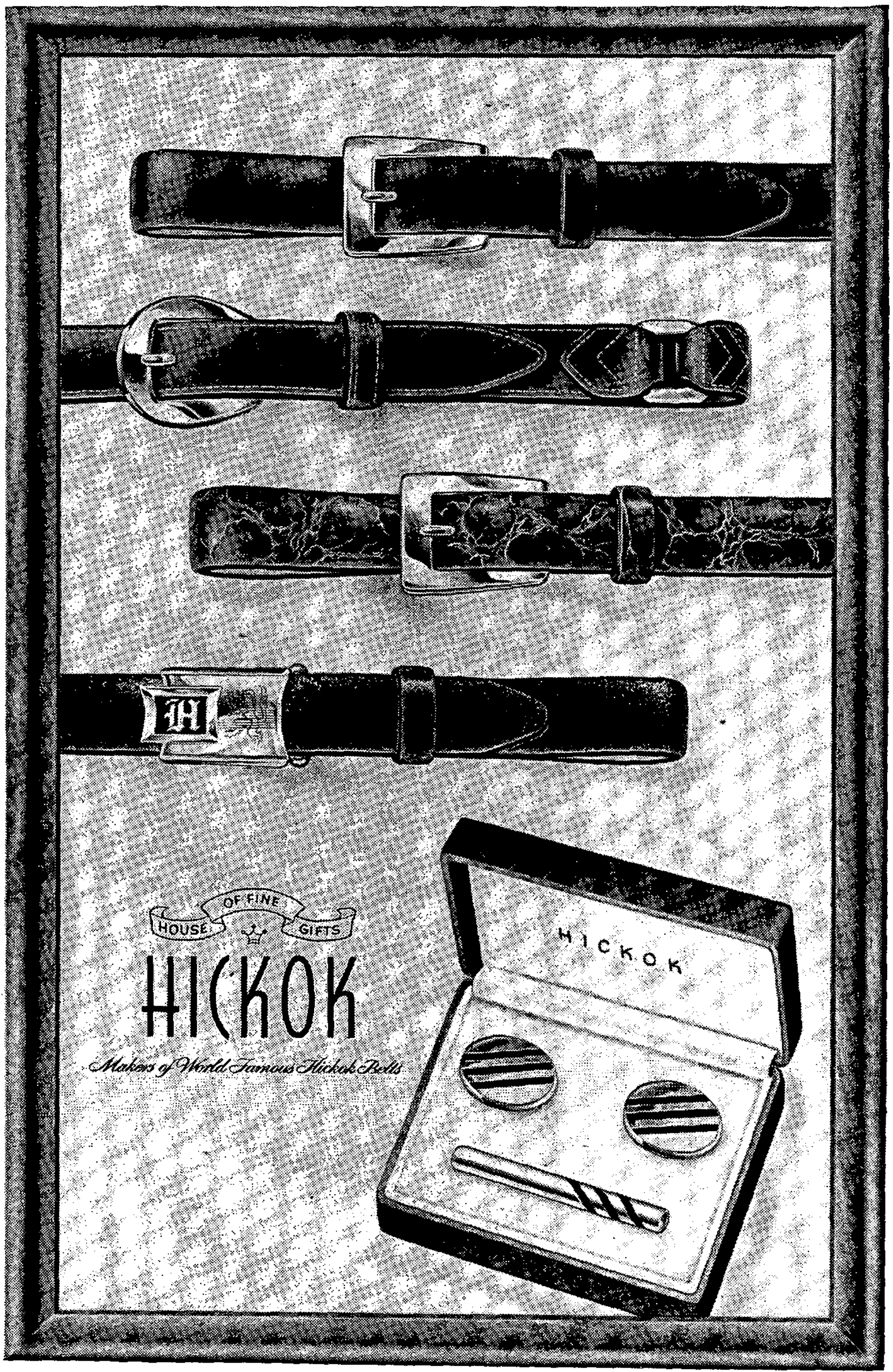
FROM America, Harry sent a stream of packages of food and clothing to Ayamé, and also to Minakami. For several months, he received postcards from her and brief letters, carefully written out in the simplified script he could read. She was going to dressmaking school; she was happy. Then the letters and postcards stopped. He heard nothing from Minakami—not even after he wrote to him twice. Then he wrote to Kimura, who took a long time to answer; he reported that Ayamé was all right, but that she was no longer living in Minakami's house and that it was very difficult to get in touch with her. The letter did not say why Ayamé had stopped writing to Harry.

More than a year later, he heard from Kimura that Ayamé had become a geisha again and was doing very well. Then, after two more years, Kimura wrote that she was prospering—that

HICKOK *Custom* **BELTS, JEWELRY**

ARE THE VERY BEST PROCURABLE

LUXURY LEATHERS, superb styling and traditional Hickok craftsmanship make Hickok Custom Belts and Jewelry the very finest procurable. At better stores only.
Top to bottom: **Mahogany Horsehide-Shell Belt, $5.00.**
Tan Calfskin "Coachman" Ring Belt, $7.50.
Alligator Belt, $10.00. Black Pinseal Snap Belt, $5.00.
Herald Square Sterling Buckle*, $5.00. Set, $10.00.
Custom Cut Tie Bar*, with exclusive Hickok Crocodile Grip, $3.50.
Links*, $5.00. Set, $8.50. *Plus Fed. Tax.



© 1954, HICKOK MFG. CO., ROCHESTER 1, N. Y.

"I'd give him gloves for Christmas but I don't know his size"

This size problem is eliminated when you send him Daniel Hays "Country Wide" gloves.

Tucked in each pair is a list of fine stores, Boston to Seattle, Miami to San Diego — "Country Wide"— who carry the identical glove and are ready to exchange with him, pair for pair, if your gift is *not* in his size.

The perfect gift glove — a happy combination of luxury and service.

AND IT'S FINGER FREE— seamless palm, seam-free finger tips, three dimensional — the most comfortable glove in the world. Hand-sewn, soft, pliable deerskin in the Cork shade...$8.50

DANIEL HAYS
Gloversville, N.Y. Est. 1854

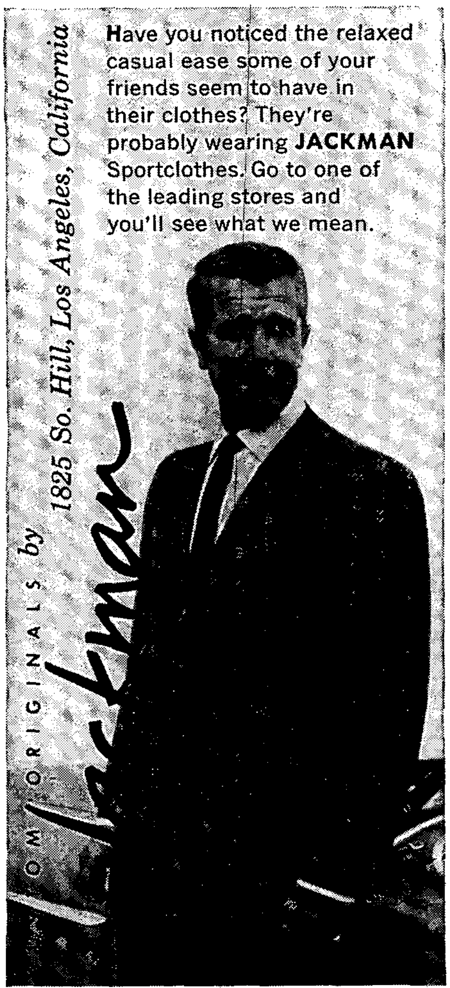
Houston, Texas
Rodney's
Joliet, Ill.
Al Baskin
Kansas City, Mo.
Woolf Bros.
Jack Henry
Los Angeles, Calif
Desmond's
Louisville, Ky.
Martin's
Madison, Wisc
Mac Neil and Moore
Miami, Fla.
Bishop's
Newark, N
Hahne &
Country Wide
EXCHANGE THEM AT ANY STORE LISTED INSIDE

she had become the manager of her own house, and that she even had a telephone listed in her own name. At that time, telephone listings were so scarce in Tokyo that they were bought and sold on an exchange, like securities. Kimura complained that he could not go to see her very often, because of the expense.

Then, after another two years, Harry was able to go to Japan again. First, he wrote to Kimura to ask Ayamé if he could see her. He did not know what new obligations she might have incurred. Quite promptly, Kimura replied that Ayamé would be happy to see him, and gave Harry her address. It was in a very fashionable section of Akasaka. Harry wrote to her at once, and she answered briefly, telling him not to come to Japan and begging him to forget her. She said she released him completely from his six-year-old promise to return. Harry wrote immediately, protesting that Kimura had said she would be happy to see him, that he had many reasons for the trip, and that he had made arrangements he could not alter.

When Harry tells this story, he always pulls Ayamé's second letter from his pocket at this point, and takes it from its elegant, long, narrow envelope, and seems to translate it aloud—as if he did not know it by heart.

"Now I must write you a long, long letter. Because there are a few things about me that are unknown to you. After you returned to America, the M.P.s were on the point of investigating Mr. Minakami's household for black-market goods. This was the consequence of an anonymous letter that some people in the neighborhood had sent them about me. I had to hide all the canned food and the clothing and the other American-branded things you left with me. So your friend Captain Stewart, who was still in Japan, came in a jeep and gathered everything together and took it away. After that, I had to leave Mr. Minakami's house, because he was afraid that my presence would cause him to lose the election. It seems that an American connection no longer made a good impression. I moved out, but he lost the election even so. I went to the nearby sewing school, on the banks of the canal along which we used to walk on warm evenings, to learn to be a dressmaker and thus to earn a living. Most of the students came for the day, but a few boarded there, because they had no other place to live. They simply spread their beds on the floor of the classroom, and I was al-


ORIGINALS by Jackman
1825 So. Hill, Los Angeles, California

Have you noticed the relaxed casual ease some of your friends seem to have in their clothes? They're probably wearing **JACKMAN** Sportclothes. Go to one of the leading stores and you'll see what we mean.

Life of the Party!

B in B Canapés
Hollow out B in B Mushroom Crowns. Finely chop stems and mix with cream cheese. Soften with mushroom broth. Flavor as you like, and fill crowns. Dust with paprika.

B in B
BROILED in BUTTER MUSHROOMS...

Give every meal a party touch with B in B Mushrooms. These plump, hothouse beauties are hand-picked at the peak of their flavor...broiled delicate brown in pure creamery butter...and packed in their own succulent broth. No peeling, no trimming, no waste!

B in B
BROILED IN BUTTER
Mushrooms

3 Convenient Styles!
B in B Whole Crowns
B in B Sliced Mushrooms
B in B Chopped Mushrooms

lowed to do this, too. But whenever I went out, all the people in the neighborhood would whisper *'Rashamen! Rashamen!'* with malice in their mouths, just as they had of Harris-san's O-Kichi. And then everyone at school began to torment me. I became terribly upset. I had no more money. I had no more food. I went to see Mr. Kimura. But he did not believe that you would ever return, and he would not lend me even a little bit of money.

"I decided in despair to go to Mr. Minakami's house in Sakura-jōsui and to kill myself in front of it. You understand Japanese ways well enough to know why I chose that place. But as I started to go there, I was compelled by a strong desire to revisit a place where I had lived before. All Akasaka was like a burned-over field. Nevertheless, in the ruins there were still a few geisha. I thought perhaps I could quickly become a geisha again. But I had no money. I had only the Western-style clothes you kept sending me from America, and the dozen small diamonds I once showed you. I sold everything, turning it into cash, and I bought the kimonos and samisen I had to have. After that, I worked with all my might. At that time, two more packages arrived from you at Mr. Kimura's office. I received the packages. But about you I did not receive a single word from Mr. Kimura. I thought you were not going to come to Japan again.

"This year, in June, Mr. Kimura came to my house. He said perhaps you would come to Japan this autumn. When he asked if he could bring you to my house, I was very disturbed and tried to excuse myself. Then he asked if it would be all right if we met in some separate place, and I said that if it were separate it would be good. However, on that occasion, since Mr. Kimura had brought a friend with him, I could talk neither about you nor about my own affairs in any detail. I did not say that I wished to see you again. I have never forgotten you, but the me of today has become very different from the me of long ago. I understand very well how you feel. Since you are kind enough to think of such a poor person as myself even until now, I am deeply grateful. When you last saw me, it was all too soon after the war, so that attractive people were very few. When you come to Japan this time, you will be astonished. Now, once again, there are none but very beautiful people. I was never a beauty.

"On top of that, I have grown older. There are many, many younger and

wonderful
MEXICO
has everything!

a favorable exchange...
(Now 12.50 pesos to the U. S. dollar)

a perfect climate...
(You'll have one blue-sky vacation day after another.)

a lot to see...
(From its timeless pyramids to modern cities, snow capped mountains to tropical beaches, Mexico offers a completely "foreign" vacation right next door.)

see your travel agent
or write **THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU**
New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Antonio • San Diego • Houston • New Orleans • Miami

The evidence is clear

that gentlemen of discernment prefer this handsome patented belt that "g-i-v-e-s and t-a-k-e-s" every time you breathe or move!

ALLIGATOR S-T-R-E-T-C-H-W-A-Y® $10.

Pioneer®

the mark of a man

FEATURED AT: John Forsythe, *New York, N. Y.*; H. I. Abdella & Sons, *Gloversville, N. Y.*; MacDonald & Campbell, *Philadelphia, Pa.*; Lansburgh & Bro., *Washington, D. C.*; Bowman's Dept. Store, *Harrisburg, Pa.*; Joseph Frank & Son, *Nashville, Tenn.*; Maurice L. Rothschild & Co., *Chicago, Ill.*; E. M. Kahn & Co., *Dallas, Texas*, and other fine stores everywhere.

more beautiful people in Japan. Indeed, Japan itself has become beautiful again. When you come in October, I will see you. But there is one thing I must beg of you. For several years I worked alone. A geisha without a protector is cheated and put upon. If she remains a decent person, devoted to her art, she has a hard time. Only the *après-guerre* geisha have an easy time, and I would not be one of those. So a geisha needs a protector. Then her affairs are very well managed. Or she needs a patron.

"And so, two years ago, I accepted a patron. He is a very kind man, and he is greatly interested in my music. I am entirely free to study and to teach during the day. My house is large, and it runs smoothly. I have many servants. My master is generous. In the evenings I have only to play and to sing for special guests, his friends. And so I have become a better musician than when you knew me.

"But my master is also a willful man, and he does not like foreigners. He will not let me entertain them even if he has important business with them. On such evenings, he takes them elsewhere. There are many tongues that wag maliciously in my house. And my master comes to the house very often, day and night. That is my greatest worry. Please, please, therefore, do not call at my house. Please use Mr. Kimura as an intermediary, and do not try to reach me directly. Because there are many people in my house, there are always some to say malicious things about me. I beg of you.

"Please let me have an answer from you, for my peace of mind."

HARRY went back to Japan soon after he got this letter. He called on Kimura and asked him to act as intermediary, as Ayamé had suggested. A few days later, Kimura brought him an envelope made of the finest Japanese paper. In it there was a single ticket to the Shimbashi Embujō—one of the great theatres of Tokyo, where each November and April the most gifted geisha of the city produce an entertainment in the grand style—and a printed program marked by hand in several places to indicate the appearances of the Tokiwazu Music Group, among whom Tokiwazu Umeji was starred. There was a note, in Ayamé's handwriting, saying that Umeji was her new professional name, but there was no other message.

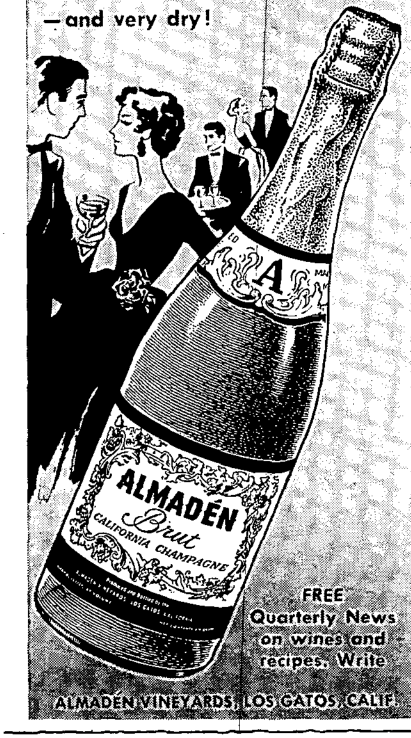
Harry went to the theatre at one o'clock. The six-hour performance

ALMADÉN

Brut

A NOTABLE CHAMPAGNE

Almadén Brut Champagne is clean, well-balanced, exquisitely delicate —and very dry!



FREE Quarterly News on wines and recipes. Write

ALMADÉN VINEYARDS, LOS GATOS, CALIF.

THE NEWEST SMART GAME

FOR THOSE HOLIDAY PARTIES!

TOPS IN FUN, ANY WAY YOU FIGURE!

1	+	7	−	5	=	12	÷	4
+								−
6				EQUALITY				1
=								=
7	x	4	−	1	=	9	x	3

THE ORIGINAL CROSS-NUMBER GAME

Men really go for it and women play equally well. One to four players. Adapted to all ages. Educational for children. No reference books needed. Beautiful board, racks, plastic tiles. *No C.O.D.'s please.* $3.50, postpaid.

NOONAN ENTERPRISES

9128—NY Park Avenue Franklin Park, Ill.

See, try, buy the

portable portable

by

olivetti

at these Olivetti showrooms:

584 Fifth Avenue, New York
230 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago
17 Second Street, San Francisco

This man is a Sailor

He didn't learn his trade at the helm. He learned it at the Waldorf Astoria and the Ritz-Carlton and at Fouquet's on the *Champs Elysees,* where more than twenty years ago he started serving wine.

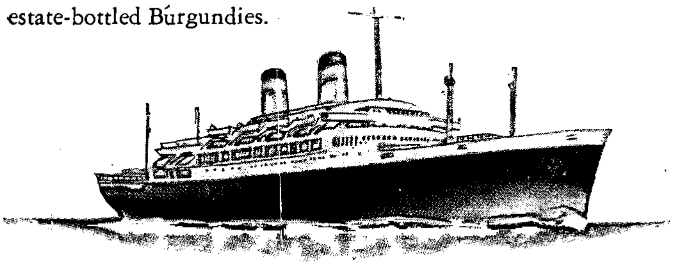
He is Henry Sirgue, a wine steward of the s. s. *Constitution.* The world-famous wine expert, Alexis Lichine, rates the wine cellars of the *Constitution* and *Independence* among the greatest ashore or afloat. And M. Sirgue can advise you wisely on every precious bottle, whether it be a simple *vino da pasto,* or one of the great estate-bottled Burgundies.

It's men like Henry Sirgue, with many different specialties and skills, who make great crews and *happy* ships. Such men have won that sea-going accolade for the big Sunliners *Independence* and *Constitution* . . . they're "*Happy* Ships."

1955 GRAND CRUISE to the ENTIRE MEDITERRANEAN

s. s. INDEPENDENCE • FEBRUARY 11—APRIL 9, 1955

20 Romantic Ports • 57 Days • from $1550



SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

AMERICAN EXPORT LINES

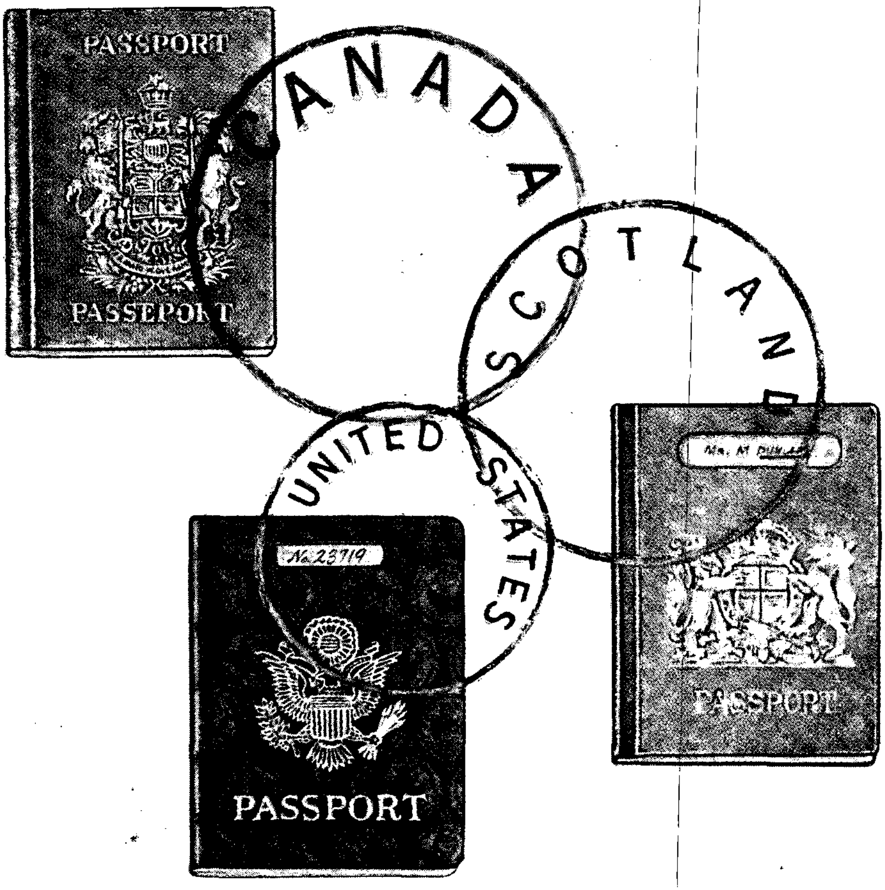
39 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N. Y.

THE SUNLANE TO EUROPE

INDEPENDENCE • CONSTITUTION
GIBRALTAR, CANNES, GENOA, NAPLES

☆

EXCALIBUR • EXCAMBION • EXOCHORDA • EXETER
FRANCE, ITALY, EGYPT, LEBANON, SYRIA, TURKEY, GREECE, SPAIN


PASSPORT
PASSEPORT
CANADA
SCOTLAND
UNITED STATES
No. 23719
PASSPORT
PASSPORT

"*Gentlemen*—

nowhere in the world—not even in Scotland,

Canada, or the United States— is a more gentle tasting whisky distilled"

90.4 PROOF
Embassy Club
Fine Whisky
DISTILLED FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED GRAINS TO ACHIEVE SUPERIOR QUALITY AND RARE FLAVOR
THIS WHISKY IS 8 YEARS OLD
FULLY MATURED
BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE DISTILLER
DISTILLED, BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Embassy Club

Fine Whisky 8 years old

90.4 PROOF • CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

had begun at eleven, but, even so, it would be another two hours before the first Tokiwazu group appeared. There was a constant coming and going among the audience, for most people attended the theatre only to see their favorites. But Harry felt compelled to arrive early, to steep himself in the sad austerities of Kiyomoto, the classical music he had so often heard Mrs. Minakami sing.

The musicians, dressed in severe black kimonos, sat motionless in the formal position in two rows, the various drums and flutes in front, the samisen and singers behind, on a slightly raised platform. When there were only musicians, they faced the audience from the center of the stage. When they were joined by dancers or by narrators, the two rows of musicians ran obliquely across one corner.

Harry's seat was well toward the rear of the theatre. Tokiwazu Umeji's first appearance was in a purely musical number, and she was in the position of the first singer—in the center of the second row, facing squarely toward him. The program told him that it was Ayamé, for Harry could hardly distinguish her features under the heavy traditional white makeup. She looked straight out at the audience with a fixed gaze, seeming to see nothing, even though the house lights were on, as always. The last Tokiwazu number was an adaptation of Kabuki that combined dancing and narration with the music. Timing required that the singers, instead of being completely motionless, follow the dancers with their eyes. The theatre was not very full, and Harry slipped down to a seat in the first row. When the dancers reached a certain point at the front of the stage, Harry was directly in the line of Tokiwazu Umeji's gaze. Did he imagine a flicker of recognition? Had her gaze met his? Was this the meeting, the seeing, she had promised?

As the curtain dropped for the last time, Harry bent his head forward and downward with it, to prolong the sight of her. That evening was the only time he saw her. At least on that trip. In this year of H-bomb tests and radioactive tuna fish and sterner Japanese protests, Harry has just left for Tokyo again.

—HAROLD STRAUSS

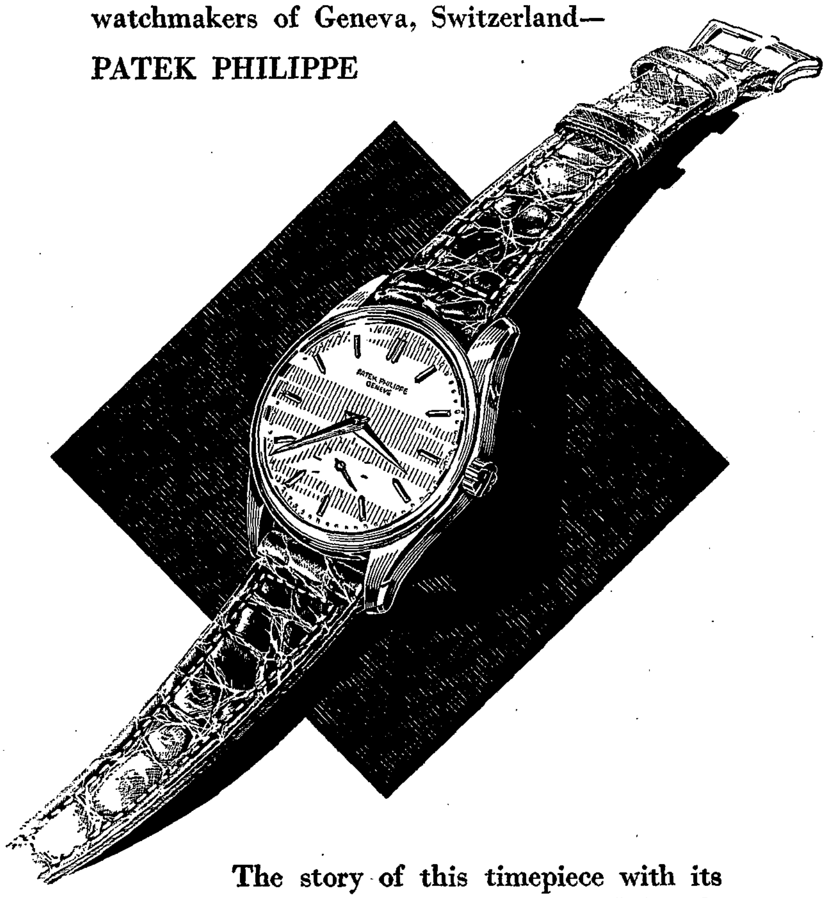
•

SAVANT SEES
BEINGS UNLIKE
MAN ON EARTH

—*Headline in the Phoenix (Arizona) Republic.*

Good!

WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT
the unique, new selfwinding watch made by the world-famous master watchmakers of Geneva, Switzerland—
PATEK PHILIPPE



The story of this timepiece with its thirty jewels and its 18 Kt. gold double action rotor weight, is so fascinating that we would welcome the opportunity of sending you a descriptive booklet.

The price including Federal Tax is $800. With its own hand-wrought 18 Kt. gold bracelet, including Federal Tax, $1,200.

At selected jewelers.

PATEK PHILIPPE
THE WORLD'S FOREMOST WATCH

THE HENRI STERN WATCH AGENCY, INC. 587 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

A Century and 700 Acres

Wine making—one of our most romantic industries—is as old as civilization. Steeped in rich tradition and colorful history—this is Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne.

Well over a century ago the first Catawbas were planted on Isle St. George. This tiny island only 700 acres in area, produces the world's rarest wine grapes. Less than 50 people, many direct descendants of early pioneer families, inhabit the Isle and proudly fulfill their heritage. Soil and weather conditions combine to make Isle St. George ideal for perfect grape development.

Fresh water feeds up through the limestone layers from Lake Erie, insuring sufficient moisture regardless of weather conditions. Early in the season, the lake waters cool the air blowing over the island and retard opening of the grape buds until all danger of frost is past. Then in autumn the waters retain the warmth stored up during the summer and keep cold air away from the island. Nature prolongs the growing season by well over a month. Frequently grapes on Isle St. George are harvested as much as six weeks later than those on the mainland.

The Catawba grape, coddled and harvested with traditional pride and loving care, gives generously of its quality and its goodness whenever and wherever a bottle of Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne is proudly opened and enjoyed.

Always in good taste

The unforgettable good taste of Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne is always in *good taste.* There is no such thing as the "wrong" wine to serve. The enjoyment and ceremony of wine should be fun and not fancy. Just remember that *in* good company, serve Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne *for* good company. Normally, white table wines, like Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne, are served with seafood, chicken and other white meats . . . but you won't be off the good-taste-base to serve it with heavier and darker foods. "Which wine" is a matter of choice and taste—with Meier's Isle St. George Sauterne it's bound to be good taste! Another Meier's wine, Ohio State Port. Have you tried it?

MEIER'S WINE CELLARS, INC.
SILVERTON, OHIO

Owners of the
World Famous
Isle St. George Vineyards

(*Advertisement*)

MUSICAL EVENTS

A Week of Opera

A GOOD many contemporary operas that I have recently heard seem to have been written according to a recipe by which a composer gets himself some kind of play and covers it with music, much as a cook covers a schnitzel with bread crumbs. It is true that the musical envelope is usually thicker and louder in the play's areas of crisis, and thinner and softer in its areas of calm. But behind the whole proceeding there seems to be an assumption that since an opera is by elementary definition a play with music, the problem of writing an opera can be solved simply by adding music to a play. What is overlooked here, to my mind, is something that ought to be apparent to anyone more than superficially acquainted with the art: that a good opera is much more than a play with music—that it is, in fact, a theatrical creation in which the main dramatic burden is carried by that most expressive and intimate of all musical instruments, the human voice. The art of the fine operatic craftsman lies, as a rule, in his ability to exploit the emotional powers of this instrument, making it into a vehicle for dramatic magic. The contemporary composer facing the problem of opera is often in a rather unhappy position, since the idiom of much contemporary music, deriving, as it does, from the dreary formulas of the Viennese atonalists or from the equally unoperatic style of Satie and Stravinsky, is very poorly suited to vocal purposes. It may be worth mentioning that Stravinsky himself, in his opera "The Rake's Progress," solved this difficulty by frequently abandoning his own style in favor of Handel's. This hardly seems the ideal solution, but the fact remains that modern opera is in a bad way, and is apt to remain so until its composers become more adept at writing song.

Tadeusz Kassern's "Sun-Up," a one-act opera that was given its première at the Provincetown Playhouse on Wednesday evening of last week, is by no means the worst example of its type that I have come across lately. The play on which it is based—an item with the same title, which concerns some moderately interesting doings on the part of some hard-bitten mountain folk in North Carolina and which apparently enjoyed a considerable Broadway run three decades ago—is not without its moments of tension and human feeling. A very earnest cast of singers, headed by the mezzo-soprano Ethel Erdos and led, from a seat at the piano, by the intrepid Paul Aron, did its best to convey what drama the work contained. Even Mr. Kassern's music, which included touches of folk song, succeeded here and there in contributing a background of some poetic quality. But it nowhere seized the initiative from the play's rather humdrum dialogue by converting it into anything worth singing, and I left the auditorium feeling that though I had seen a play and heard some music, the latter hadn't done much except occasionally get in the way of the former.

THE big annual social shindig known as opening night at the Metropolitan Opera House took place on Monday evening of last week and, as usual, seemed to afford great satisfaction to a large number of handsome and well-dressed people. I saw no harm in this, since, having paid as much as thirty dollars apiece for their seats, these people were obviously making a substantial contribution to the finances of that hard-pressed institution. I even felt that General Manager Rudolf Bing had done quite a happy and appropriate thing in presenting them with a sort of mixed grill, consisting of scenes from "Pagliacci," "La Bohème," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," and "Aïda," instead of the usual full-length opera. The occasion was not, however, one to invite serious music criticism, and I can only report that its most absorbing moments occurred during the final scenes from "Aïda," partly because they contained the best music on the program, partly because they were very effectively staged, and partly because the singing of Zinka Milanov, who appeared in the title role, was so sincere and moving.

On Thursday evening, the Metropolitan got down to serious business with what I thought was an excellent performance of Wagner's "Die Meistersinger." As so often happens in Wagnerian opera, the star of "Die Meistersinger" was the conductor, Fritz Stiedry, who held things together with authority and sometimes managed to infuse the work of the orchestra and the principals with exceptional eloquence. There was a new Hans Sachs—a baritone named Otto Edelmann, who sang with notably clear enunciation and gave the role its full quota of tenderness and humanity. There was also a new Pogner—the best I have heard in many years—in the person of Kurt Boehme, who showed by a commanding stage presence and a rich voice that he is likely to become one of the more impressive additions to the Metropolitan's Wagnerian wing. The extremely attractive soprano Lisa Della Casa, who appeared in a couple of other operas last year, sang her first Eva with beautiful vocal expressiveness, and Gerhard Pechner went through the comic routine of Beckmesser with his usual flair. I did not enjoy the singing of Hans Hopf, as Walther, quite as much; I can remember Walthers with more ringing vitality than Hopf seemed to possess, though in general he handled the part quite creditably.

Friday night's "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" was also a first-rate performance, and I was interested to note how its participants reacted to the presence of a very responsive audience, giving its comedy a sharp edge that had been entirely lacking in the performance of the scenes from the same opera on opening night. The brilliant marksmanship of Roberta Peters and the fine *bel-canto* style of Cesare Valletti were, as they have been before, the vocal highlights of the production. Robert Merrill sang vigorously as Figaro, and Fernando Corena and Cesare Siepi were about as comic a Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio as I have ever seen. Eugene Berman's set for Acts II and III has always looked to me more like a room in a mission-style Bronx apartment than anything that might be located in Seville, but this is a minor and familiar point, and the scenery detracted very little from the spirit and ebullience of the production as a whole. —Winthrop Sargeant

●

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, appeared in the Boston Globe*]

Anadarko, Okla. (AP)—Judy Dutcher, helping paint the floor in the basement of the Presbyterian Church, was careful not to paint herself into a corner.

●

The Hudson Shop, Inc.
Announces the Opening
of Their New Store
at
511 Broad Street Red Bank
on
10 A.M., Tuesday, October 5
GIFTS ANTIQUES GOURMETS
—*Adv. in the Red Bank (N.J.) Register.*

Little fellers or big fellers?

Finest English leathergoods...

BY Leathersmith OF LONDON LTD ®
SELECTED LEATHERS IMMACULATE CUT AND FINISH
516 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK and LONDON ENGLAND

AT STORES OF MERIT

I. MAGNIN & CO.
CALIFORNIA & SEATTLE

THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS 1. TEXAS

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
MADISON AVE. AT 45TH ST. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

England's Finest Leather craftsmen • Established over 100 years

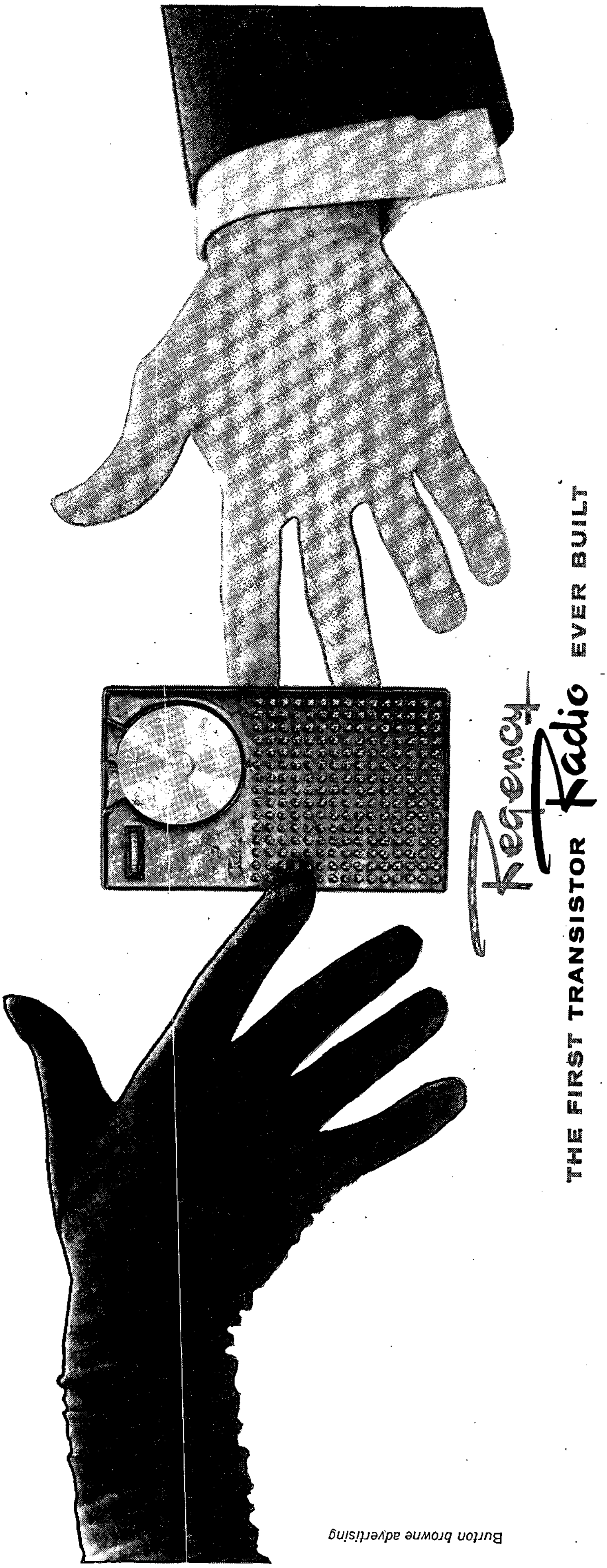
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MORE ABOUT CHRISTMAS

THE way we've been industriously compiling lists of beautiful or useful or just interesting Christmas presents over the years (and we've seen a lot of holly come and go), you'd think that by now every house, every apartment, and even every hall bedroom would be bursting with the finery and toys, the objets d'art and saucepans we've tracked down for somebody to give to somebody else. And maybe they are. But rugs and hostess gowns wear out, cocktail napkins and mink stoles get frazzled, dolls and champagne glasses get smashed; new brides are carried across new thresholds every day, and new babies need new blankets, all of which inspires us to carry on with our self-imposed task of making Christmas happier all around. In fact, we started carrying on with it last week, when we reported on custom gifts and jewelry for both sexes. Next week, we'll see what presents for women the stores have to offer, and review a fine assortment of books for children. Right now, it's presents for the householder and his house.

In picking this year's prize-winner, we are inclined to lay our money on some brand-new marseilles bedspreads woven in Switzerland, tailored in this country, and recently introduced here, under the Ottavia label, by Lord & Taylor, where they are called cotton tapestry bedspreads. The fact that many ladies of a certain age will swoon with nostalgia at the sight of the same sort of lovely coverings that adorned the beds of their childhood, and that many young housekeepers will be knocked cold by a spread the likes of which they've never laid eyes on before, makes it appear unlikely that this particular present can miss fire. For the benefit of anybody who hasn't had the luck to inherit one of these fine spreads, we had better explain that they were first woven on power looms in France, during the early part of the nineteenth century, and were later made in Italy and Switzerland and England. But the quality of manufacture has deteriorated almost everywhere during the past fifty years, and today it is only in Switzerland that you can find the superb weaving that gave the original marseilles such a vogue in Europe and in Victorian England. We don't know much about the technicalities of machine weaving, but it doesn't take an expert to recognize that these are extraordinary bedspreads, heavier and tighter in weave than anything of the sort *we've* ever seen before. They are dazzlingly white (each spread is bleached three times) and done in patterns of the most exquisite simplicity. Indeed, studied simplicity is the most striking characteristic of these spreads, and we can warn you that women who fancy frilly taffeta throws aren't going to like them a bit. You'll just have to go see the Lord & Taylor collection to find out whether their almost virginal demureness, which, combined with their stylish Ottavia tailoring, gives them their charm, is likely to appeal to somebody on your list. All we can do is convey some idea of the patterns you'll find. Our own favorite is a design of embossed daisies woven in a single piece, eighty-five inches long, that falls to the floor on a single bed and can be used as a throw with a petticoat on a double bed; $79.50. A fitted spread with a border of tulips arranged in a Roman-key design is $39.50 in the single-bed size and $49.50 in the double. A coverlet with a severely plain dot-and-diamond pattern costs $49.50 and $59.50, for single and double bed, respectively, and other members of the group range in price from $39.50 to $89.50. Inspired accompaniments to these spreads are some bed petticoats produced by the Craig mills, right here in town, and also carried by Lord & Taylor. They are made of a new cotton material—very heavy and satiny—in startlingly clear colors, which make the snowy whiteness of the spreads even more brilliant. In a true Turkey red or a subtle shade of blue, as well as sage green, pink, or gold, the flounces cost $22.50 for the single-bed size and $27.50 for the double.

If we want to do this bedspread revival up right, we should also see to it



THE FIRST TRANSISTOR Regency Radio EVER BUILT

A miracle which may change our daily life more radically than nuclear fission, the tiny transistor which eliminates tubes has made possible this truly personal hand-sized portable radio with reception and tone better than most radios many times its size.

Striking accessory styling in black, bone white, mandarin red, cloud gray, with gold $49.95

REGENCY: Indianapolis 26, Indiana • Creators of the world's smallest radios:

WHERE TO BUY Regency Radio

Manhattan
At Leading Department Stores
Abercrombie & Fitch
Madison Avenue & 45th Street, New York
Airline Radio Music Corp.
497 Lexington Avenue, New York
Bowling Green Appliances, Inc.
78 Greenwich Street, New York
Davega Stores
Delancey Sales Company
224 Delancey Street, New York
Carl Fischer, Inc.
165 West 57th Street, New York
Haynes-Griffin
420 Madison Avenue, New York
Heins & Bolet Radio Corporation
68 Cortlandt Street, New York
Jule-Brite Corp.
127 East 59th Street, New York
Kellard Co.
108 Fulton Street, New York
Lehman Radio Salon
655 Madison Avenue, New York
Leonard Radio
69 Cortlandt Street, New York
Liberty Music Shops
Madison Avenue, New York
Oscar's Radio Shop, Inc.
176 Greenwich Street, New York
Rabsons, Inc.
111 West 52nd Street, New York
Lou Resnick-Jack Schiff
58 Cortlandt Street, New York
G. Schirmer, Inc.
3 East 43rd Street, New York
Superior Radio Co.
60 Cortlandt Street, New York
Thor Radio Co., Inc.
60 Dey Street, New York

Brooklyn
Dave Adelman
139 Lawrence Street, Brooklyn
Bardel Jewelers
657 Fulton Street, Brooklyn
Belnord Auto & Radio
473 Sterling Place, Brooklyn
Better Living
76 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn
S. Schechter
69 Graham Avenue, Brooklyn

Westchester
Andrews Radio Shop
44 Warburton Avenue, Yonkers
Ferris Radio
91 Pondfield Road, Bronxville
Andrew Peterson
320 Tarrytown Road, White Plains
Playhouse Radio
2 Purchase Street, Rye
Zetia Sales
4½ East Third Street, Mount Vernon

Long Island
Flo's Radio Sales
151 Jericho Turnpike, Floral Park
Gould's Music, Inc.
36-21 Main Street, Flushing
Marsh Appliance Center
35 Main Street, Port Washington
Newmark & Lewis
43 Main Street, Hempstead

Bronx
Modern Music
2428 Grand Concourse, Bronx

Staten Island
Earl's
82 Canal Street, Stapleton, S.I.

INSIDE THE SOUR MASH BOURBON BUSINESS

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
Stitzel-Weller
(Old Fitzgerald)
Distillery
Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849

There's the story of the country boy who saw his first giraffe. "There just ain't no such animal," he muttered. Some folks look at our old fashioned sour-mash distillery and say the same thing.

In a way we are a business freak. Our sole business is making one sour mash bourbon by the old fashioned "open tub" method. We break almost every rule of modern industry, yet continue to run our still.

It is possible to pressure-cook our mash in a matter of minutes. We take 3 hours.

If we were a mind to, we could "squeeze" our grain for higher yields. Instead, we willingly sacrifice 1 quart of whiskey for every bushel we mash.

Our fermentation period is 72 to 96 hours. This means we produce half as much whiskey as we might on the same vested capital.

We distill at low proof to retain all the precious flavors, then redistill for further refinement. This double process increases our cost.

How do we stay in business, yet flout all the economies of mass production? And why do we try?

First, because the slower, more expensive "open tub" method is the only way to make the kind of bourbon which brought fame to Kentucky.

Secondly, we believe there will *always* be enough discriminating customers who appreciate the finer qualities of true Kentucky Sour Mash to absorb our limited production.

For your business entertaining we invite you to join the inner circle of executives who have discovered the oak-ripened excellence of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

(*Advertisement*)

there's a new Baccarat champagne glass that we feel sure would turn the thoughts of almost any beholder to his favorite *marque*, and we wonder how many wine merchants will be tracing their grander orders to its beautiful simplicity. This latest Baccarat design is eight and a quarter inches high, with a delicate, tulip-shaped bowl flowing in one graceful line from the long, slender stem; the glasses are $57 a dozen. Shoppers who want to cultivate the proper feeling for wine in a household that is not equipped to cope with unlimited crystal will find in Baccarat's Perfection pattern ($54 a dozen) a generous all-purpose glass that not only is worthy of an occasional great vintage but will enhance the pleasure of everyday drinking. A design, at $45 a dozen, that is almost identical with the Perfection but without its bubblelike fragility would be perhaps even more welcome in an informal household, where dishwashing is a larger preoccupation than great vintages. Another moderately substantial new glass, called Montaigne, copies one of Baccarat's handsomest patterns, with a not too noticeable loss of thinness but with a quite noticeable effect on the price, bringing it down from $96 to $39 a dozen. Friends and relatives of Moselle and Rheingau fanciers who hold out for the classic lines of the German wineglass should be pleased to note that Baccarat has these long-stemmed glasses with either softly tinted bowls (from $78 to $102 a dozen) or—what we think is infinitely more desirable—bowls of the clearest uncolored crystal ($63 to $66 a dozen).

HERE and there, we've noticed, there seems to be some slight misapprehension about the matter of punch bowls. Christmas shoppers apparently have a tendency to dismiss them as potential presents, on the ground that everybody already *has* a punch bowl, inherited from a convivial grandparent or such and now simply gathering dust on some top shelf. It would seem that not all convivial grandparents are to be depended upon, for a number of top shelves that have lately come within *our* range of vision are destitute of punch bowls, and at this time of year that is a lack that many a convivial grandchild must deplore. Since festive bowls of this nature are more or less a seasonal need, we should think that a very Christmassy specimen, of white earthenware decorated with gold holly leaves, which we saw at Saks' Guest & Gift Shop, would cut quite a figure on a holiday buffet; afterward, of

NEW SPORTS SHIRT FROM FRANCE

Latest addition to our unique collection of continental sportswear for men—designed by Rene LaCoste and available only at Mark Cross. Cotton mesh with cardigan collar for sports or resort wear. White with navy trim, navy with white, natural with brown, copen with navy. S-M-L-XL. $8.00

Mail and Phone Orders. SU 7-4000

The new 65-page Mark Cross Christmas Catalog is ready. Yours for the asking.

MARK CROSS
Fifth Avenue at 55th, N. Y. 22

LA CUISINIÈRE, INC.

MANY OTHER GIFTS OF FINE KITCHENWARE AND RARE ANTIQUES

GOURMET HAMPER
½ pt. French Dressing
Tree Ripened Green Olives
Dutch Cheese Wafers
½ pt. Mint Sauce
Raspberry Jam
Sorrel Soup
$10.50 pp

133 EAST 55th St., NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

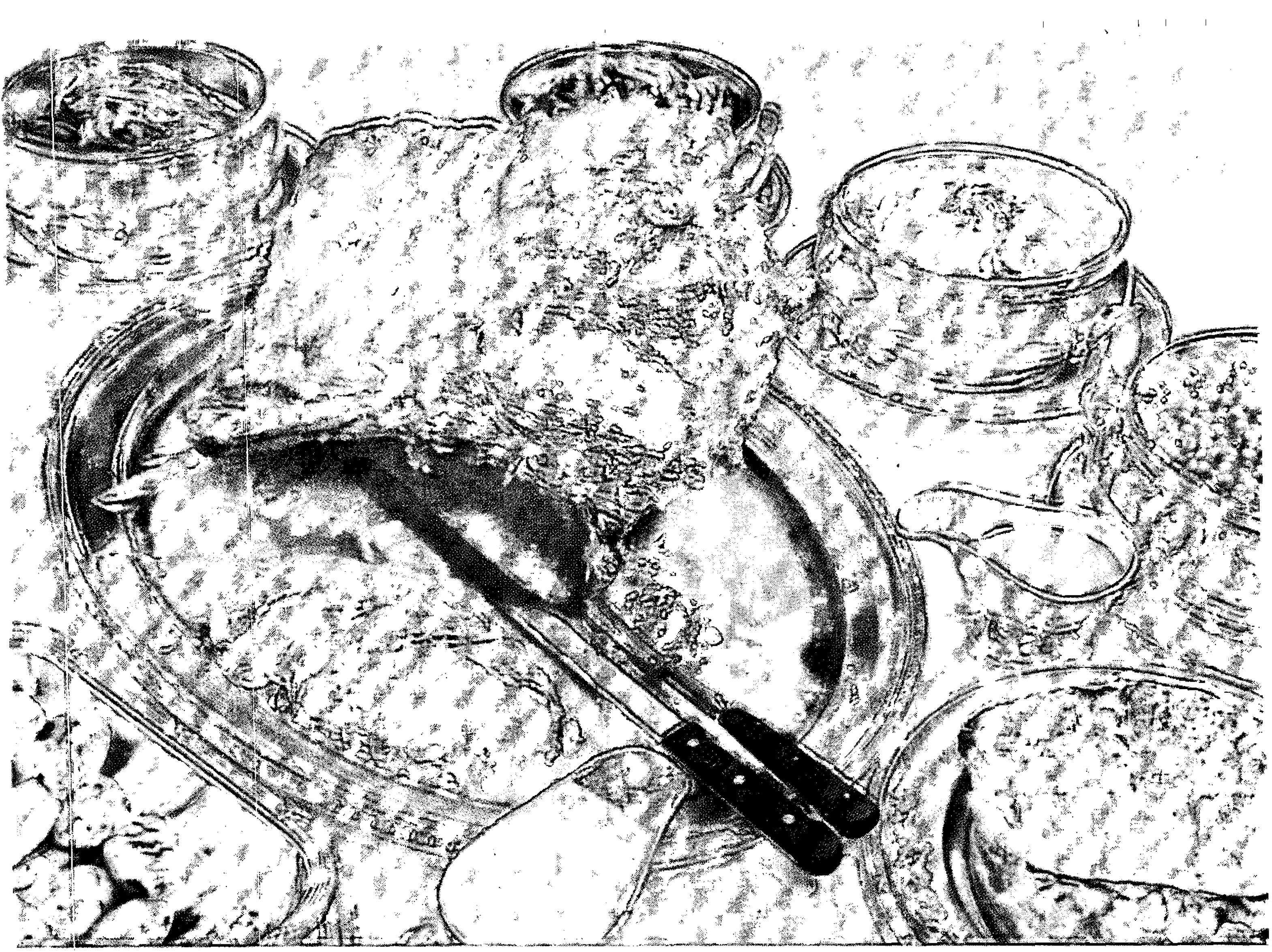
A Wonderful Gift...
For Her...For Him

. . . our hand-blown crackled glass Pinch Bottle filled with Eau de Sachet, 8-oz., 8.50* . . . 16-oz., 12.50*

. . . with After-Shaving Lotion, 8-oz., 7.50* . . . 16-oz., 10.50*

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

*Plus 10% federal tax



The Roast Beef of Old England is back

You can now eat magnificently in Britain—for less than $3 a day!

Lunch for $1.12

LUNCHEON 8/-
(Three courses)
HORS D'OEUVRES
CANTALOUPE

SCOTCH SALMON
ROAST SIRLOIN OF SCOTCH BEEF
& YORKSHIRE PUDDING
The Cold Table
ROAST GOOSE ROAST LAMB
CUMBERLAND HAM
HOMEMADE WENSLEYDALE PIE
OX TONGUE CORNED BEEF

APRICOT TART AND ICE CREAM
CHERRIES VICTORIA PLUMS
ICE CREAM BAKED EGG CUSTARD
THE CHEESE BOARD

The Old Swan Hotel, Harrogate

HERE is great news for anyone who is planning a vacation in Britain: *food rationing is completely over.* What's more, you will be astounded by the quality of cooking in British hotels and restaurants nowadays. You'll enjoy good food wherever you go.

Look at these typical bills of fare. The roast beef of Old England is back—and it's very special indeed. So are Britain's famous *cheeses*—notably Stilton and Cheddar. You haven't lived until you've eaten a bread-and-cheese lunch at an old English pub, with a pint of strong ale or hard cider to send you on your way rejoicing.

For the more adventurous gourmet, Britain offers her famous regional dishes, such as Wensleydale Pie, Cocka-Leekie Soup, Scotch Haggis, Cornish Pasty, Norfolk Duckling, Forfar Bridie, Irish Stew, Devonshire Cream, Lancashire Hot Pot—and, of course, dear old Yorkshire Pudding.

Then, there are those gargantuan English breakfasts, with kippers and kidneys and kedgeree—not to mention bacon and eggs.

Prices are staggeringly low by American standards. You can find roast beef on the menu almost anywhere in Britain for $1 or less—thanks partly to the favorable rate of exchange.

Appetite whetted? For further information, see your Travel Agent. Write for free literature to the British Travel Association, Box 133, 336 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Dinner for 98¢

DINNER 7/-
(Three courses)
TOMATO JUICE
DU BARRY SOUP

ROAST RIB OF BEEF
& YORKSHIRE PUDDING
FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN
ASPARAGUS
GARDEN PEAS
PUREE OF SPINACH

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
RASPBERRY FLIP & CREAM
CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM
ASSORTED CHEESES & BISCUITS

The Flying Horse, Nottingham

The Golden Touch of Hospitality
The Golden Touch of Hospitality
Seagram's
Ancient Bottle
distilled dry Gin
A pale golden gin of rare mellowness and superb bouquet made by an original and unique method, the first pale golden gin of its kind ever made in America.
distilled & bottled by
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc.
Lawrenceburg, Indiana

A DISTINGUISHED PRODUCT
FROM THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM

TO THE pleasure of an evening spent with good friends in a gracious environment, Seagram's Gin contributes its elegant and Golden Touch of Hospitality. Seagram's Gin makes drinks taste very special—because there is something very special about the way Seagram's Gin is made. The same unique process which *naturally* mellows Seagram's Gin to a subtle shade of gold, results in its satin smoothness and appetizing dryness. Try it in a Golden Dry Martini or in the year-round favorite, the Seagram Seabreeze, the perfect gin and tonic.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. 90 PROOF, DISTILLED DRY GIN, DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN

course, it could go into discreet retirement on one of those top shelves. The price for this, with a ladle, is $15, and matching cups are $2 apiece. Among some more continuously useful items at the Gift Shop is a large assortment of Swiss after-dinner coffee services in charming patterns. One, in striking yellow-and-black china, consists of eight cups, a coffeepot, a cream jug, and a sugar bowl, and costs $65; another, of white china lined with a pretty shade of pink and decorated with fetching black line drawings of carriages, buildings, fountains, and the like, costs $55 for the same number of pieces. Here, too, is to be found a variety of those oversized coffee cups that are so comforting on the breakfast table; $5 each.

IT would be a pretty shrewd move on the part of any family that knows which side its bread is buttered on if its more solvent members conspired to put Singer's brand-new automatic swing-needle sewing machine under the Christmas tree for the parent they rely on to do their mending and dressmaking. After seeing this miracle machine put through its paces the other day, we can't imagine any woman who could fail to become an accomplished sewer with its help. It does just about everything: it sews on buttons and snaps, it patches, it makes buttonholes, it does blind stitching, it overcasts, it embroiders, it darns, and it bats out any one of a dozen intricate decorative stitches at the flick of a lever. The new devices that make all this possible are a set of so-called fashion discs, which are plastic attachments that fit on the sewing head and in some mysterious way control the internal machinery, and Singer's remarkable swing needle, which allows the seamstress to shift from one elaborate operation to another without any tiresome change of attachments. While we unhesitatingly confess that *how* the new Singer does all this is incomprehensible to us, we can assure Christmas shoppers who are interested that all will be made crystal-clear to them if they stop in at one of the Singer Sewing Centers and see a demonstration of this machine. There they can also inspect the various cabinets that house it and that determine the price; $299 to $448.50.

WHAT to do at Christmas for a newborn baby is a terrible problem for those well-wishers who want to give something rather more imaginative than a rattle or a layette. No matter what the present is, one might

Richelieu Le Cultra XX brand
SIMULATED PEARLS

A distinguished quality that deserves comparison with lovely cultured pearls. Each simulated pearl a true masterpiece. On model: 2 strand choker, knotted . . . $10, 2 strand bracelet . . . $5, Earring . . . 3. All prices plus tax. At better stores everywhere.

The Richelieu label is your guarantee

For the name of the store nearest you write: JOS. H. MEYER BROS., 389 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

7½" bowl, about $25.00
5" bowl, about $12.50

The fascinating
THOUSAND WINDOWS BOWL
by ORREFORS

Splendor of shimmering light sparkling from numberless jewel-like surfaces. This inspired hand-blown, hand-cut crystal bowl, designed by Simon Gate, is truly a collector's treasure for your home. Ask for ORREFORS Crystal — artist-designed decorator pieces, decanters, stemware — at fine stores from coast to coast.

U.S.A. Representatives
East: Fisher, Bruce & Co., 223 Market St., Phila. 6, Pa.
West: Zacho, 3157 Wilshire, Los Angeles 5, Calif.

You love Music!

That's all you need to enjoy...

CUSTOMIZED High Fidelity BY RCA

A graduate electronics engineer? A trained musician? Probably you're neither . . . but you do want to hear music from records, radio or tape *exactly* as it's played. Then you'll doubly appreciate RCA "new orthophonic" High Fidelity Components! First . . . because they're engineered to re-create the full range of musical sound. And second . . . because *you yourself* can easily plug together RCA's precision components and place them in your choice of superb cabinets. You needn't be any kind of expert.

And remember, the RCA name and RCA reputation mean *years* of good music with RCA High Fidelity. RCA record changer, stylus, amplifier, and speaker—ready to assemble in your own cabinet or bookcase—for as little as $143.22*. See and hear them at your RCA dealer's.

**Suggested retail prices.*

RCA record changers, radio tuners, amplifiers, pre-amplifiers, speakers, tape recorders, cabinets and speaker enclosures can be assembled into any one of 32 combinations to give the customized music system of your choice.

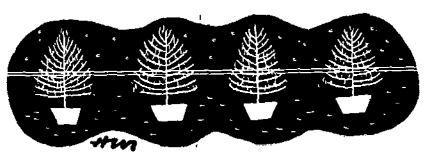
RCA Customized HIGH FIDELITY

RADIO CORPORATION of AMERICA

as well give up all idea of currying favor with the infant and choose an important gift of general appropriateness that he can enjoy, or prize, in later years. Our own choice for such a long-range present would be almost any book in the collection of valuable juvenilia of Walter Schatzki, 127 East 56th Street. Unless there are pretty clear indications that this baby is going to grow up to be a collector of rare books for children, we wouldn't advise investing in any of the rarer and costlier of the Schatzki volumes (for instance, a 1901 autographed copy of Beatrix Potter's "Peter Rabbit," printed privately by the author, that costs $450), but there are less important books, notably some brought out in Germany and England in the middle of the nineteenth century, that should delight a child. A beautiful German picture book called "Anschauungs-Unterricht" ("First Lessons in Objects" is a fair enough translation), published around 1850, and priced at $25, is a volume of meticulous illustrations of all kinds of household objects, musical instruments, modes of transportation (an early railroad train, a stagecoach, a sailing vessel, a steam engine, a canal boat, a gondola), wild beasts, the architectural features of a church, birds, reptiles, and so on and on, each large picture beautifully drawn and hand-colored. This is a volume we can imagine a modern child poring over intently from the time he is five. A number of Kate Greenaway first editions—"A Day in a Child's Life" (1881), "Language of Flowers" (1884), and "Mother Goose" (circa 1881, the first American edition)—are priced at from $10 to $17.50, and there are various French juveniles, beginning with stories that were written in the middle of the nineteenth century, and coming down to the charming volumes illustrated by Boutet de Monvel, which cost from around $4 to around $7.50. Besides these relatively recent children's books, the shop has such treasures as a 1759 edition of the Nuremberg "Comenius Orbis Pictus," first published in 1658, which is generally held to be the first modern children's book and is a fascinating volume ($37.50); the "New England Primer" in various editions printed between 1790 and 1830 ($5 to $15); several curious eighteenth-century English publications, such as an edition of "The Compleat Angler" illustrated with woodcuts ($10 to $50); and some edifying volumes for the young brought out in this country around 1830 ($3 to $10).

If the infant you have in mind is not bookish but just the comfort-loving type, maybe you should investigate some receiving blankets at the Grande Maison de Blanc, 745 Fifth Avenue (57th), that are the last word in cloudlike softness. These wraps, made in England, are woven of the finest Shetland wool in a lacy crochet pattern and lined with the same wool in a plain and closer weave. They come in pink or blue, measure fifty-four inches square, and cost $12.95. An American-made white blanket, of a standard loose weave, has stripes of palest pink or blue, is bound with pink or blue satin ribbon, and costs $5.95.

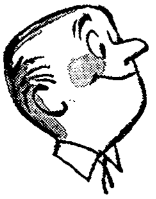
IT just happens that we know of an absolutely knockout present for an important man of affairs who already has his quota of embossed-leather desk sets and pure-silk dressing gowns. If you can furnish such a man (we forgot to say that he must be a small-town boy who has made good in the big city), we can practically guarantee that at least one of the group of lithographs and colored engravings of small American towns to be had at the Old Print Shop, 150 Lexington Avenue (30th), will have a wild success. We have observed that the warmth of sentiment a well-heeled exile feels for the home he lit out of at the earliest possible opportunity is always in inverse ratio to its size, so in looking over the Old Print Shop's pictures we have taken special note of towns whose importance may lie chiefly in being the place where your great man first saw the light of day. Among these pictures are a colored lithograph of Huntsville, Alabama, made in 1862, that shows an encampment of Confederate soldiers in the courthouse square; a scene in Fort Smith, Arkansas; Nantucket, seen from the harbor; an 1850 print of the courthouse in Springfield, Massachusetts; an 1876 print of Deadwood City, in the Black Hills; a view of Salem, Massachusetts, drawn in the early part of the last century; and a Market Street scene in Wilmington, North Carolina, showing covered wagons and a stagecoach. They are all priced at from $5 to $7. There are also panoramas of various Mississippi River towns, an assemblage of shacks labelled Chattanooga, Tennessee, and drawings of numerous Western towns and villages, with only a few price tags



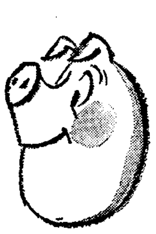
as high as $10. Most of the pictures are colored lithographs or engravings, measuring from six by ten inches to eight by sixteen, and any one of them would make an interesting bit of decoration on the walls of a handsomely furnished office or library.

IF we were the owner of a fine country estate, we should be as pleased as anything to find in our Christmas stocking a picture of it on one of those splendid aerial maps that the Fairchild Aerial Survey people make. The Fairchild company, which is the oldest outfit of the kind in the United States, takes vertical shots (from directly overhead), obliques (taken at an angle, so that they have perspective), and vertical or oblique Aero Ektachromes, which are color transparencies. Photographed to order, the prints are expensive ($150 and up for anything within a hundred and fifty miles of New York), but the Fairchild files contain about a hundred thousand black-and-white aerial photos that include practically all of Westchester, Dutchess, and Nassau counties, the five boroughs of Greater New York, and the entire State of Connecticut, so if the landed proprietor you are thinking of gratifying has the consideration to live in any of these areas, an aerial view of his own rolling acres, showing his house, his swimming pool, and maybe even his dog, may very well be among them. In that case, you can get a seven-by-nine-inch glossy or mat print of it for $2, or a thirty-by-forty-inch print for $15. As for color shots, they are taken only on order, and you'll have to talk to Fairchild about prices. (The Fairchild offices are at 21-21 41st Avenue, Long Island City.) We know of a man who was at his wit's end trying to think of something for his neighbor—one of those awful Christmas-present problems. He had a jigsaw puzzle made of a Fairchild aerial view of his friend's Long Island estate, and it proved an enormous success, although the man's guests got pretty tired of having their delighted host urge them to do the puzzle.

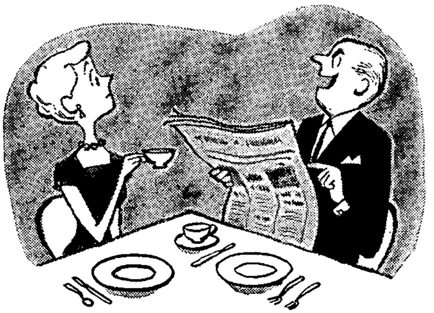
A number of years ago, we reported in these columns on the topographical maps and geodetic-survey charts put out by the government and sold by Rand McNally, 7 West 48th Street. Since then, the government departments involved have revised and amplified these publications so extensively that it now seems time to bring up the subject again. The nautical charts of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, which we found particularly absorbing, cost around sev-



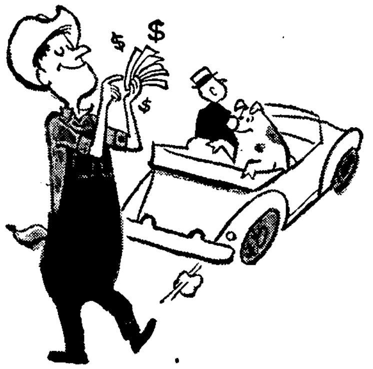
Mr. Perkins buys a pig



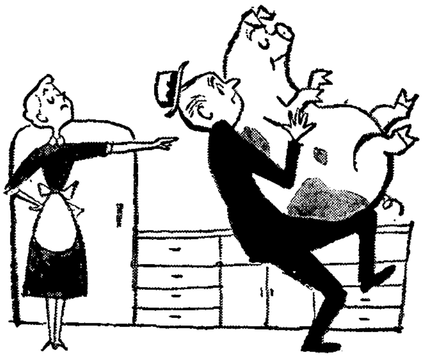
—and gets some first-hand information on what the American meat packing industry does to earn its keep.



1. "Why is it," Mr. Perkins asked his wife, "that you pay more than twice as much for pork chops as porkers are bringing on the farm? We will buy a whole pig—have pork chops more often and save a lot of money, too."

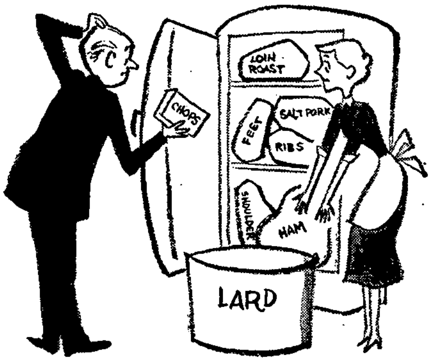


2. So Mr. P. drove to the country, bought a very choice 240-lb. pig (he hadn't known they ran so big). He also found out that . . .

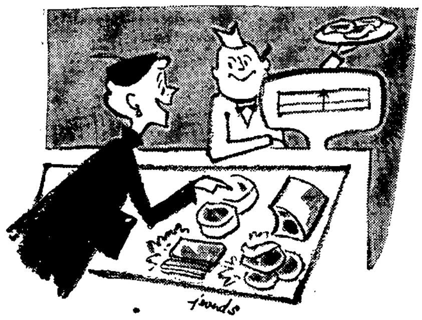


3. There is quite a bit of difference between pork on the hoof and pork in the refrigerator. He had to hire somebody to turn the pig into eatin' meat.

4. When it was dressed, his 240-lb. pig had shrunk to only 180 lbs. It still had to be turned into kitchen cuts by somebody skilled at that sort of thing.



5. After cutting up, the 180 lbs. of pork had shrunk to only 135 lbs. of meat cuts—*only 10 lbs. of which were center cut chops.* The hams still had to be cured, bacon smoked and sliced, sausage made.



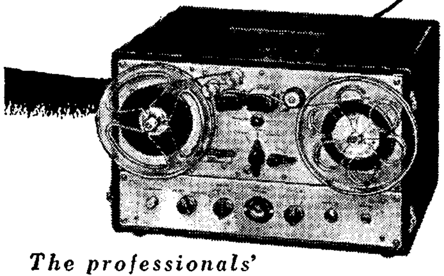
6. "I much prefer to be able to pick and choose just the cuts I want—when I want them," said Mrs. Perkins. "With packers and retailers on the job, I know any cut I want will be available when I want it."

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago *Members throughout the U. S.*

the finest gift you can listen to!

the New
M30 and M33
Magnecorders



The professionals' choice in tape recorders. Now, the M30 and M33, priced for home use.

M30, only $299.00

Listen to everything you love to hear—preserved with full range brilliance on the M30 or M33 Magnecorders. The *finest* in full listening pleasure, now at home-use cost. Made by the producers of the most widely used tape recording equipment in the world.

Look for your Magnecord dealer under "Recorders" in the classified telephone directory.

Magnecord, inc.
1101 S. KILBOURN AVENUE • CHICAGO 24, ILLINOIS
DEPARTMENT NY-11

enty-five cents or a dollar apiece. Put out by the Department of Commerce, they are classified as either harbor or regional charts. Those of the harbors nearly all measure thirty-three inches by thirty-eight inches, and are done to a scale of 1:20,000; they give soundings, indicate channels, show buoys and danger areas, and even mark sunken wrecks, if any. The emphasis of the regional charts is on the waters outside the harbors, and should probably be used in connection with the harbor charts. The scale of these is 1:80,000, for the most part, and channels, currents, soundings, cables, buoys, and the like are marked. Rand McNally also has an endless collection of topographical maps, put out by the Department of the Interior; most of these are done by counties, to a scale of 1:31,680. In some seventeen-by-twenty-one-inch maps we examined, showing various localities in Pennsylvania and Connecticut, the precision of detail was such that it struck us they should be of great assistance to hunters and fishermen and just plain walkers. Large and small streams are shown, and so are trails and roads, with the different types of roads indicated. Elevations are set forth clearly, along with camps and buildings in small towns, and even abandoned mines are pointed out. Practically every part of the United States is represented in this immense collection, and the maps cost thirty-five cents each. The shop also has aerial maps for the use of pilots, but since a pilot must be presumed to have an aerial map already, we shan't suggest these as Christmas presents; we shall, however, mention that they are printed with admirable clarity and cost a quarter apiece.

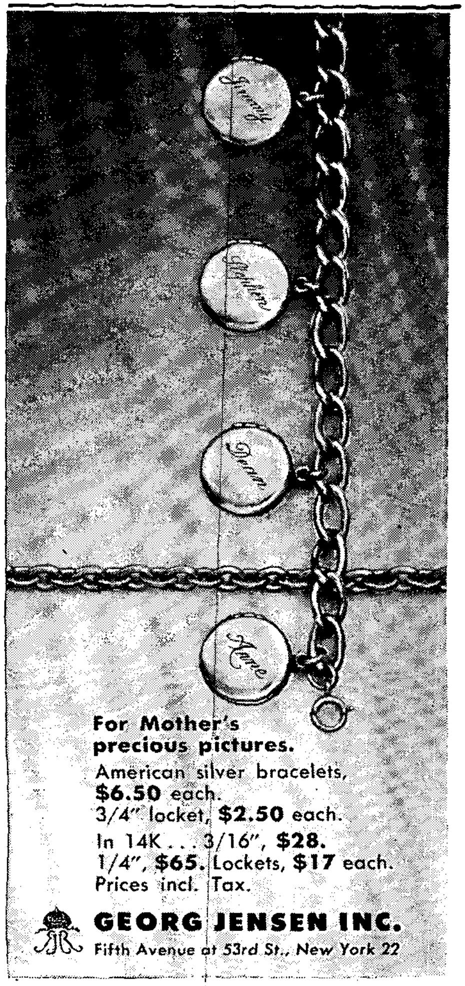
IT is our guess that for New York householders who have a terrace or a back yard and the slightest feeling of permanence in their surroundings, there could not possibly be a more satisfactory present than a fine tree or shrub; alongside such a gift, even the grandest cocktail napkins and guest towels would seem—at least to us—a dreary choice. And when the present also takes care of the usually vexing problem of getting itself planted, it will be recognized in these circles as a gift slightly beyond perfection. The Meadow Brook Nurseries, a long-established concern at 36 Grand Avenue, Englewood, New Jersey, not only is prepared to furnish an impeccable tree or shrub but will deliver and plant it at a date agreeable both to them and the recipient of the tree or shrub. What the recipient actually receives on Christ-

Starlit Cashmere

**Crystal encrusted cardigan with endless holiday gift possibilities. White, charcoal, black, pink, blue. $40.00
Just one from our
Boutique Collection of Sweaters.**

Hattie Carnegie Colognes, beautifully gift wrapped, 2.00 for 2 ounces plus tax

Hattie Carnegie
42 East 49th Street


For Mother's precious pictures.
American silver bracelets, **$6.50** each.
3/4" locket, **$2.50** each.
In 14K . . . 3/16", **$28.**
1/4", **$65.** Lockets, **$17** each.
Prices incl. Tax.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
Fifth Avenue at 53rd St., New York 22

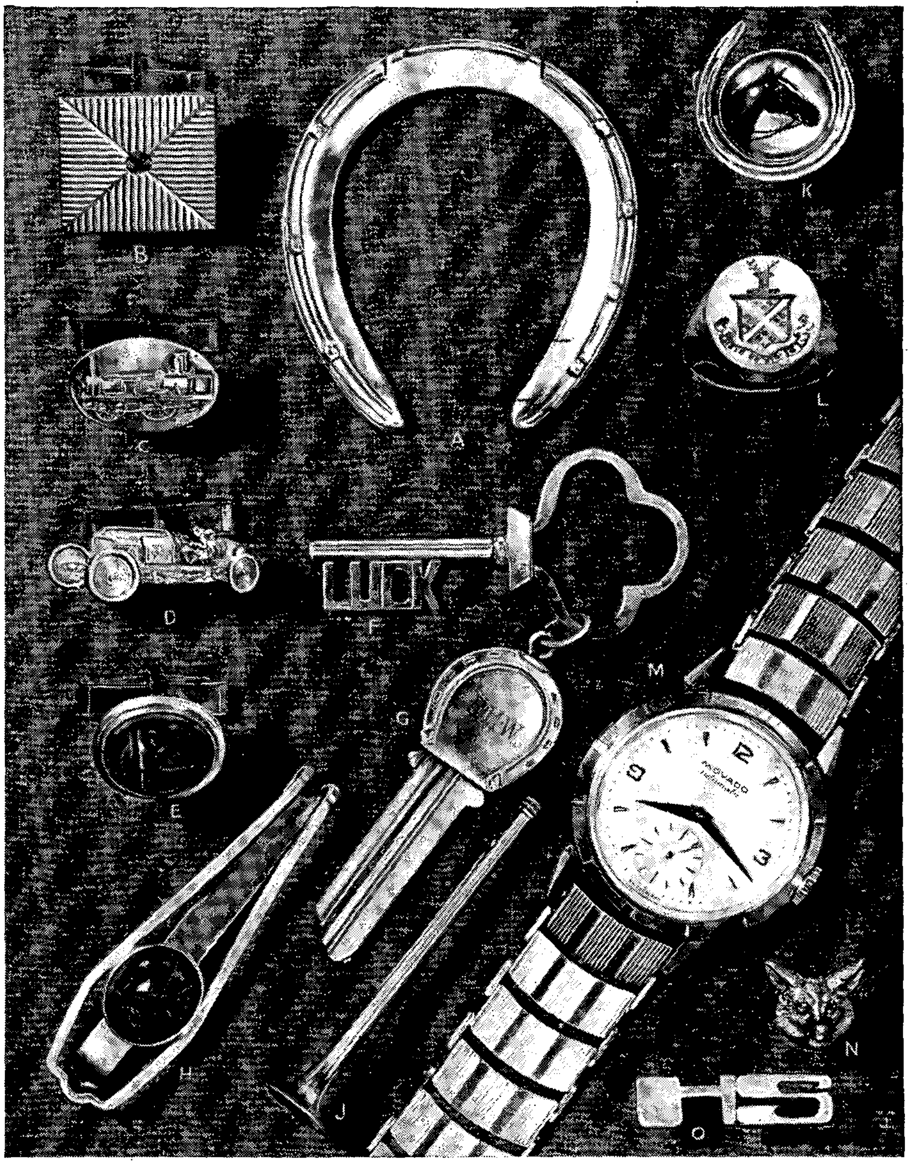
mas, along with a card from his benefactor, is a communication from the nurseries giving the species of tree, its approximate height and caliper (that's the diameter of the trunk six inches above the ground), and the correct season for planting. Since prices that include delivery and planting vary widely with the specimen and the labor involved, we can give you no more than an idea of what to expect. A three- or four-foot *Magnolia stellata*, for instance, will cost $25, delivered and planted in a New York back yard or on a New York sidewalk; a four- or five-foot pink magnolia or English holly tree will cost $30; and a sycamore, fourteen to sixteen feet high and with a two-and-a-half- to three-inch caliper, will cost $95. For terrace or penthouse jobs, or wherever unloading or getting the material to the planting area presents difficulties, the price is, of course, higher.

The Oak Park Nurseries, in East Patchogue, confines its planting service to Long Island for the most part, and its reliability and tender concern for the stock it provides have led landowners in the vicinity to think of it as a sort of benevolent godparent to the trees it has set out. The nurseries will send Christmas-gift announcements to the recipient of a tree or shrub, and if, as we say, it's to go anywhere on Long Island, will plant it later on. (The company does ship to remote areas, by truck or Railway Express, but someone else will have to do the planting.) The Oak Park people have a catalogue they'll mail on request; this will tell you, for example, that a ten-foot London plane tree costs $24, a New England sugar maple of approximately the same height $14.70, and a seven-foot apple tree of any standard variety $12. There's a ten per-cent surcharge for delivery by truck, and the cost of planting averages forty per cent of the catalogue price.

ANOTHER horticultural long shot is the plants of French wild strawberries—better known, and better tasting, as *fraises des bois*—that have been brought to this country, for the first time, by the White Flower Farm, of Litchfield, Connecticut. We can't think of a present that would more blessedly take the curse off too much Christmas tinsel than a communication from the farm announcing the arrival at some fortunate home, come springtime, of a batch of these plants, the very name of which fills gardeners and travellers alike with a sort of sentimental ecstasy. Since the two varieties White Flower offers—Marie Antoinette and

PERSONAL *Gifts* FOR MEN

14 KT. GOLD JEWELRY FROM CALDWELL



Shown actual size *Federal tax included*

A. Horseshoe Money Clip	$ 75
B. Cuff Links, Oriental sapphires, pr.	110
C. "Old Ironsides" Cuff Links, pr.	40
Matching Tie Tac	10
D. Antique Racer Cuff Links, pr.	30
Matching Tie Tac	11
E. Imported Scarab Cuff Links, pr.	30
Carnelian, green, black or blue onyx	
F. Key Holder	36
G. Gold-Mounted Latch Key	22
H. Tie Clip with Scarab	$ 25
J. Coaching Horn Collar or Tie Pin	23
K. Horseshoe Cuff Links, English crystals, pr.	95
L. Gold Seal Ring	39
Cutting coat-of-arms from	35
M. Watch, automatic 17-jewel, water resistant Movado	215
Engine-Turned Bracelet	125
N. Foxhead Tie Tac, ruby eyes	16.50
O. Two-Initial Tie Tac	13.50
Three-Initial Tie Tac	17

Mail orders shipped promptly, postpaid . . . in beautiful Caldwell boxes

SEND FOR THE CALDWELL GIFT BOOK

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

Jewelers • Silversmiths • Stationers • Antiquarians

SINCE 1839

Chestnut & Juniper Sts. • Philadelphia 7, Pa.

20 Station Rd., Haverford, Pa. • Hotel du Pont, Wilmington, Del.

Entree Dishes of Historic Significance

This sterling vegetable dish is one of a matched set of four presented to Major General Prevost for his heroic defense of the Island of Dominica in 1805. The testimonial is beautifully hand inscribed, with the original lion forming a knob and engravings. London, 1805, by John Emes. Price for set of 4, $2290, Federal Tax included.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE AT 48TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N.Y.
EAST ORANGE MANHASSET WHITE PLAINS

FORST SMOKED TURKEY PATE
FORST SMOKED TURKEY SLICED
FORST SMOKED TURKEY HANDI-CUT
FORST COCKTAIL SMOKED PORK SAUSAGES
FORST COCKTAIL FRANKFURTERS
FORST SMOKED TURKEY SAUSAGES

NOW For As Little as $6.50

Taste-Tempting Gifts
FORST CATSKILL MOUNTAIN Smoked DELICACIES

As a Gift or for Your Own Holiday Festivities . . .

Tempt appetites with famous Forst Catskill Mountain Smoked Delicacies! Perfect cocktail companions, buffet supper treats, out of the ordinary and out of this world. Special gift items featured at same low prices as last year . . . festively packed. The Pak-O-Six at $6.50, delivery prepaid in U.S., includes ½ lb. can each of sliced smoked turkey, paté and Handi-cut, and one family-size can each of Forst's new Cocktail Sausages—finger-size smoked pork sausages, franks and exclusive smoked turkey sausages. Mail check, gift list, today. Include your own family! No C.O.D.'s please. FREE full color catalog of all Forst's Smoked Delicacies—includes exciting tips on entertaining.

THE FORSTS
ROUTE 350 KINGSTON, N. Y.
All Forst Products are Government Inspected!

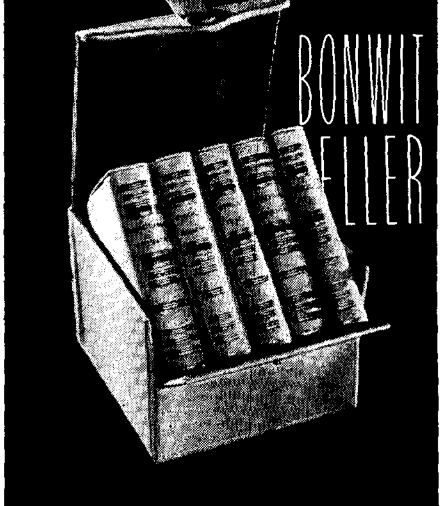
THE FORSTS, Route 350, Kingston, N. Y.
I enclose Gift List and Check for $..................
Please ship the Forst Pak-O-Six at $6.50 each, delivery charges prepaid.
☐ Send New Full Color Catalog.
Your Name ....
Address ....
City ....Zone........State.......................

Charles V—are non-runners, they would make extremely pretty edging plants; both are everbearing and heavy producers, and either costs $8.95 a dozen, postage extra. Last year at this time, we reported on the White Flower Farm's amaryllis bulbs, which produce dramatically handsome blooms. Well, this year, there are seven new hybrid varieties, each of a different color, and we understand they are even more sensational. Potted and ready to begin their long and brilliant careers in somebody's sun parlor on Christmas Day itself, they are priced at $15 each, including postage.

THERE has probably never been a year when more really useful small household appliances appeared on the scene, offering Heaven-sent solutions to Christmas problems that involve a cherished cook. We have always been militantly opposed to the idea of cluttering a kitchen up with nonessential gadgets, and we wouldn't mention the subject if we didn't consider these new items, while perhaps not essential, at least mighty helpful in the household economy. And we *are* inclined to put under the head of essentials the Osterizer, an electric food liquefier and blender, which has recently been remodelled. It now has a powerful motor that operates at two speeds and, depending upon how one sets the controls, will grind, chop, grate, emulsify, crumb, purée, homogenize, or liquefy with remarkable thoroughness in a matter of seconds. In the eyes of anybody who has ever had to scrape mayonnaise or cake batter from earlier blenders, perhaps the most important improvement of all will be the glass container, which opens at both ends, making it as easy to empty—and to clean—as a teacup. Among the Osterizer's other virtues are a tight-fitting, absolutely spatterproof top with a porthole in it, so that you don't have to take the whole thing off to funnel in ingredients after the grinding or chopping has started, and removable cutting blades, which make it possible to use any standard screw-top jar in place of the glass container. The machine, which is sold at Hammacher Schlemmer, Lewis & Conger, Macy, and Gimbel, among other places, costs $44.95 with an enamel finish and $49.95 with a chrome finish.

When it comes to taking care of fine cutlery, we have, until recently, put our faith only in old-fashioned hand sharpeners, avoiding new patent varieties as likely, except in expert hands, to damage a good piece of steel. The Cory Manu-

Bonwit's Gift Shop



Only at Bonwit's, our imported miniature travel dictionary set, 19.75 Five leather-bound dictionaries in their own leather case, 3½ inches square. Compact holiday gift for travelers. English-Italian, English-Spanish, English-French, English-German, English. In black, red, gold, green, brown or sand. Mail and phone orders filled. Add .20 shipping charge. New York White Plains Chicago Cleveland Boston

Old-Fashioned Cheddar
A Heart-Warming Gift

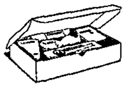
DAIRYLEA CHEDDAR CHEESE

N. Y. STATE'S FINEST

A gourmet's delight—*our finest in years.* Rare, old-fashioned, natural cheddar, selected from the choicest cheese made during the lush grass season in upper New York State. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Enclose list with check. Your gift card (or ours) sent with each cheese. *Be sure to order a supply for yourself.*

Gift Wrapped by Postpaid Mail
5 lb. wheel $4.50
($5.00 *west of Rockies*)
2½ lb. loaf $1.90
($2.15 *west of Rockies*)

Special 6-Piece Holiday Assortment



Sharp Cheddar, Mild Cheddar, Pineapple, Process American, Natural Cheddar Cheese Spread, Sharp Cheese Food—Approx. 4½ lbs. net—$3.50 ($4.00 *west of Rockies*).

DAIRYLEA®
100 Park Ave.: Room 49, New York 17, N. Y.

PONYSHOE HOOKS

Two real LUCKY ponyshoes welded together. Ideal for ranch or colonial home. Children love to hang clothes on them. 7 x 3 in. Dull black finish. With nails to attach. 3 for $2.75. $11.00 a dozen ppd.

Send for folder of original Horseshoe articles
HORSESHOE FORGE
1 Muzzey St., Lexington, Mass.

facturing Company has, however, come out with an electric knife sharpener, called the Crown Jewel, which makes it almost impossible to nick, or otherwise mistreat, a blade. A small clip in front of the grinding wheel guides the knife at exactly the prescribed twenty-degree angle, and in such a way that the blade doesn't touch the wheel except at the cutting edge. Since a dull knife is one of the more irritating minor domestic annoyances, the Crown Jewel should help make family life more comfortable. The contraption sharpens serrate-edge cutlery, stainless, as well as stainable, steel, and, indeed, anything except scissors; the price is $19.95, at Macy and at Lewis & Conger.

A lightweight automatic steam iron, just brought out by General Electric, now does for the tidy traveller what the tidy traveller has often complained was not done for her; it enables her to keep her woollen suits unwrinkled away from home. This appliance, which works on either A.C. or D.C., becomes a steam iron when water is fed into it by means of a bulb attachment; for dry duty, it has General Electric's familiar and dependable "dial the fabric" control. The iron weighs twenty-seven ounces and costs $14.95, at Abercrombie & Fitch, Bloomingdale, Macy, and Hammacher Schlemmer.

GENTLEMEN who fancy themselves as cooks, less ambitious chefs who merely plug in an electric roaster, and obliging young husbands who lend a hand with the family dishwashing from time to time are obviously candidates for the tidy, workmanlike aprons to be had at La Cuisinière, a new shop at 133 East 55th Street. Certainly no man who means business in the kitchen—or who is encouraged to mean business—ought to be without one or more of the butchers' aprons this shop has imported, which are as much a part of the English butchers' standard equipment as his cleaver. This traditional garment, as any woman who has done her own marketing in the United Kingdom must know, is made of heavy blue cotton twill with narrow white stripes; the aprons at La Cuisinière are forty-four inches long, cost $4.95, and will wear a lifetime. The shop has other good-looking aprons, of its own design, in grass-green, red, navy-blue, or candy-stripe denim; these, also for men, are forty inches long and cost $3.75. Shorter aprons of the same type cost $3.50.

The appearance of still another practical work apron, at the Penthouse Gallery, 15 West 55th Street, is a healthy

FRESH FROM SWITZERLAND

HAPPY INSPIRATIONS FOR GIFT HUNTERS!

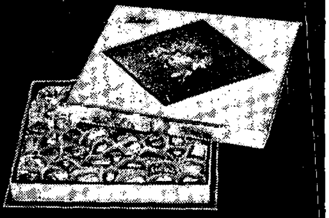
Tobler

SWISS CHOCOLATES of perfection

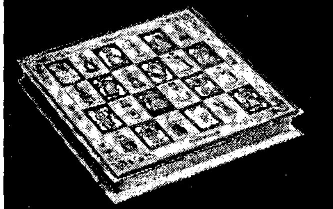
MANY TOBLER ASSORTMENTS AT THESE AND OTHER LEADING FINE STORES

NEW YORK CITY
Bloomingdale's
Charles & Co.
Maison Glass
Vendome Table Delicacies
BROOKLYN
Abraham & Straus
ATLANTA
Rich's
BALTIMORE
Louis Kahn & Son
BOSTON
Jordan Marsh Co.
CHICAGO
Carson Pirie Scott
CINCINNATI
H. S. Pogue
CLEVELAND
The Higbee Co.
DALLAS
Neiman-Marcus
DAYTON
Rike Kumler
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
Herpolsheimer's
GREENSBORO, N. C.
Ellis Stone
INDIANAPOLIS
Charles Meyer Dept. Store
KANSAS CITY
Hall Bros.
LOS ANGELES
Albert T. Balzer Co., Ltd.
MILWAUKEE
Ed Schuster Stores
MINNEAPOLIS
The Dayton Co.
PHILADELPHIA
Gimbel Bros.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
SAN FRANCISCO
Goldberg, Bowen
SYRACUSE, N. Y.
Dey Bros.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Woodward & Lothrop

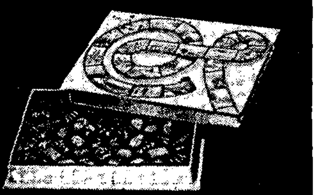
SWISS SCENERY
These magnificent Alpine landscapes are year-after-year favorites among Tobler gift packages. Milk and dark chocolates. 9½ oz.—1 lb.—1 lb. 8½ oz. —2 lb. 1 oz.



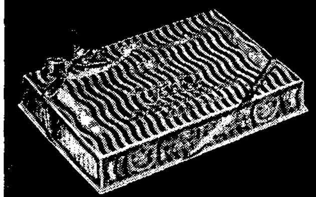
GOLDEN FLOWER BOX
Full-color floral motif, richly framed in black and gold. The wonderful Tobler surfine chocolate assortment. 9¾ oz. — 1 lb. 3 oz.



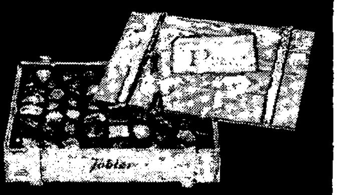
SWITZERLAND BOX
Twenty-four charming Swiss provincial costumes authentically and delicately rendered. Assorted filled chocolates and tablets. 1 lb. 1½ oz.



SWISS TOUR
A colorful "film strip travelogue" of Swiss scenic wonders, and a complete "guide" to the delights of Tobler chocolates! 1 lb. 2 oz.



FLAME BOX
Elegantly ornamented in dazzling red, gold and black. Tobler's most luxurious chocolate selection. 3 lb. 6 oz.



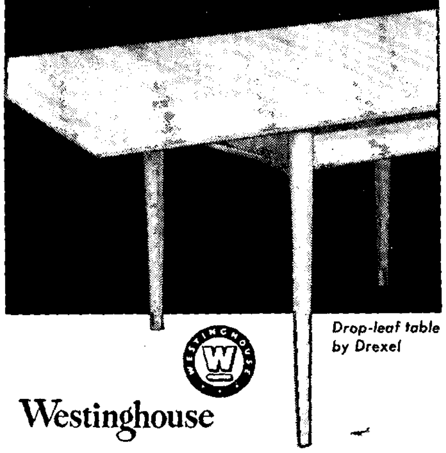
"PRECIOUS CARGO"
An actual wooden box with a smart hand-made look, containing finest hand-picked Tobler chocolates. 2 lb.

Gift boxes with the continental touch of lavish design are perfect settings for luscious Tobler gems of the chocolate-maker's art. Shown here are just a few of the bright Tobler gift ideas you'll find in the stores this season. Tobler Swiss chocolates will bring raves from everyone on your gift-list. Play Santa in the grand manner—the Tobler manner!

Sole U. S. Agents: R. C. Williams & Co., Inc., New York 59, N. Y.

indication that gentlemen cooks have at last revolted against the indignity of the comic chef's apron, with its depressing legends. Here, the man's apron, which is called *osaka*, comes from Japan and is made of black denim with a self fringe at the bottom and large Japanese characters printed in white across the front. In their native habitat, aprons of this sort are worn not by house servants but by workmen and food tradesmen, and the characters spell out the name of the trade—butcher, fishmonger, and the like. A Japanese woman's apron, called *cooksan*, comes only down to the thigh, and for that reason would seem rather less practical than the *osaka*, which reaches to well below the knees. The *cooksan* is very fetching, however, being made of fine white percale, cut square at the neck, and tied in back. It costs $4, and the *osaka* costs $6. If you are shopping for cheerful trivia, and aren't put off by a really stupendous clutter, you'll find a careful inspection of the Penthouse shop, which, by the way, is located in a basement, well worth while. Among some particularly pleasing and original items that caught our eye on a recent visit were hand-colored paper butterflies, which might flutter over one's own Christmas decorations or be sent as a minor present to someone. Perched on the ends of flexible sticks twenty-two inches long, and packed in a silvery box, five butterflies cost $3.50; stuck on wires the same length and packed in a less decorative box, the same number cost $2.95. There are also a great number of flat paper kites from India that make a stirring display of color and form. Some of these are made on rectangular wooden frames and are covered with intricate geometric patterns of such brilliant colors that they look like stained glass, and others are in the form of enormous butterflies, gorgeously colored in deep pink, blue, orange, and black; prices range from $1.25, for a foot-square kite, to $3.50, for a three-foot butterfly. Something else you will find here is a swarm of Swedish Christmas decorations, in wood, plaster, and paper, at prices ranging from $1, for a set of six metal icicles, to $35, for a wooden horse big enough for a child to sit on, which traditionally goes under Swedish Christmas trees. Among the shop's more serious items is a large selection of Greek plates, copied by modern Greek potters from antique designs, some of which date back beyond the Homeric period; their prices run from $4.50 to $8. Some Japanese books, filled with blank pages of heavy rice paper and handsomely bound in

It "tops" the finest in furniture...



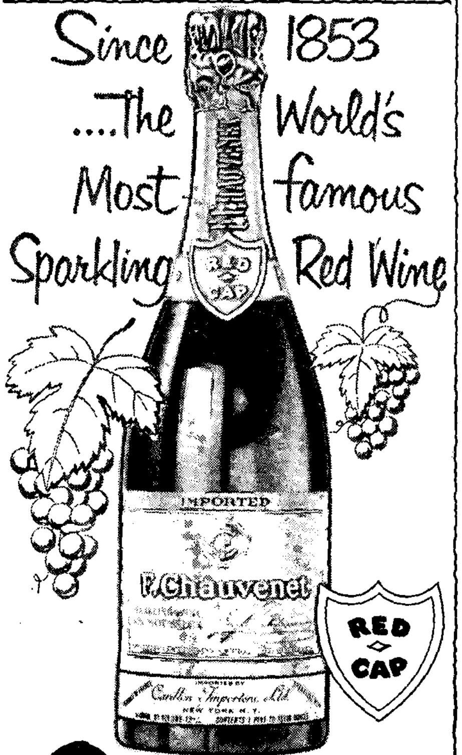
Drop-leaf table by Drexel

Westinghouse
micarta®

The MICARTA surface on this attractive table will remain bright and mar-free for years. MICARTA resists food and liquid stains, scuffs, scratches and burns. It wipes to a gleam with a damp cloth. Look for lovely, carefree MICARTA on the furniture you buy.

DISTRIBUTED BY UNITED STATES PLYWOOD CORPORATION AND U.S.-MENGEL PLYWOODS, INC.

Since 1853 ....The World's Most famous Sparkling Red Wine



Chauvenet
From BURGUNDY, France
The Red Wine at its Sparkling Best
SOLE U. S. AGENT—CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

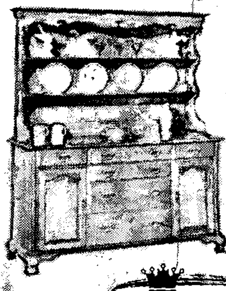
WEDGWOOD
A LIVING TRADITION

MENNECY (Queen's Ware)
Five-piece place setting $8.60

Wedgwood offers a wide variety of designs in all price ranges. There are a hundred or more for your choice, from the simplest to the most elaborate. Write us and we will tell you where you can buy Wedgwood, and we'll also send you selected colored illustrations for 10c. Folder R.

JOSIAH WEDGWOOD & SONS, INC.
24 East 54th Street, New York 22, N. Y.
Wedgwood is made at Barlaston, England.

Yours to Treasure...
COMMONWEALTH
SOLID CHERRY

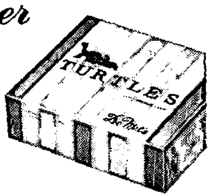


Proudly featured by furniture and department stores. Send 10¢ for brochure Dept. PN.

PARAMOUNT of Warren PENNSYLVANIA
DIVISION FANCHER FURNITURE CO.

TURTLES
BRAND
© 1953

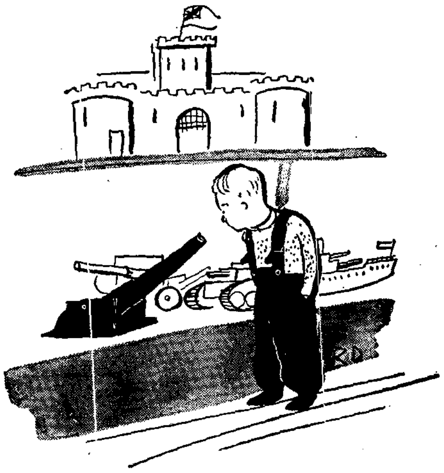
You've never tasted Candy *like this!*

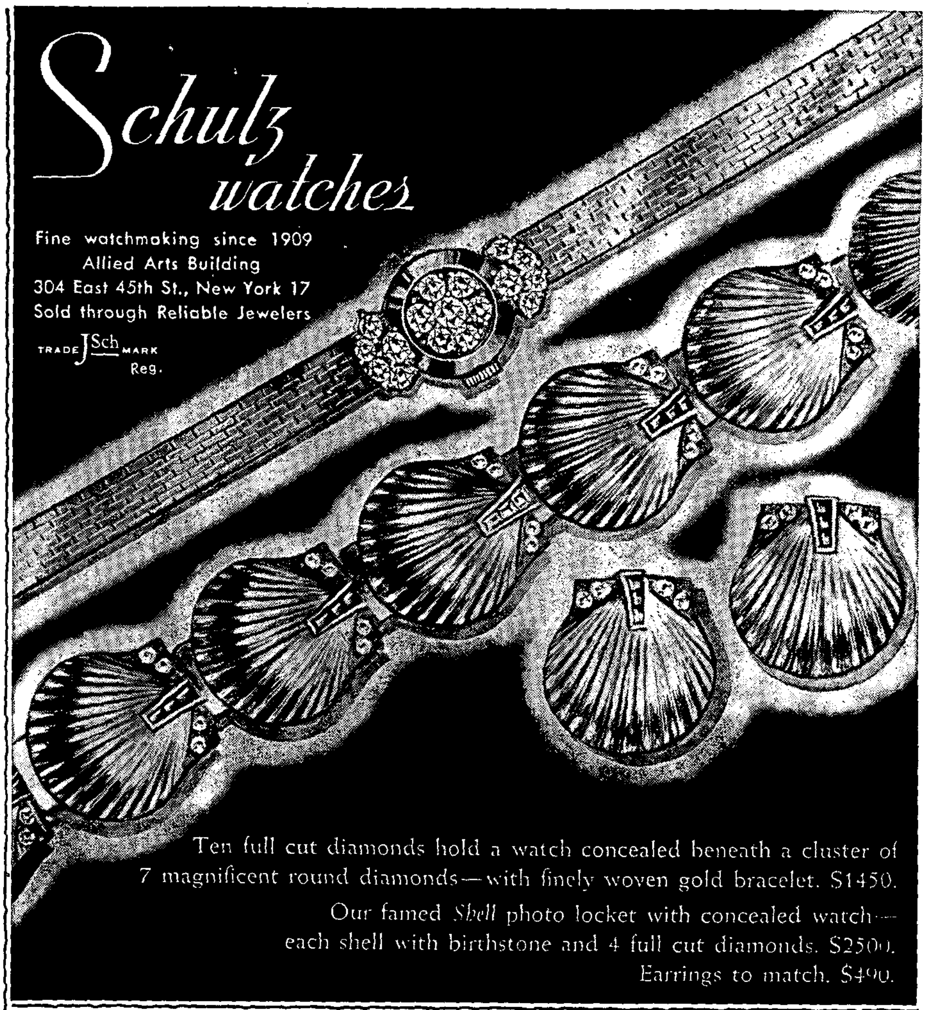


Made Only by
DeMet's, INC.
177 N. FRANKLIN ST., CHICAGO 6, ILL.
SOLD AT LEADING CANDY COUNTERS EVERYWHERE

brown silk, would make striking guest-books ($5) and might interest shoppers with country friends.

IN making our tortuous way through the shops, we have run into such a preposterously large array of kitchen canisters as to convince us that housewives throughout the land have recently developed a raging passion for them. These canisters, however, are for the most part such a tiresome lot—decorated with determinedly gay stencils of folksy Pennsylvania Dutch design, or done in gummy plastic—that we feel it our duty to bring to the attention of Christmas shoppers some containers we feel would be more worthy of their friends' stylish modern kitchens. Bonniers, 605 Madison Avenue (58th), has beautifully simple covered jars of highly glazed greenish-white earthenware, made in Finland, that should be an object lesson to American manufacturers of overdecorated utensils. They are plain, squat cylinders with perfectly flat covers, so that they can be stacked one on top of another, and they come in a pint-and-a-half size, big enough to hold slightly more than a pound of most staples, at $2.50, and in a three-quarter-pint size, at $2. The smaller containers are also to be had in green, yellow, cocoa, and a very dark brown, and in these colors they make especially nice individual soup bowls, with their unusual form and close-fitting flat lids. On the whole, the more we see of plastic housewares, the less friendly we feel about them, but when we find an engaging object like a ten-and-a-half-inch Danish bread boat made of the stuff—this is also at Bonniers—we realize that it isn't necessarily the medium that is vulgar and tasteless but what has been done with it. The lines of the bread boat are of the utmost simplicity and grace, and the mat-finished dead-white surface has a depth we had never before associated with plastic. Even the price




Schulz watches
Fine watchmaking since 1909
Allied Arts Building
304 East 45th St., New York 17
Sold through Reliable Jewelers
TRADE JSch MARK Reg.

Ten full cut diamonds hold a watch concealed beneath a cluster of 7 magnificent round diamonds—with finely woven gold bracelet. $1450.
Our famed *Shell* photo locket with concealed watch—each shell with birthstone and 4 full cut diamonds. $2500.
Earrings to match. $490.

Mediterranea

from our newest collection of compatible pieces in the Provincial manner. For a booklet illustrating and describing our entire collection, please write, enclosing 25¢, to Heritage-Henredon, Dept. N-113, High Point, N. C. (Name of your nearest dealer sent on request.)

HH Heritage Henredon
fine furniture

IN THE HOLIDAY SPIRIT

Sprays of iridescent beads add sparkle to our satin evening dress. In black, navy, sea foam and grey.

Sizes 12—42

Price $195.

Kathleen Inc.

118 East 60th St., New York 22, N. Y.
88 Main St., New Canaan, Conn.

Marvella®
MAKES YOU LOVELIER
SIMULATED PEARL ROPES FROM $5 TO $50 PLUS TAX
AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

of this exemplary container is attractive—only $2.25.

WE would probably be thought crazy if we came out and stated that a slicing machine is an indispensable piece of kitchen equipment, so maybe we had better simply say that we love our own new slicer—the latest model put out by the General Slicing Machine Company—to distraction and would find kitchen life dull without it. For one thing, it allows us to realize an ambition of long standing—buying a whole side of fine country bacon, to be sliced as needed, and thus preserving much of the flavor, as well as reducing the cost. Although this alone is enough to make the new tool welcome in our kitchen, it does a lot of other useful jobs, too. During preparations for a party, for example, it performs brilliantly—cutting mountains of bread to exactly the desired thinness in no time, and slicing cheese, vegetables, cold meats, and whatever else calls for slicing. It is powered by a hand crank, and, unlike other slicers we have seen, has a good two-inch clearance from the table, so that a plate or a tray can be placed under it to catch the sliced food; moreover, its legs are tipped with powerful suction cups, which keep it firmly anchored on any smooth surface, and the cutting wheel, as well as the platform on which the food to be cut rests, is large enough to take care of a three-rib roast. The slicer costs $17.95 at practically all the better housefurnishings stores—Hammacher Schlemmer, Bloomingdale, and Lewis & Conger, among others.

NOT only is there something about a soup tureen that is irresistibly cozy, suggesting all the homey family virtues, but we have an idea that anybody who gets one as a present might well take steps to improve the quality of the family soup. Some tureens at Alice H. Marks, 18 East 53rd Street, should, we think, inspire the kind of hostess who needs such inspiration or be a fitting tribute to the other kind. We shan't go into a discussion of the antique Lowestoft and Chelsea tureens that this shop has in impressive numbers, but will concentrate on some pieces of more modest origin—mostly reproductions of antique French and Italian patterns. One of the Italian tureens has a gay allover pattern of sprawly red, green, and blue flowers, with a raised flower serving as a handle on the top of the cover; it holds around three pints and costs $20. A copy of an old Lunéville piece has Chinese figures on the sides and a red-

P S
Pendleton Skirts

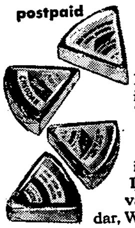
Pendleton-loomed, pure virgin wool Scotch tartan takes your eye in this slender skirt with bias front walking pleat. Half-lined, 10-18, $14.95. Write us for name of nearest store and our complete skirt story.
P. P. S. See Pendleton sweaters, too.

Write Dept. 16

Pendleton Woolen Mills • Portland 4, Ore.

Give a Jewel Box Brimful of
20 LUSCIOUS VINTAGE CHEESES!

ONLY $2.95 postpaid



Here's a gift to please your most discriminating friends — and a wonderful gourmet's bounty for your own entertaining.

A fascinating assortment of 20 hearty, mouth-watering cheeses, beautifully packed in attractive, re-usable ruby-red plastic case. Delicious, exciting blends of superb processed varieties: Sharp Aged Cheddar, Smoked Cheddar, Wine Cheddar, Aged Gruyère Swiss, Munster, Brick, Limburger, Swiss and Tomato, Swiss and Kummel.

Each luscious wedge is individually jacketed in gold foil to preserve intact its delicious flavor.

Order Now By Mail • Unconditionally Guaranteed

Christmas delivery guaranteed E. of Miss. on orders received up to Dec. 22nd; West, Dec. 20th.

Old World Cheese House, Inc.
104 Evans Turn, Hillside, N. J. • Phone: ELizabeth 4-0068

GOGO
Absolutely unique! Just wind him and watch him jump and flip-flop high in the air for several minutes at a time. Of unbreakable, brilliant colored plastic. Send $1.00. Sorry, no C.O.D.'s.

PLAYHOUSE
66 East Walton Place, Chicago 11, Illinois

cheeked apple for a knob on the cover; this one holds nearly three quarts and costs $30. Another Italian specimen, which holds three full quarts, is decorated with sepia scenes in medallions set on a yellow ground; $25. There's a small, two-man tureen in white Italian earthenware, at $8, and an even smaller one, for individual service, that is a charming reproduction of Old Leeds, in white and green, at $11.... Bonniers modern soup tureens offer as great a contrast to these conventional patterns as one could well imagine. A striking import from Sweden that holds three quarts and costs $7.50 is of clear-yellow, green, or blue earthenware and shaped like a high French marmite; a dark-blue or off-white Swedish tureen with a herringbone-self pattern, which holds two and a half quarts, costs $17.50; and a Swedish tureen of highly glazed blue or green pottery costs $8.50 and holds a gallon. With any of these, Bonniers' stainless-steel ladles (from $5.50 to $10.50) would look very neat and trim.

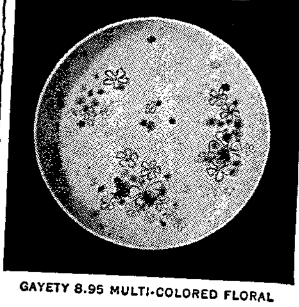
WHEN we introduced La Cuisinière a few paragraphs back, we talked about its prosaic work-aprons, and for fear you might get a wrong impression, we want to say that this new shop is far from prosaic, and that its approach to the good life of the kitchen has our hearty approval. Since this is a life that is being invaded more and more rapidly by the smug and banal gadgets of the gift shoppe, anyone who is eager to please a friend endowed with a real feeling for kitchen equipment is bound to be cheered by the intelligently chosen tools and decorative odds and ends—old and new—to be found here. A high spot among the shop's culinary utensils is a double boiler, imported from England, that is as pretty as it is practical. The cover and the upper saucepan are made of highly glazed gray Denby pottery, lined with shell pink; the lower section is of very heavy polished cast aluminum, and the handle is of heatproof plastic. Not only is this combination entirely practical for cooking any dish that requires a double boiler but it would be charming used on the table as a *réchaud*. The size that holds three-quarters of a pint costs $5.95, and the pint-and-a-half size costs $8.95. Among some other furnishings that a serious-minded cook would probably covet are a set of four white mixing bowls of Finnish earthenware ($14), the smallest suitable for rubbing up a cupful or so of sauce, and the biggest for stirring a great cake. Although these

Raymond Loewy
CREATED IT... WORLD-FAMOUS
ROSENTHAL FACTORIES MAKE IT

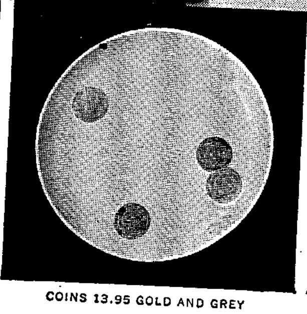
CONTINENTAL
"THE SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING WONDERFUL IN FINE CHINA"

Where have you ever seen china sit so gracefully
at a formal dinner table... perk up a buffet so
spontaneously with fresh and enchanting "mix-matches"?
Where have you ever seen European china of
such beauty, such translucency, such quality,
at such unbelievably low prices?
Only in CONTINENTAL!
Illustrated is SCRIPT and CHARCOAL
"mix-match" 11.45; SCRIPT 10.95;
other 5-piece place settings
6.95 to 13.95.

AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE.
FOR FULL-COLOR ILLUSTRATIONS
OF ALL PATTERNS, SEND 10¢ TO
THE ROSENTHAL-BLOCK CHINA CORP.
DEPT. 4NY-3, 21 E. 26TH ST. N. Y.



GAYETY 8.95 MULTI-COLORED FLORAL



COINS 13.95 GOLD AND GREY

CONFERENCE 10.95 BLUE GREY TONES

Snow Flowers
Imported knitted Swiss linen top, linen white; cotton doeskin skirt, Pellon lining. Bittersweet or Avocado, colorful handmade wool flowers and handmade wool belt, sizes 10-16,
49.95
the ensemble (includes air postage)
order via air mail
no customs duty

A. Harris & Co. Dallas, Texas
glamour magnified

for the
smallest
print

Open up a new world of phone numbers, addresses, price tags to her! Gold-color metal inlaid with rhinestones, mock pearls. Ours from Fashion Craft Jewelry, 3" long, 4.00.

How many shall we send you?..........................
Christmas gift wrapped?.................(.45 extra)
Name..
Address..
City..State.......................
Check ☐ C.O.D. ☐ Money Order ☐
Add .35 each for shipping, except C.O.D.
Mail to A. Harris & Co., Dallas, Texas

are obviously mixing bowls, and are so labelled, they are, for some reason, ovenproof. Here, too, are some large earthenware cookie jars from Italy, strikingly decorated with a green-and-yellow parrot surrounded by green-and-brown flowers ($7.50); workmanlike French and Italian kitchen knives, for all purposes; and, probably as a sort of joke, those jackets with black alpaca sleeves and yellow or red stripes across the front that are worn by waiters in Italian cafés ($10). Amid all this practical modernity, a number of pleasing antiques—teapots, covered dishes, coffeepots—give the little shop an air of some elegance.

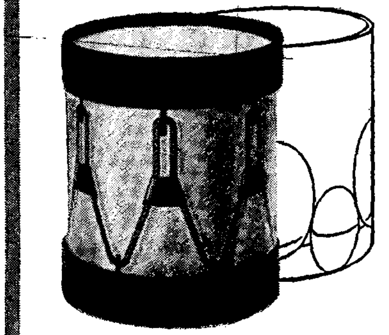
IT looks as if the housefurnishings stores and gadget shops, which for several years have plied us relentlessly with every conceivable style of candle-operated *réchaud* for keeping our coffee nice and hot, are out of luck, and that before long the eternal light on every breakfast table will be snuffed out for good. It will be replaced, we predict, by a marvellously insulated six-cup coffee carafe, recently brought out by Georg Jensen and sold for $22.50 there and at Altman, Hammacher Schlemmer, and Charles & Co.'s Bon Voyage shop, 340 Madison Avenue (43rd). This endlessly serviceable container, which is tall and shaped like an old-fashioned chocolate pot, has a small copper cover but is otherwise made of high-fired stoneware (Jensen calls it Thermostone) in plain dark gray or in white with rust-colored flecks. Between the inner and the outer walls of the pot is a space packed with something called vermiculite, a substance more often found insulating buildings than insulating coffeepots. Whatever it is, it certainly keeps coffee hot. It also keeps things cold; iced drinks stay icy for up to six hours in this jewel. Moreover, a one- or two-quart container of the same general construction and material and fitted with a brass or copper cover is sold as an ice bucket but can just as well be used for hot foods. In servantless households, this makes a wonderfully practical container for serving stews or soups, and after dinner it can get back to its regular job of storing ice. The quart size costs $18, at Jensen, Altman, and Charles, and the two-quart size costs $22.50 at the same places and at Hammacher Schlemmer.

IT is probably because meals served in a private hotel suite always seem more fun—not to say more luxurious—than meals served elsewhere that

To Please a Man . . .
the
DRUM GLASS
from France

Nobly proportioned. . .a man's size glass of finest crystal . . . created for him, and him alone, by the master craftsmen of the Cristalleries de Saint-Louis. Enclosed for giving in a little French drum right out of his boyhood dreams.

At distinctive shops $7.00



Saint-Louis Cristal de France
607 Fifth Ave., New York 17
PLaza 5-1848
Since 1757 the manufacturers of beautiful crystal stemware, decanters, and many other exquisite creations.

Relax in Luxury
DeerMocs
$8.95 postpaid
ORDER BY MAIL
Give men's or women's regular shoe size.

1/4" foam rubber insole assures the ultimate in foot comfort.

Send for FREE 36-page **Outdoor Catalog** featuring leather shirts, insulated boots, outdoor clothing and equipment.

GENUINE SUNTAN DEERSKIN . . . hand cut by Western leather craftsmen into handsome slippers that mold to your feet for perfect fit. Easy to get on and off, yet hug your feet when you walk. Fold for traveling. Washable! Money-back guarantee.

Norm Thompson
5095 S. W. Barnes Rd., PORTLAND 1, ORE.

FOR RENT IN BARBADOS, B.W.I.

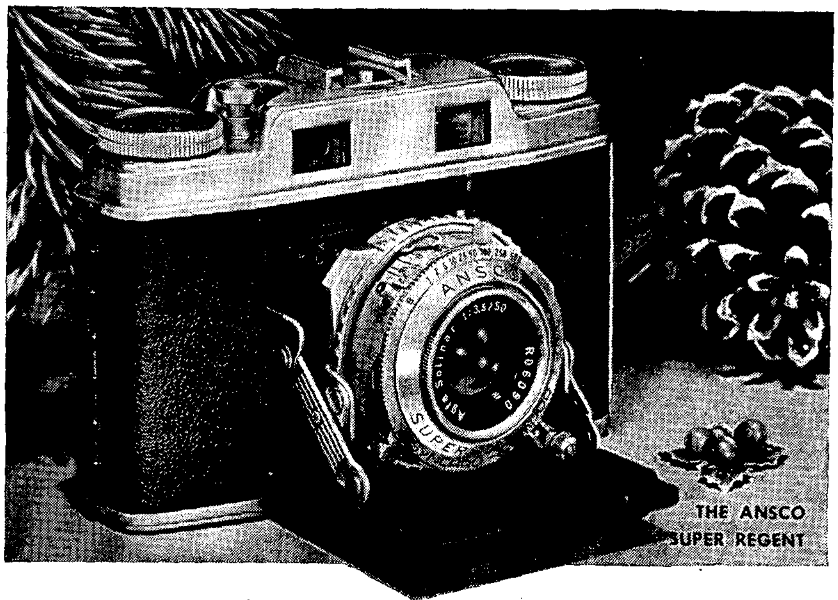
Superb Oceanfront Estate
With Butler and 4 Servants

In the balmy Riviera of the Caribbean, 350 ft. of private ocean frontage, luxurious estate set in 3½ lush tropical acres. 8½-hour BOAC Constellation service from N. Y. Bachelor Hall, exquisitely furnished residence with 4 bedrooms, 3 baths. Mediterranean architecture with every modern luxury. Glittering social season built around visit of H.R.H. Princess Margaret. Rental from January through April, $10,000. For further information on property YN-80212, consult the New York office of

PREVIEWS Inc.
The Nationwide Marketing Service
49 E. 53RD ST., NEW YORK 22 PLAZA 8-2630
BOSTON • PHILADELPHIA • CHICAGO • PARIS
PALM BEACH • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

Bloomingdale has had the idea of bringing a decorative version of the room-service table into the home. Unfortunately, it doesn't come complete with manservant and covered dishes, but it does fold up, and that gives it the hotel table's ability to disappear from the scene when the meal is over. On the other hand, since Bloomingdale's table (you'll find it in the Au Gourmet Shop, on the sixth floor) is much more attractive than the hotel variety, there's nothing to keep it from staying right on in the living room between meals. It has black-painted aluminum legs (thirty inches high, but collapsible to a mere seven inches high), set on two-inch rubber-tired ball-bearing wheels, which can be locked into rigidity by a sort of brake during mealtimes, and a round white Formica top, forty-two inches across, which folds up to a mere seven inches in width. The price is $125. . . . Lord & Taylor has a round folding table, thought up by the Italian designer Peccorini, that isn't as versatile as the Bloomingdale number; since it does nothing more surprising than fold, but this hardly matters, because it's so handsome that you wouldn't want to trundle it off out of sight anyway. This intimate little piece (it's thirty inches high, and only thirty-three inches in diameter, so it's meant for no more than two diners) is made in Florence of rich Italian walnut and costs $109. . . . Some very different, non-folding little tables that would hold an ashtray or anchor a plate at a buffet meal are to be had at Designed for Living, 131 East 57th Street. They have pink marble tops, a foot square, set on wrought-iron frames sixteen inches high, and they cost $14.50. In beige marble, the price is $12.50.

WELL-TO-DO bargain hunters, ever on the alert for a million-dollar present at a slightly reduced price, will almost certainly be interested to learn that the Atmos clock, the miraculous timepiece that is operated entirely by changes in the temperature, is now obtainable for a mere $165. For all we know, this indicates that changes in temperature are less expensive now than they were when the clock was introduced a few years ago, at $300. The Atmos seems to be the dream of perpetual motion come true; it is a hundred per cent self-winding, and, once placed in position (a mighty ticklish business), it runs indefinitely, as long as there is the least bit of change in the weather. There is, of course, a lot more to the sensitive mechanism than this, but you won't catch us getting tangled up in



Greatest Gift Value in 35mm Luxury Cameras

You give more Merry Christmas by choosing the beautiful new Ansco Super Regent, because it offers de-luxe features you won't find elsewhere for the price. Four-element hard coated f3.5 Agfa Solinar lens gives sharper, brighter color slides. Synchro-Compur M-X flash shutter has speeds to 1/500-second. Super-accurate lens-coupled rangefinder; automatic film transport; double-exposure prevention; all-metal construction. At photo shops. **$87.50** Case $9.75 . . . . . Flash Unit $7.95

P. S. If you're the family camera fan, use this ad for "hinting purposes."

ANSCO Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corp.
"From Research to Reality."

"Quel temps fait-il aujourd'hui?" *
PLUIE
VARIABLE
BEAU
TEMPS FIXE
TRES SEC
TEMPETE
GDE PLUIE

Ask the **BRITTANY FRENCH-STYLE WALL BAROMETER**

$25.

(add 50¢ for shipping)

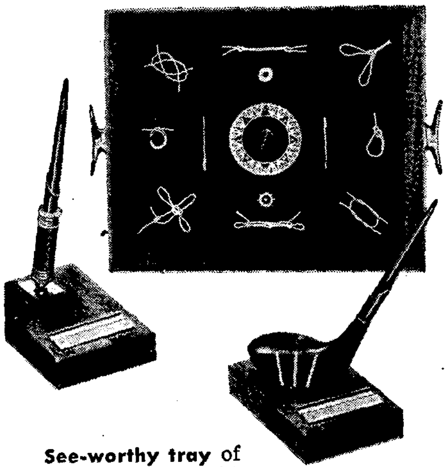
Tells the weather, the humidity, and the room temperature.

Something different and delightful. It is patterned after antique French Provincial barometers with an etched brass dial and a hand-rubbed cherry case. An accent for contemporary or traditional decor. 10" x 16" x 1 5/16". Precision instruments make it as useful as it is charming. (Note: There's an English translation of the French dial on the back plate.) An outstanding value.

*"*What's the weather today?"*

Send for book of Christmas gift suggestions.

Shreve
CRUMP & LOW COMPANY
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON STREET
BOSTON



Gracious gifts for Sportsmen and Sportswomen

See-worthy tray of deck mahogany, with 8 miniature sailor's knots, compass rose and other nautical gear set under glass on blue sail-cloth. 14" x 18". Chrome cleat handles, $40.00.

Not illustrated: mahogany tray with Ripley pheasant, duck or quail-shooting print in full color. Shotgun shell handles, $35.00.

Burnished walnut pen stands with Parker "21" pen in (1) a real brassie, $17.50; (2) a real shotgun shell on swivel mount, $22.50.

All items by Thomson Designs.

Mail orders invited; shipped prepaid.

At the sportsman's corner in:

DOORWAY TO GRACIOUS GIFTS • FOR SPORTSMEN & SPORTSWOMEN •

michigan: The Sportsman
116 S. Woodward Ave.
Birmingham, Mich.

minnesota: Gokey Company
94 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

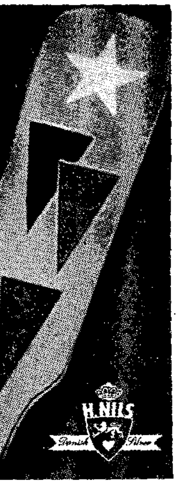
new york: The Crossroads of Sport, Inc.
15 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

ohio: The Gun & Tackle Shops
13214 Shaker Square, Cleveland, Ohio

california: Kerr's Sports Shop
Beverly Hills, California

georgia: Field & Fireside, Inc.
26 13th Street, Columbus, Ga.

CATALOGS ON REQUEST. PLEASE WRITE EACH STORE DIRECT.



Just Arrived

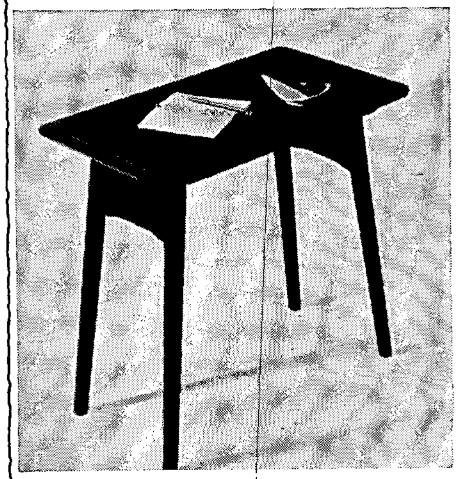
The new gaily colored Holiday Dessert set, "The Three Kings." Sterling, with inlaid enamel and gold-plated. Spoon or fork, 6½" long, are $16.50 each. Fed. Tax and shipping incl. Christmas catalog sent on request. Exclusively at:

H. NILS
HANDWROUGHT
DANISH SILVER
One E. 58th St., N. Y. 22
At the Savoy-Plaza

highly technical horological matters. Its impressive performance aside, the Atmos is a remarkably handsome round timepiece, made of polished brass set in a rectangular crystal case that is nine and a quarter inches high, seven and a half inches wide, and five and three-quarters inches from front to back, and through which you can see the mysterious mechanism at work. Besides keeping time and looking beautiful, the clock obviously offers an opportunity for endless conversation of a meteorological nature, so it had better be earmarked for some intelligent fellow who knows what he is talking about. Atmos is to be had at Abercrombie & Fitch and at Black, Starr & Gorham, and either shop will provide precise instructions for setting up the clock and taking care of it.

WELL, the wheel is turning, as wheels have a tendency to do, and here we are just about where we were before Hi-Fi and its multiple individual parts came along to change our lives for better or for worse. Perhaps the younger members of our audience may not even remember the days when people bought a radio or a radio-phonograph all neatly assembled in a cabinet (Regency, Chippendale, or French Provincial); that was before people began to believe they could get better sound and have more fun by buying separate units, or "components," as they are called down on Cortlandt Street, where the sidewalks are jammed with displays of internal electronic organs. Now that everybody has taken to being an expert and hooking up his separately purchased tuner, amplifier, preamplifier, record-player, and loudspeaker, along comes a new and neatly assembled receiver chassis that takes much of the risk out of radio installation. And since there appear to be a good many hookers-up whose misguided ambition has led them into trouble (we have heard of a case where an unfortunate amateur found himself with three sets of controls on one outfit), shoppers who have one of these scatterbrained or butterfingered music-lovers on their lists might feel they were doing him and his household a good turn by fitting them up with this chassis, which includes an AM-FM tuner, an amplifier, and a preamplifier, all in one packet. No loudspeaker or record-player is provided in the combination, so the audiophile still has an opportunity to undertake a little invigorating puttering. The new unit is put out by Harmon-Kardon, with a Williamson high-power (20-watt) am-

Want to give a practical gift?
Here's HOWE!



THIS CHRISTMAS give this versatile all-purpose table. Folds quickly and easily—adds space to any room. It sits solidly, without a tremble or wobble. A practically styled and finished piece you'll be proud to give. At the better stores, or write us.

ALL-PURPOSE TABLE for games, writing, sewing, homework, typewriter, projector or buffet—16"x28"x27" high. Alcohol and heat resistant. Finish: mahogany, maple ($17.95)—bleach or black with gold striping ($19.95). Other types of folding tables including nests, $9.95 to $36.50.

If it folds—ask HOWE!

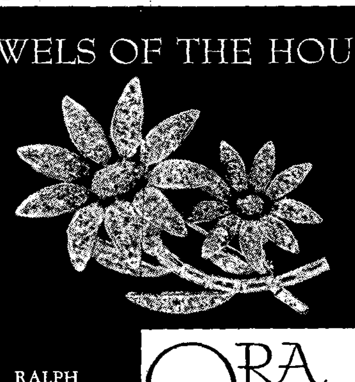
HOWE FOLDING FURNITURE, INC.
One Park Avenue • New York 16, N. Y.

IF YOU SUFFER PAIN of HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS

get FAST RELIEF with

the way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend.

HERE'S WHY . . . **Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. No other product gives faster, longer-lasting relief from pain of headache, neuralgia, neuritis than Anacin tablets. Buy Anacin® today!**



JEWELS OF THE HOUR

RALPH
SINGER CO.
656 N. Western Ave.
Chicago 12, Ill.

ORA
CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

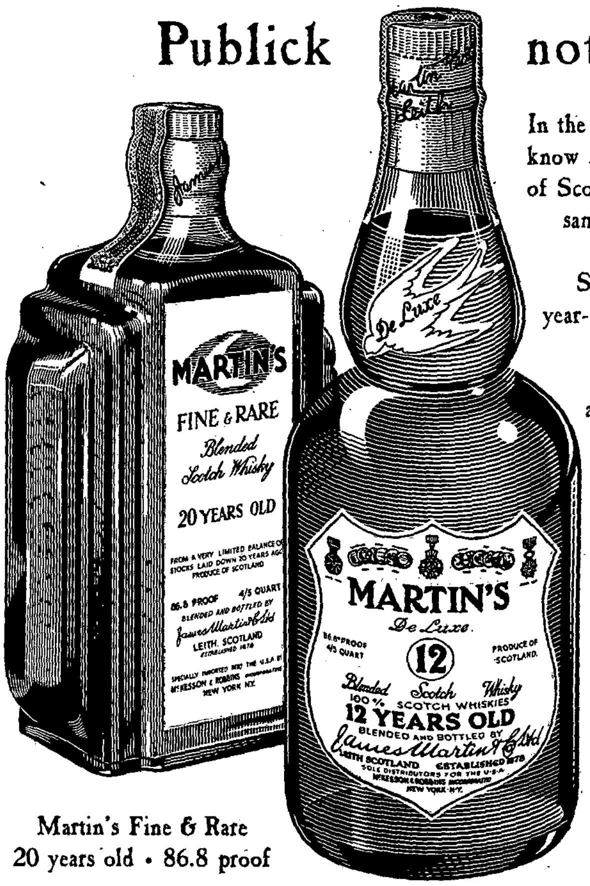
plifier, at $189.50; by David Bogen, with a medium-power (10-watt) amplifier, at $109.75; and by Espey, with a low-power (5-watt) amplifier, at $54.50. None of these setups are large, and any of them will still go in the bookcase, or wherever you would have put the tuner by itself; the controls are all in one place, and the wiring required is just about as simple as wiring can be. All three versions are to be had at, among other places, the Hudson Radio & Television Corporation, 48 West 48th Street and 212 Fulton Street. Of course, Hudson also permits its customers to buy any other components they want, and stands ready to take on the job of wiring them.

THE practical bird-feeding stations recommended and sold by the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Avenue (93rd), have the double advantage of providing for birds wintering in a cold climate (the plight of practically all birds north of the Mason and Dixon Line gets pretty desperate as the season advances, you know) and pleasing a larger segment of human society than you might expect. And that any one of these feeders should interest a country or suburban child goes without saying. A model the Society thinks well of is a newly designed flight deck—an open construction that is really no more than a platform fifteen and a half inches by eighteen and a half, and easily attached to a window sill. It has a broad, roomy perch and four troughs for seed and a place for water, and is particularly well patronized by wild birds of passage, who might be suspicious of a covered station. The price is $5.45. A model labelled the Filling Station, which measures nine inches by twelve at the base and is nine

TWO SIDES TO OUR GIFT SCARF FOR MEN—a wonderful reverse—dress-up on the printed silk side, casual on the cashmere-and-wool side. The Italian foulards are backed with Scotch cashmere-and-wool solids in yellow, light blue, beige, navy, maroon, brown, charcoal. 12.50. Mail and phone orders.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

Men's Shops



Publick notice

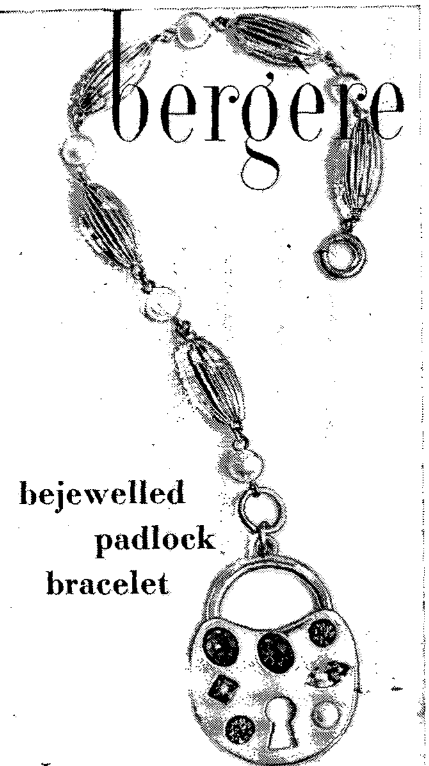
In the conviction that Gentlemen know AGE enhances the nobility of Scotch Whisky and appreciate same, our House imports the two supreme examples of Scottish distillers' skill: 20-year-old Martin's Fine & Rare and 12-year-old Martin's De Luxe. Both to be had at fine spirit shops, taverns, private clubs and the like.

—Respectfully,
McKesson & Robbins, Inc.
New York, New York
importers thereof

Blended
Scotch Whiskies

Martin's Fine & Rare
20 years old • 86.8 proof

Martin's De Luxe
12 years old • 86.8 proof


bergere

bejewelled padlock bracelet

Jewel-box padlock charm, set with many colored fabulously fake stones, to twinkle from a real-gold looking bracelet of fluted gold melon beads. 4.00 plus tax

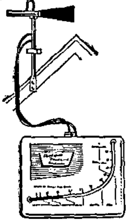
Bonwit Teller, New York
Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago

bergere, 392 fifth avenue, n. y.

NBC weatherman

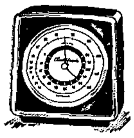
HAVING WEATHER TROUBLE...? WANT TO KEEP TRACK OF IT...? ... JUST CURIOUS ? Here are four handsome accurate instruments I recommend for your home use. These are unusual CHRISTMAS GIFTS that will be appreciated and used throughout the year.

Clint Youle weather instruments



Clint Youle wind speed-direction indicator

Keep an eye on that wind! Anemometer weather vane ... mounted outside ... connects to decorative grey plastic panel (5¾ x 7¾) on inside wall. Dial shows accurate wind velocities from 1 to 80 mph.-hurricane speed! **$19.95** ppd.



Clint Youle 4-way thermometer

Tells you at a glance:
1. Present indoor temperature
2. Present outdoor temperature
3. Highest temperature } since last setting
4. Lowest temperature } since last setting
Black or ivory plastic with gold trim, **$8.50** ppd.

Clint Youle instruments to match

Barometer .... **$6.75** ppd.
Humidity Guide and Indoor Thermometer... **3.75** ppd.

EXTRA! complete set $36.00 ppd.

YOULE ENTERPRISES, Inc.
Box 43G Kenilworth, Illinois

and a half inches tall, can be hung anywhere (there are four brass rings in the roof for the purpose) or set up on a post or a sill. It has a glassed-in seed reservoir, which holds around four and a half pounds of seed, and it costs $4.95. A more luxurious feeder—a window structure two feet long, with a hinged glass top and a built-in seed hopper and suet-rack—costs $7.70. You have to order these feeders by mail, and to cover the postage, just add ten per cent of the cost. . . . Perhaps we should leave it to a more intense bird lover to report on a new humorous phonograph record, called "Betty the Bird-Watching Bride," which is exclusive with the Audubon Society. We confess that when the record was played for us, we were able to stay somewhere this side of hysterics, but we are assured that it has really dedicated bird watchers rolling in the aisles. The price is $2, and postage is a quarter.

THE shopper who knows Navajo rugs only in their usual black-and-red stridency probably won't be much impressed by the news that America House, 32 East 52nd Street, has a spectacular group of these rugs, every one of them a collector's item. Once even the least impressionable shopper has had a look at the collection, though, the chances are that he'll be as overwhelmed as we were by the subtle, delicate colors, the splendid hand-weaving, and the patterns, which have little or no resemblance to the standard Navajo output, and while we can't predict that he'll decide to give one to everybody he knows, the idea doesn't strike us as completely outlandish. Among these rare objects—all pure wool, of course—are a thirty-eight-by-sixty-six-inch rug done in fairly narrow stripes of sky blue alternating with broader white stripes on which mulberry and yellow lozenges are scattered ($66); a severely simple rug, three feet by six, with a pattern of irregular stripes in white and the natural gray of wool ($40); a fifty-one-by-sixty-eight-inch rug with a brilliant pattern of lemon, gold, and olive stripes ($120); and a rug striped with pale yellow, terra cotta, and gray that measures fifty-two inches by seventy ($150). There are a lot more to choose among, and any of the combinations would enhance a modern room. The rugs have been shown in museums in the West, and each carries the signature of its Navajo designer-weaver.

Some rugs of Icelandic sheepskin, available at Lord & Taylor, provide decoration of a very different kind, be-

53 PROOF

KAHLUA
IMPORTED
the finest of coffees distilled to the finest of liqueurs

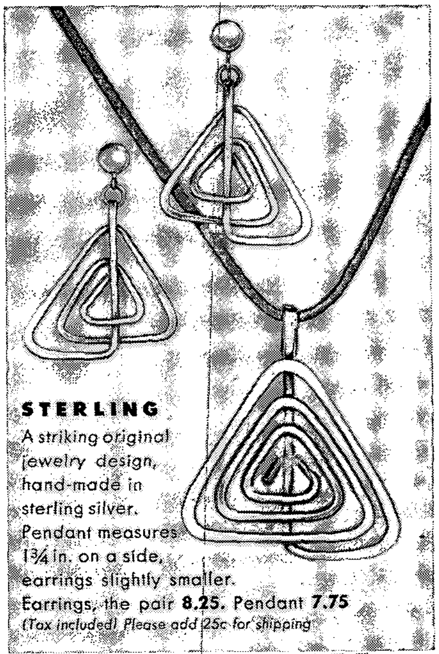
all dressed up... and ready to flow!

...the new holiday version of Kahlua, the versatile beverage that adds so much to your gustatory pleasure. For yourself, for your guests, for the gourmets on your gift list...in it's festive new gift wrap...

KAHLUA
Coffee Liqueur

write for free recipe folder:

KAHLUA 257 No. Robertson Boulevard,
Beverly Hills, Calif. U. S. Importers:
VAN MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC., New York 36



STERLING

A striking original jewelry design, hand-made in sterling silver. Pendant measures 1¾ in. on a side, earrings slightly smaller. Earrings, the pair **8.25**. Pendant **7.75**
(Tax included) Please add 25c for shipping

The NEW Store
Kitty Kniffin • Vibeke Simonsen
● Elm Street, New Canaan, Conn

Perfect "little" Gift

TARTAN WATCHBANDS 1.50

Imported washable Scotch plaid gingham on red, navy, green, yellow, or white grounds. Mail orders filled. State whether for man or woman. No C.O.D.

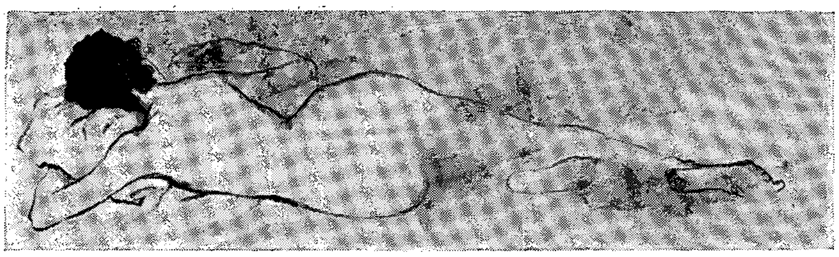
COUNTRY FASHIONS
Box 216. Glen Head, N. Y.

ing all soft moonshine, in contrast to the clean, primitive glow of the Navajo patterns. These are pelts, really, and most of them are around thirty inches by forty-two. They have long, silky hair, almost as soft as angora, of a shimmery *whiteness* very unlike the off-white, not to say gray, of the wool of ordinary, non-Icelandic sheep, and cost $21.95 each. They would be wonderful by a bedside; just seeing them in the shop and imagining the feel of the long silky fleece against bare toes makes one shiver with sybaritic pleasure.

If the object of your Christmas largess can bear to do with a promissory note instead of a rug on Christmas morning, we suggest you take a look at a perfectly stunning floor covering designed by Gio Ponti, who has hitherto devoted his talents to architecture and modern furniture. The rug, which is to be seen in the showrooms of Altamira, 18 East 50th Street, a new concern that is given over to modern Italian decorative forms, is made of six undressed cowhides—brown, white, and black—stitched together to make a free-form design of approximately nine feet by ten and a half; it would be enormously effective with modern furniture. In these dimensions, and backed with lemon-yellow wool, it costs $700, but it can be made up with fewer hides at a lower price. In any case, though, it is made to order and takes about six weeks.

AS the shopping season grows increasingly more painful, it is only natural that a lot of people whose feet hurt should begin to think that a chair is the most desirable present imaginable. Anyway, in listening to shoppers discuss their Christmas problems we have got the impression that at least half the population would like to give the other half a chair for Christmas and is deterred only by the difficulty of hitting upon a suitable one. As it happens, we know the whereabouts of quite a few fine chairs, and we'll gladly do what we can to help half the population. An all-round serviceable easy chair of outstanding good looks, which can fit into either a modern or a traditional scheme of decoration, is one designed by Joseph Platt for the Baker Furniture Company, of Holland, Michigan. It is meticulously made of beautifully grained walnut, with graceful arms and simple, tapered legs, and its low, caned back and deep seat are provided with loose foam-rubber cushions. The price in muslin is $250, at Lord & Taylor. . . . If there is readily available

THE VERY ESSENCE OF WOMAN . . . HER BEAUTY . . . HER ALLURE



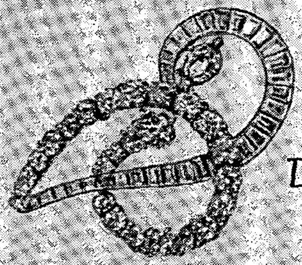
ishah

DISCOVERED BY

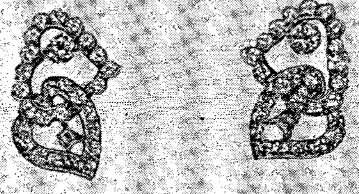
Charles of the Ritz

BOTTLED, PACKAGED, SEALED IN FRANCE . . . $10 TO $2.50 (PLUS TAX)

Cartier
INTERNATIONALLY RENOWNED
JEWELLERS SINCE 1847

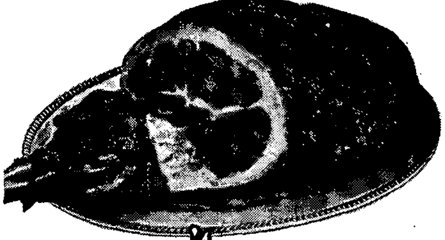


Diamond clip and earrings, by Cartier,
everlastingly beautiful, forever in style.
Shown actual size.



FIFTH AVENUE AND 52 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y. PLaza 3-0111

AGED LIKE VINTAGE WINE
(Smoking alone takes 30 days!)



Jordan's GENUINE VIRGINIA HAM

Each magnificent ham now hanging in our aging rooms—thoroughly cured, hickory smoked to a rich mahogany hue, and aged approx. one year—has been tended by hand through each unhurried step, as we have been doing for 114 years! Just before shipment we simmer and bake the ham with wine and sugar to a savory, sweet and tender feast of flavor unlike any other.

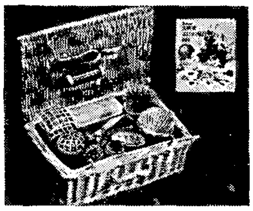
Order now for Christmas delivery to you or someone you wish to please! Beautifully packed. $1.89 per lb. cooked. 8 to 13 lbs. Postpaid (add 35c per lb. for shipping outside U. S.).

JORDAN'S OLD VIRGINIA SMOKE HOUSE
1431-A E. CARY ST., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Please send________Jordan's Genuine Baked Virginia Ham(s). Size about________lbs.
☐ Check enclosed $________ ☐ Ship now.
☐ Ship for Xmas.

NAME ....
STREET ....
CITY.....................STATE........

To Delight FLOWER LOVERS
Surprise Them With These!

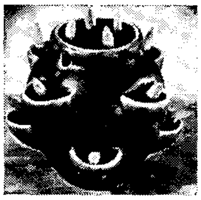


FLOWER ARRANGING KIT

Gift-Packed In Hamper Basket

Here in a handsome, useful wicker hamper basket is everything needed to make all types of artistic, original flower arrangements. Includes assorted holders—each a different kind—together with florist's plastic clay, spool of wire and a pair of fine florist's shears. Plus an excellent flower arrangement book showing prize-winning arrangements. $15.00 ppd.

FRESH Lily-of-the-Valley
Blooming for Christmas In An Old-Fashioned Strawberry Jar



What a charming way to say happy holidays ... or add a touch of spring's fragrant sweetness to your own home for the festive season. Our fine ceramic Strawberry Jar comes with a dozen specially treated, imported Lily-of-the-Valley pips that will bloom approximately 18 to 21 days after planting, plus the fibre in which the pips will thrive. Easy planting and growing directions included. Jar comes in white, black, burgundy, green or yellow. $4.95 ppd.

Mail and Phone Orders Filled Promptly

Max Schling Seedsmen, Inc.
538 Madison Ave., Dept. 685, New York 22, N. Y.
Phone: ELdorado 5-5620

a more beautiful desk chair than the one designed and made in Denmark by Jacob Kjaer and imported by Georg Jensen, we haven't seen it. The legs of this distinguished piece are made of darkest mahogany, while its seat and gently flaring back are covered with black leather. It could hardly be more simple, yet the splendid wood, the good leather, and the easy, flowing lines give it an extraordinary air of elegance and grace. Unfortunately, six weeks are required for delivery, but there must be quite a few people who are willing to wait six weeks for something approaching pretty close to perfection. The price is $235. Another Jensen import may appeal to more modest tastes and purses. This is a low-slung chair done in natural oak with a wide, curving wooden back, broad arms, and a wide cord seat—something like an eighteenth-century French *chauffeuse*. Although it is not for sprawlers, it is quite comfortable and has a certain intimate snugness about it. It's the sort of chair you might pull up close to the fire on a cold night. Another agreeable virtue is its price tag, which reads $75. . . . Edward Wormley has designed for the Dunbar Furniture Company, 305 East 63rd Street, a stylish tub-shaped chair (around $280), of the type known to decorators as "occasional," which means, if it means anything, that it can fill almost any role, being easy enough to spend an evening in at cards, or at a desk, or just sitting. The frame is a lean one, of honey-colored ash, on which is suspended a slightly tilted foam-rubber seat; the back is of cane webbing, and the legs are tapered. Polished-brass anklets on the legs and a polished-brass stretcher at the back help set off the design. . . . Back among the less impressive furniture, budgeted Christmas shoppers will find at Lord & Taylor something of a bargain in the form of a well-made tub-shaped chair of black or fruit-wood-finished birch, with rounded arms and a cane-filled seat and back; it is nice to look at and restful to sit in, and the price is $55.

There are more things than chairs to catch the eye in the showrooms of David Wider Associates, a new firm at 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), but it is chairs we have promised to find, and it is chairs that we shall try to keep our mind on. Probably the most splendid is a very low, very deep-seated armless one, made of black-lacquered birch with finely sculptured legs and detachable foam-rubber cushions—a bold and beautiful piece of decoration that is also supremely comfortable. The price

WHAT A GIFT FOR A GOLFER!

1 dozen Personalized Titleists in handsome Gift Case $13.10
(shipping charges included)

First Choice of the Top-players in tournament after tournament. By far the favorite ball of the players competing in the 1954 National Open — 54% ahead of the second choice ball!

Owner's Name on Each Ball . . . no charge! Just print the name (no more than 18 letters and spaces) to be stamped on balls and send it with order.

Order Direct from Us . . . but be sure you include the name of your club or course so we can credit the profit to the pro. Send check or money order $13.10 to Dept. NY-20, Acushnet Process Sales Co., New Bedford, Mass.

The Gift of Luxurious Comfort!
HANDSOME—HANDMADE
SHEEPSKIN SLIPPERS

Completely HANDMADE by Downeast craftsmen, these beautiful sheepskin slippers boast of comfort, warmth, and durability. Soft calfskin leather and golden-colored shearling blend to make your leisure moments an unforgettable pleasure. Sizes for Ladies: 5 to 9. Sizes for Men: 7 to 12.

ONLY $8.45 Post Paid

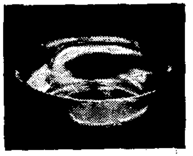
NEW CATALOG of smartest sportswear and accessories for all. Write for your FREE copy.

No C.O.D.'s. Money Back Guarantee

CASCO BAY TRADING POST
Dept. N3-4, FREEPORT, MAINE

When You Visit Albany, N.Y.
It's the DeWitt Clinton
John J. Hyland, Manager
Parking Lot and Garage Adjacent
a Knott Hotel
They all speak well of it

New GIFT IDEA in Silver



Graceful 5" bowls of heavy silver on copper, mirror-finished. For desserts (breathtaking when frosted), for candies, fingers or flowers. Gift boxed, mailed direct. U.S. tax, postage paid. Send $11 for set of 4. $20 for 8. Designed and sold only by
DON PARKER SILVERSMITHS, Cheshire 5, Conn.

is $345 in muslin, but it is improbable that many customers will be able to resist the upholstery in which the chair is shown—Thaibok Siamese silk in a rare shade of silver blue. So upholstered, the chair costs $444. The same material, in a clear, fresh green, is used on a stylized white-lacquered chair with small upholstered arms and an upholstered back and seat; $345 in the Siamese silk, or $270 in muslin.

IF you have a family with a fireplace on your list, the chances are that it is in urgent need of a wood box or a coal hod, these two articles generally—or at least in the households whose hearths we sit at—being lamentable makeshifts. Among the most satisfactory wood boxes we have seen are copies of large eighteenth-century mahogany wine coolers, brassbound and equipped with brass handles, to be found at Edwin Jackson, 159 East 54th Street. While the dimensions of these containers—they're nineteen inches tall and sixteen inches in diameter—seem a bit exaggerated for accommodating wine bottles, which, we are assured, was their original use, they are just right for holding wood. The price is $78. The store's collection of English coal hods consists entirely of antique pieces, dating from the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Some of these, in brass and in copper, are of the classic scoop type (around $75); others, in brass, with expertly wrought detail in copper, are helmet-shaped ($95); and there are a few covered French tôle hods, accompanied by a removable lining and a shovel ($95 for the whole thing). Jackson also has a first-rate assortment of antique trivets, including some recent imports from England that are almost museum pieces. One of these has a large, plain brass top above an elaborately pierced polished-steel apron and steel legs, and another reverses the pattern, having a steel top, a brass apron, and brass legs; each costs $75. There are also plenty of pretty brass trivets of less unusual design, priced at around $40.

AFTER looking at some beautiful and imaginative weather vanes, carved in wood by the sculptor Jane Wasey and currently on view at the Contemporaries Gallery, 959 Madison Avenue (75th), we could wish we hadn't tossed words of praise about so recklessly for other objects in this list—worthy as they are—but had kept the most impressive ones to characterize these brilliantly executed pieces of applied art. It's our feeling that nobody

ROCKER DESIGNED IN DENMARK BY OLE WANSHER FOR JOHN STUART INC.
"GOOD DESIGN"— MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

PICTURE yourself WITH
JOHN STUART
FURNITURE

JOHN STUART INC.

JOHN STUART FURNITURE — AT MOST FINE STORES THRUOUT THE COUNTRY OR YOUR OWN DECORATOR
Send $1, dept. Y-John Stuart Inc. 4th Ave. at 32 St. N.Y. for "The Gold Book" 231 photographs of Exceptional Furniture

WHITE HEATHER
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DE LUXE
CAMPBELLS (DISTILLERY) LIMITED
1845

No scotch
ever caught
on so fast!
(It's that
94 Proof flavor!)

White Heather
TODAY'S TOP NOTCH SCOTCH

WHITE HEATHER, DELUXE BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 94 PROOF, QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

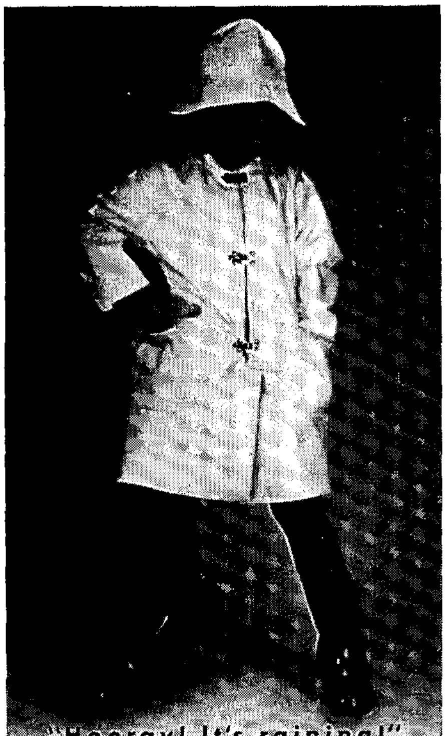
Is it knack or know-how, art or science?

British weavers have a canny, age-old way of mixing just the right amounts of the right kinds of wool fibers to create fabrics of incomparable beauty. They call it "knack" in Britain. We call it "know-how." Actually it's a distinct art, passed on from father to son.

You will find this dexterity in the supple, rich-to-the-touch worsteds from Yorkshire and in their fine flannels . . . as well as in the rugged Donegals from Northern Ireland, the fabrics inspired by Nature and the Norsemen from the Hebrides. And in the superb Saxonies and Cheviots from the Scottish Border.

Take your pick of these beautiful, long-lasting *British* Woollens when you buy. You'll find they're most considerately priced.

British Woollens
Fabrics Forever In Fashion


"Hooray! It's raining!"
The coat that takes the elements in stride—pink, blue or yellow twill with matching sou'wester. By Sherman, sizes 3 to 6x, 8.95
Lord & Taylor, New York

who has seen these things could ever be happy with a mere gilded cock or wrought-iron cutout atop his stable or barn. Here are vanes that have not only the utmost grace, but a sly wit and an altogether fresh and original charm. For the most part, Mrs. Wasey follows what seems to have been the accepted technique of this branch of Early American craftsmanship, painting her wood carvings in bold colors, which may look too brash when you see them on Madison Avenue but would be superbly right fifty feet up against a country sky. One of the most delightful of the polychrome figures is an angel—or maybe it's just a cherub—with a clear-blue robe and gilded face and feet and wings, who, reclining in space at rather raffish ease, measures thirty-two inches from golden head to golden toes. A carving of a tuna fish, in olive green with a bright-pink belly, gold fins and tail, and a baleful gold eye, has a practically irresistible fascination, and there is a wonderfully fetching mermaid, also thirty-two inches long, in bright green, with a gold-flecked scaly tail and golden locks. Perhaps the most imposing of the group (seven vanes are being shown) is an unpainted redwood carving, entitled "The Hand of God," of a noble hand and forearm in heroic size (forty-one inches), with a finger pointing straight ahead (with the wind) in what looks like solemn accusation. This would undeniably be at its awesome best marking a hurricane. Although a couple of the carvings are shown unmounted, in case someone might like them for interior use, the prices (from $255, for a green or gold pike, to $845, for the angel) include hardware, with points of the compass in bronze or brass, all ready for installation. All the carvings except the redwood are done in hard pine, and, touched up with paint every few years, they will last practically forever in almost any sort of weather.

IT'S not our fault that there are so many appealing objects around town that once we start listing them, we hardly know where to stop. Since it is high time shoppers began shopping, though, we shall bring this report to a close by lumping together just a few more beguiling items that we feel it would be a great pity to overlook. There are, for example, excellent copies of fine antique wine and spirits decanters at Plummer, 734 Fifth Avenue (57th), including reproductions of eighteenth-century English and Irish patterns, as well as modern German decanters, at from $18 to $35. (Surely everybody

Italian Rooster Mugs

Hand-painted Black Roosters on gleaming white earthenware mugs to serve a real man-size cup of coffee . . . also wonderful for buffet serving of beer, apple cider, soft drinks and Tom & Jerry. Holds 13½ full ounces.

Set of 4 — $10.95
" " 8 — 20.95
" " 12 — 30.00

Mail orders filled promptly. Add 50¢ for shipping outside New York City.

G. MALINA, Inc.
110 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

MADDEN KELLY
IRISH CLAN CREST
Neckties Scarves Linens
O'CONNOR MALLEY

Individual, Authentic . . . traditional crests rich in historic associations embroidered in Dublin for over 1600 honoured Irish names. Also authentic crests for Scottish, English or Welsh families embroidered to order.
Crested Ties:—hand-woven Irish poplin—$12.50. Silk—$10.50. Shantung or barathea—$5.00. Crested Ascot scarves: poplin—$18.50. Shantung—$10.00.
Also available:—Custom made pure Irish linen guest towels, luncheon and bridge sets, cocktail napkins, etc. embroidered with your crest.
Prompt Attention to Mail Orders.
Send for description folder and name list.
visit our unique shop
DE MOLEYNS OF DUBLIN Inc., PLaza 5-6951
59 EAST 54th STREET, NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Floor Lamps
WARD and ROME
63 E. 57th St., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

NEW VERSAILLES VIGNETTE • *Featuring* THE GREAT MUSICAL COMEDY SONGS OF
HOWARD ARTHUR
DIETZ & SCHWARTZ

CONCEIVED AND STAGED BY
MERVYN NELSON
SHOWS NIGHTLY AT
DINNER & SUPPER
Versailles
151 E. 50TH • PL 8-0310

already knows about Plummer's distinguished collection of *original* old decanters, at prices that run swiftly uphill from $72 a pair.) . . . Rabun Studios, 31 East 67th Street, has splendid pieces of handmade furniture, as well as splendid handmade ceramics, and any one of these articles might solve the Christmas problem of somebody with a family present on his mind. For example, there is an unusually accommodating little table, which as shown in the shop is twenty-two inches long, sixteen inches wide, and twenty inches high, is made of beautifully polished walnut, and costs $49.50; for the same price, and in three weeks' time, it can be made to order in cherry, butternut, oak, or maple, it can have two or three inches added to, or taken from, the legs, and the top can be made a few inches larger or smaller. A nest of three sturdy and well-finished rectangular pine stools costs $39.50, and a number of outstanding ceramic lamp bases are priced at from $40 to $75. . . . If you had forgotten about Chinatown as a source of pretty, inexpensive crockery, perhaps you'd do well to make a trip down there; there is nothing new to be seen, but the old standby patterns are still on hand. At Wing Fat, a grocery store at 35 Mott Street, there are some little bowls—nice for soup or cereal—at from sixty-five cents to a dollar; the bright-green one struck us as particularly attractive. . . . For young correspondents who may need encouragement in writing Christmas thank-you notes, Scribner has enchanting animal postcards by Margaret Tempest, an English artist, depicting the family life of squirrels, rabbits, kittens, mice, and the like, with charm and humor; forty-nine cents for a package of ten.

●

MISS FRANCE, MEET THE OTHER FOLKS ON THE BROOKLYN "EAGLE"

(Q) You helped me so much with my first child, born two years ago. Now I'm expecting twins. I'm only 19 so I'm having my family young.

How are twins delivered? How can I arrange their schedules? What if both scream for food at the same time? Is there any Mothers-of-Twins' Club whose members exchange experiences? It would be wonderful to correspond with someone who has had two instead of one.

Mrs. A. T.

(A.) I know of no club like the one you mention.—*Beulah France, R.N., in the September 9th issue, page 16.*

The Twins Mothers Club of Brooklyn will resume their monthly meetings next Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Stella Daniti, 57 Mackay Place. Installation of new officers will take place.—*Same issue, same page.*

a matter of pride . . . a
BURBERRY
weatherproof

A Burberry is something more than a gentleman's weatherproof . . . it's a recognized way of life. Instantly known the world over for its superb London tailoring, its superlative fabrics. Naturally you aspire to a Burberry.

Look for Burberry in better mens shops everywhere or write for name of authorized dealer nearest you. *Coat shown $49.50*

BURBERRYS

BURBERRYS, LTD. 14 E. 38th St., N. Y. 16

cocktail time . . . any time
La Ina Spain's foremost fino . . . delicious pale dry sherry

Pedro Domecq Sherries

IMPORTED FROM SPAIN

CREAM: Celebration Cream, Double Century
MEDIUM: Amontillado Primero, Ideal Pale
DRY: V.V.D., La Ina, Guitar

Sole U.S. Importer:
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York 17, N.Y.

THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE TONSORIAL ELECTION

SIX years ago, which was the last time the Democrats took Congress from the Republicans (on that occasion they elected a President as well), Westbrook Pegler, a Hearst columnist with a necrological bent, announced that the American Republic was done for. He stuck to his diagnosis, too. In October, 1950, he wrote, "The awful truth seems to be that the Republic is dead." The first time Pegler issued the death certificate—"ELECTION RESULTS CALLED END OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC," the headline said—he vented an apocalyptic vision in the manner of Louis-Ferdinand Céline: "Truman's 81st Congress will come in snorting for the blood of the aristocrats whom the President so noisily damned. The mob rule of the union gangsters has been vindicated by the response to his theatrical shrieks against the Taft-Hartley Law, which now will be repealed, thus restoring the right of club and torch of the brown shirts of the party." Both Peg and Taft-Hartley survived the Terror without losing a single snort of blood, but early this fall, when it looked as if Congress was due to snort Democratic again, I wondered how Peg's steam fittings would stand the extra pressure. I also wondered how he was going to top his 1948 and 1950 findings, because after you have published a national obituary twice, it loses news value.

I shouldn't have worried about Peg. He is rooting for the Democrats now, in his fashion. (Peg's capacity for well-wishing reminds me of a remark Major General Terry de la Mesa Allen, retired, once made about a subordinate's gift for loyalty. "The little son of a bitch is as loyal to me as he could be to anybody," the General said kindly.) On October 15th, in his column in the *Journal-American*, he wrote:

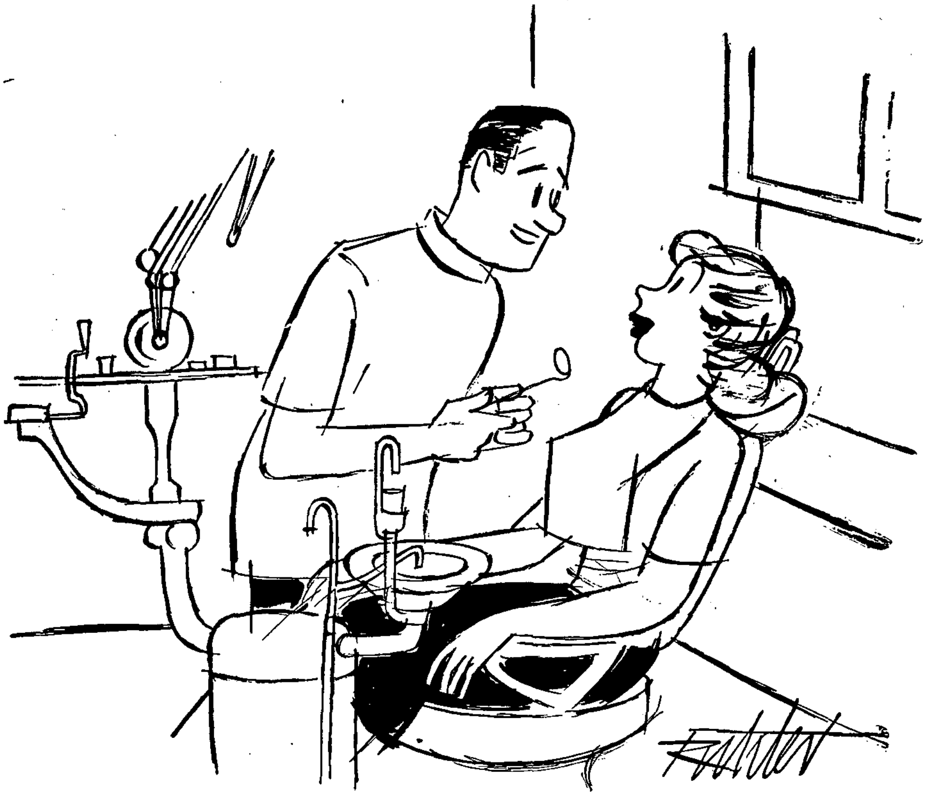
> The Republican party, as such, and such as it is, is about to lose control of Congress. I am a constitutional, absolutely pro-American Republican. Therein I differ from Eisenhower and his cult and find myself likening Eisenhower to Wendell Willkie. I regard him as a plant in my party, and I am sore at him and his cult because Ike has finally come out against Joe McCarthy, although he did it only in an oblique rather than a forthright way....
>
> *However, I am glad Ike did it. Now we can be enemies....*
>
> I would rather lose Congress to Democrats who accept every evil implication of the label than win it for a Republican party which has been corrupted by Fabian Socialism and an implied acknowledgment that we, the People of the United States, have to subsidize millions of scratchy, half-civilized parasites who don't care whether they live under Communism or Fascism just so they can eat and drink and breed without working. To these masses, usually described as "teeming," I would add the cynical, selfish French. They can go Communist and be damned as far as I am concerned, and the unfortunate British, too, who had decent principles until their aristocracy got killed off and/or degraded and they succumbed to belly-worship and other phases of materialism.

Pegler, like Cholly Knickerbocker, his colleague on the *Journal-American*, has always had a soft spot for the aristocracy. One of his frequent beefs about the Roosevelt family is that its gentility isn't sufficiently authentic. He has a similar social scruple against Averell Harriman, the Democratic Governor-elect. The first Pegler column about Harriman I chanced to read during the campaign told why. It began:

> The very fact that Averell Harriman can be seriously put forth as a candidate for Governor of New York is a grim sign of our political, moral, and spiritual decline.... He is the son of old Edward H. Harriman, a railroad promoter out of Wall Street, who is only a minor name in recent history to most of us. Averell grew up in the region of the Roosevelt barony at Hyde Park and was a familiar of the supercilious "aristocracy" who lived in castles on wide grounds, all tended by cheap local labor and cheap trained house-help from Europe.... Harriman's really ominous phase was his hitch as Lend-Lease "administrator" in Moscow.... Can any American city or State seriously think of electing Harriman on his record?

This led me to suppose that Peg might favor Harriman's opponent, United States Senator Irving M. Ives, but in a later column Peg wrote that Ives was Harriman's "political equivalent in all essential things."

When, on the morning of Thursday, November 4th, news of Richard Neuberger's election to the Senate from Oregon made it pretty certain that the Democrats *had* carried both houses of Congress, I was glad for Peg's sake—he has had a lot of losers lately—and I waited happily to read his *Sieg Heil.* It didn't appear until Sunday, November 7th—the Hearst legal department probably goes over his copy with ponderation since he got his employers on the losing end of a one-hundred-and-seventy-five thousand-dollar libel suit a short while back. But when it did, it struck a correct note in a season that has seen a



"What I was hoping, Miss Winters, is that I could see you more than twice a year."

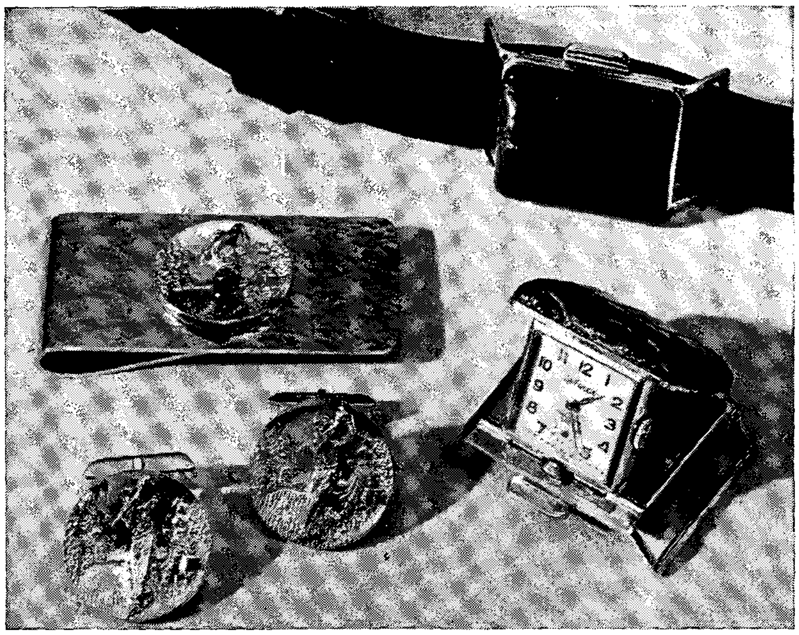
revival of "Peter Pan" become a heartwarming hit on Broadway. In what for Pegler is high good humor, he began:

> The results and implications of that naïve farce which Woodrow Wilson, with a straight face, called our solemn referendum are pleasantly jumbled. . . . In New York, Averell Harriman was elected Governor, a rebuke to pretensions of intelligence and civic responsibility in the electorate. But, in the same process, the second son [he is the third son] and namesake of a prophet who is by way of becoming a New York deity, was defeated for Attorney General by Jacob Javits, a Republican, so-called, whose "program" is practically identical with that of the Roosevelt-Truman machine and A.D.A. [That looked to me like a standoff, but not to Peg.] So the Republicans elected a "Republican" and whacked a Roosevelt by the name of Franklin D. so hard that he bawled in his tent. But Herbert Lehman, the chief of the international Get-McCarthy movement, elected another banker of fabulous riches and vast international ramifications, meaning Harriman. And Jack Javits, who beat Junior, also is a Get-McCarthy man and a minion of the Dewey-Eisenhower chapter of the Get-McCarthy deal.
>
> Where does this leave us, then? [Well, where? I asked myself.] Well, the Democrats beat Dewey's man, Irving Ives, which pleases all the pro-McCarthy people, Republican as well as Democratic.

After this, Peg threw in half a column about how the defeat of John Davis Lodge for Governor of Connecticut must have chagrined Henry Luce, the publisher of *Time* and *Life.* Abe Ribicoff, the former Democratic Congressman who won the governorship, "ran his own man and did not have to take any onus on the McCarthy issue because McCarthy is not a Democrat," Peg said. "Lodge, on the other hand, and Luce, too, of course, antagonized McCarthy's friends, who are numerous in Connecticut."

All Pegler had to say about the Congressional race, which I had figured would please him best of all, was "There will be no repining even among the Republicans over the election of Jimmy Roosevelt to Congress. This result vindicated the most pessimistic opinions of the moral character and civic decency of the popular vote that ever were expressed in the speculations of the Founding Fathers. If [the electorate] could vote for him in spite of the somewhat braggart squealing of a bounder who told all even in cases in which it seemed doubtful that he had anything to tell, no worse can be said. For every victory this time, there is a measure of compensation on the debit side. And there is a dab of salve for every laceration."

This was the jolliest Pegler political



Gifts for Men

CUFF LINKS. Hammered sterling silver with figure of golfer in gold inlay, $22. MONEY CLIP, to match, $19.80. BELT WATCH, 17 jewels, case covered with brown alligator leather, $38.50. BELT, brown alligator leather, $13.50. *Federal tax included where applicable*

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.

CLOTHING · HATS · HABERDASHERY · ESTABLISHED 1886

MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET · NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

from Wall st.

to Main st.

Smart men say

INVEST TONIGHT IN "PRIVATE STOCK"

PARK & TILFORD'S

Preferred Whiskey

FOUR GREAT STRAIGHT WHISKIES MERGED IN ONE!

PARK & TILFORD
Private Stock
BOURBON
All Straight Whiskeys

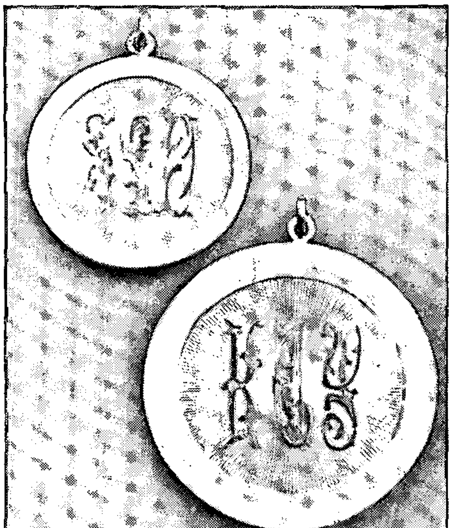
4/5 Qt.

©1954 Park & Tilford Distillers Corp.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK · A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES · 86 PROOF

So many of our customers have asked for a larger, party-size Coffee Urn that we have especially designed this one in heavy, brightly gleaming silver plate. Beautifully made, strikingly handsome in appearance. Holds 3 qts. (18 regular coffee cups), has pouring faucet and alcohol burner. Ht. 16½ ins. Outstanding value. $69.50 tax incl.

Mail Orders Filled
Plummer LTD
734 Fifth Ave., at 57th St., N. Y. C.



Just name it!
We'll engrave any 3-letter name or monogram in script on our 14 kt. gold charms.
Small size 37.50. Larger 65.00.
Allow 2 weeks. From our Precious Jewels collection.
Prices include tax.
Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

piece since his celebration of Herbert Hoover's exit from Washington in March, 1933, and I was glad to see that he had at last adjusted to life in the cemetery of the Republic; when I am momentarily depressed now, I cheer myself by thinking of him capering among the headstones of the decencies—political, moral, and spiritual—and making the best of things.

AN election that could please Pegler was almost bound to satisfy less difficult critics of the American scene, and this election apparently did. For example, the *News* poll of New York State—a protracted affair that was carried on for about a month before the election—overpredicted Mr. Harriman's plurality by around twenty-four hundred per cent, but the *News* wasn't a bit downhearted. The day before the election, the poll announced that Harriman would get 52.6 per cent of an estimated vote of 5,049,000, which would have netted him a plurality of around two hundred and fifty thousand; on Thursday, November 4th, when the *News* proclaimed its self-satisfaction, it credited him with an actual margin of under ten thousand.

NEWS POLL ALSO WAS A WINNER;
RAN ONLY 2.5% OFF ACTUAL VOTE

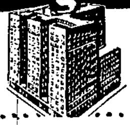
the November 4th poll headline said. The poll, a standard election-year *News* feature, is conducted by seven crews of straw takers, who visit every hamlet in the state where there is circulation to be had; their findings are relayed to an expert, who interprets them for the public in terms of raw straws, weighted straws, ethnic patterns, and other linguistic tokens of knowingness. The expert this year was a *News* reporter named James Desmond. "The margin was closer than we expected," Mr. Desmond conceded, in bowing out on this year's triumph, "but, as the old saying goes, one run wins a ball game. . . . *In forecasting the election* of Averell Harriman on the Democratic-Liberal ticket, the *News* Straw Poll virtually zeroed in on the voting sentiment in the state, erring, if you want to call it that, by only 2.5 percentage points in hitting the exact split of the total ballots. Considering that the people who spend all their time taking polls claim perfection if they come within three or four percentage points of accuracy, we take a reasonable pride in this achievement." Mr. Desmond probably found support for his reasonable pride in the performance of the Princeton Research Service, a profes-

Your favorite linen blouse—Irish linen—crease-resistant in a completely new assortment of lovely colors: Plum, Raspberry, Aqua, Moss, Dutch Blue, Charcoal and Forest Green. Sizes 10-18. **$10.95**

The Bermuda Shop
554 Madison Avenue, at 55th Street,
New York 22, N. Y.

SUPERB ACCOMMODATIONS FOR A LIMITED NUMBER OF PRIVILEGED GUESTS
Sunset Lodge
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA, B.W.I.
See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD P. BRICKETT
Hotel Roosevelt, N. Y. 17, N. Y. MU 9-3967

WELL INFORMED TRAVELERS STOP AT
The Stanhope Hotel
OPPOSITE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
COMMODIOUS DOUBLE ACCOMMODATIONS FROM $13
SUITES WITH SERVING PANTRIES FROM $23
RESTAURANT
BAR
995 5TH AVE. NEW YORK CITY
5th Avenue at 81st Street
BU 8-5800

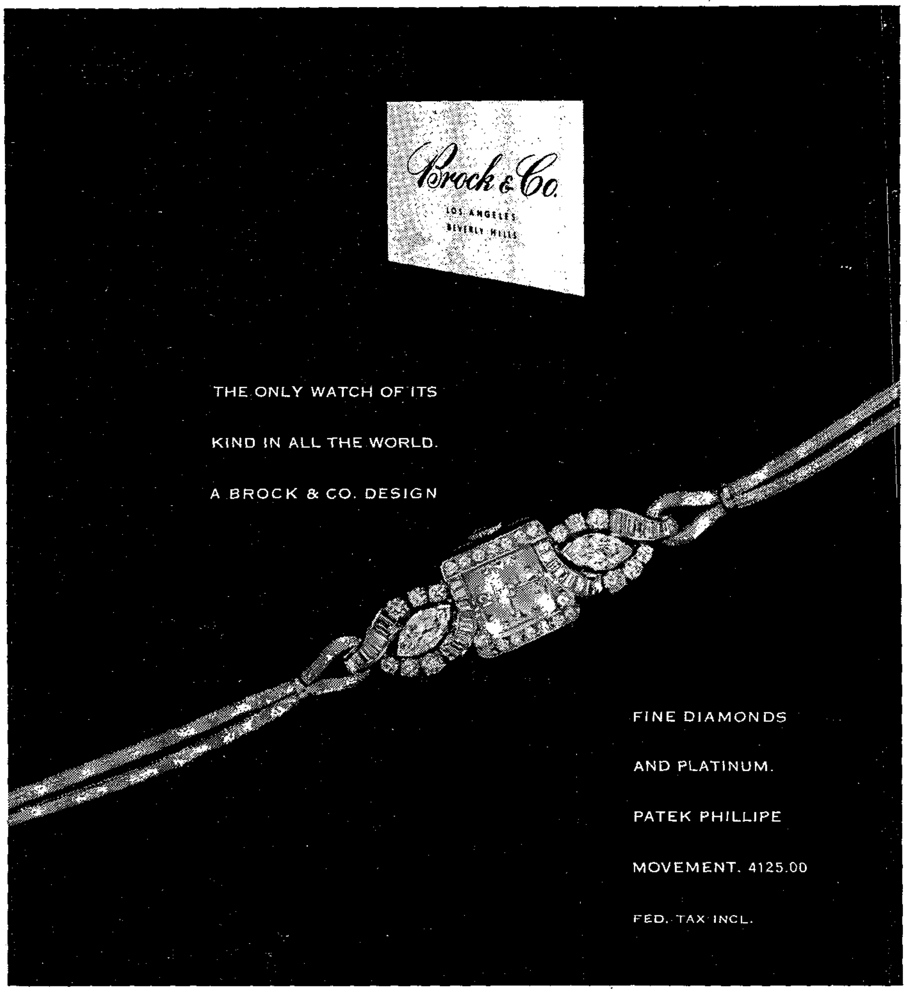


The Croydon
Deluxe Apartments Available on Lease
12 E. 86th St
N. Y. 28, N. Y.
BU. 8-4000

sional outfit of opinion tasters, which conducted a poll for the *News'* rivals in the lowbrow-circulation field—the *Mirror* and the *Journal-American*, both Hearst-owned. The Princeton poll forecast a Harriman victory by from 325,000 to 375,000 votes—an over-prediction, as it turned out, of from thirty-one hundred and fifty to thirty-six hundred per cent. One extremely minor accomplishment of the 1954 *News* poll was its restoration of my faith in honesty. In 1946, when the *News* overestimated Governor Dewey's plurality by a hundred and thirty-eight per cent, and in 1950, when it over-estimated the same candidate's winning margin by a hundred and ninety-two per cent, I developed a powerful—although, I now confess, unworthy—suspicion of what direction the poll takers were leaning over backward to be fair in. In view of their overgenerosity to the Democratic candidate this year, I must concede that their inaccuracy is nonpartisan.

The editors of the *News*, staunch Republicans, decided to call the Democratic victory a Republican triumph, because it hadn't been as much of a victory as the Republican *News* had predicted. Owing to the closeness of the Congressional elections in many parts of the country, the results were insufficiently clear to editorialize about on November 3rd; as Senator Karl Mundt, of South Dakota, once said, "Evidence was clouding up, but it wasn't clear enough yet." But on November 4th the *News* ran an election editorial, under the headline "THE SURGE THAT DIDN'T SURGE."

"In the last weeks of the campaign that climaxed in Tuesday's elections, a lot of Democrats were trumpeting and a lot of Republicans fearing that there was going to be a great nationwide surge of voters back to Trumanism and F. D. Rooseveltism," the editorial led off. "From what actually happened, it's hard to see how even the most rabid Democrat can claim such a surge. Indeed, there were evidences here and there of a Republican surge." Among the evidences that the *News* adduced—they were, I thought, fairly skimpy—was the success of Clifford Case, the candidate for senator in New Jersey, who, the *News* editorial said, "won by a hair, surprising all but his most optimistic backers." (Mr. Harriman, according to the *News* election headline, had won by a whisker.) The editorial then went on to say that a big Republican mistake had been the failure to make up with Senator McCarthy, who had


Brock & Co.
LOS ANGELES
BEVERLY HILLS

THE ONLY WATCH OF ITS
KIND IN ALL THE WORLD.
A BROCK & CO. DESIGN

FINE DIAMONDS
AND PLATINUM.
PATEK PHILLIPE
MOVEMENT. 4125.00
FED. TAX INCL.

the secret of CHARTREUSE

The Carthusian Monks developed Chartreuse Liqueurs from a treasured family recipe given them by Marshall d'Estrées in 1605. The liqueurs are still made by the Monks who gather the herbs near their Monastery.

In all the world, only four Monks at the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in France know the secret formula of Chartreuse Liqueur. But connoisseurs the world over know its distinctive taste and its reputation as the "Queen of Liqueurs."

To serve and to give—no other liqueur is more revealing of your own good taste. You will find Chartreuse at your dealer in an unusual gift carton. Also in tenth size at special gift price.

LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE
Yellow—86 Proof Green—110 Proof

For a beautifully illustrated book on the story of Chartreuse, write—
Schieffelin & Co., Dept. F, 30 Cooper Square, New York, N. Y.

TELLICHERRY BLACK

A five-year supply (2 pounds) of the finest of peppers—Tellicherry Black in whole corns. Tellicherry, the gourmet's pepper, has a heady, full bouquet, and can be used for any kind of cooking (it's especially fine in salads). No, it doesn't spoil. Pepper-corns last practically forever; they don't mold, get soft or run together.

This big pepper package includes an attractive China-red canister, and a charming, specially designed, imported pepper mill of highly polished blonde hardwood, indestructible unless hacked at by a nine-year-old boy with an axe.

The price is $9.95, postage free anywhere in the U. S. A. and Canada (add $1 for shipment anywhere in the world). We will enclose your gift card in the gay package. Value? You just try to duplicate it for $12.50!

Tellicherry BLACK, Ltd.
Litchfield 1, Connecticut

Inspired Gift!

NEW

WEAR·EVER
automatic electric
dream coffee-maker

Just dial your flavor. Ruby light signals when ready. Coffee keeps hot *automatically*. Jewel-like, gleaming chrome. Beautiful, easy-to-hold handle. Brews 4 to 9 cups of most delicious coffee ever made.

$29.50 (Fed. Tax Incl.)

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO., INC.
NEW KENSINGTON, PA.

WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

been willing to let bygones be bygones. What it didn't say was that McCarthy had openly opposed Case, who had thereupon won a Senate seat.

The *News*' new pride in Mr. Case, a candidate who said all through the campaign that he was in favor of censuring Senator McCarthy, tickled me like a third-day growth of winning whisker, because a few days before the election I had read a column by John O'Donnell, the *News*' Washington correspondent, in which he announced, with considerable satisfaction, "As the situation in New Jersey now stands, the G.O.P. candidate for the Senate, thrust into the battle by the White House, will go down to utter defeat—possibly the greatest repulse that the G.O.P. will suffer in the Nov. 2 election." O'Donnell, who, like Pegler, is pleased to act as a political mortician, further stated, "The ancient Republican Party in New Jersey, a onetime powerful political organization, is now dead and the remains are being quietly interred. No flowers, please, and the shorter the obituary notices and the graveside sermons the better. Here we have an unfortunate case of political suicide." Case was doomed, O'Donnell said, because "backers of Senator McCarthy, numerous in New Jersey, are violently against Case since his public declarations that he will oppose the Wisconsin Senator," and because Case had asked Senator Everett Dirksen, a McCarthy friend, *not* to campaign for him in New Jersey. O'Donnell reported that the late Senator Robert Taft had said, before witnesses not specified by Mr. O'Donnell, "Case of New Jersey is the only person I cannot find it possible to forgive or to forget."

On the morning of November 4th, however, I found even Mr. O'Donnell philosophical. "You may be assured that Ike has already counted himself out for '56, even if he hasn't announced it publicly," he reported. "In both parties, the one-worlders and internationalists have taken a licking. The election picture may be blurred, but there are some bright spots."

THE *Mirror*, like the *News*, refused to be discouraged. "The election was not a clean sweep; it was a tight squeeze in so many states that some of the results may still be changed by a hair," it said editorially, adhering to the tonsorial tradition. "The terrific campaign that President Eisenhower and Vice-President Richard Nixon waged during the windup of the campaign surely affected the tide," the editorialist

PRIDE OF THE GRAND PRIX

THE PEACEMAKER

FIGURE WEAVE TIES

Two of the exciting new designs in our original and exclusive Figure Weave Collection.

Woven with meticulous detail of the finest pure silk organzine repp.

Available in red, blue, brown, green, gray, and black.

Price: $4.75 postpaid.
No C.O.D.'s please.

We invite your inquiry for our Christmas gift brochure.

G. S. HARVALE & CO.
100 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 11, N.Y. OR 5-2325

FIREBALL THE NEW CHRISTMAS TREE FIRE EXTINGUISHER

CONTROLS FLASH TREE FIRES IN SECONDS

$2.95 EACH Postpaid

Sorry No C.O.D.'s

At last, fire prevention for Christmas trees. Our Fireball disguised as a tree ornament is in reality a superlative fire extinguisher. Hung on your Christmas tree, it will snuff out the heart of a flash fire in a matter of seconds. Thermal spring activated and supplied with a bracket, it may be used in the house year 'round from attic to cellar.

Send 10¢ for Christmas Catalog.

PAGE & BIDDLE 21 Station Road Haverford 2, Pa.

TREE-RIPENED CITRUS FRUIT

Red Warrior Citrus has pleased thousands since 1909.

Approx. 55 lbs. Bushel
all oranges, all grapefruit, or mixed $6.00
ORANGES AND RUBY RED GRAPEFRUIT $7.00

RED WARRIOR

Express charges paid East of the Mississippi River. All states West of Mississippi River and states of Wisc., Minn. and Mich.—add $1.50 per unit. ALL FRUIT GUARANTEED. Sold only in U.S. Free *illustrated catalog* upon request. Send check or Money Order to—

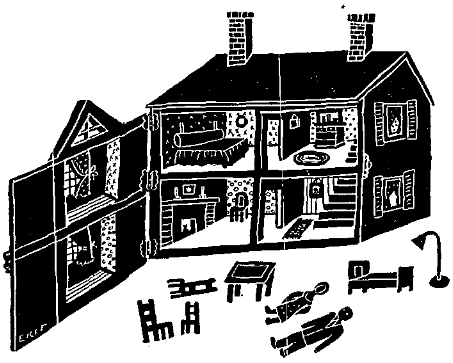
RED WARRIOR GROVES
Dept. G, UMATILLA, FLORIDA

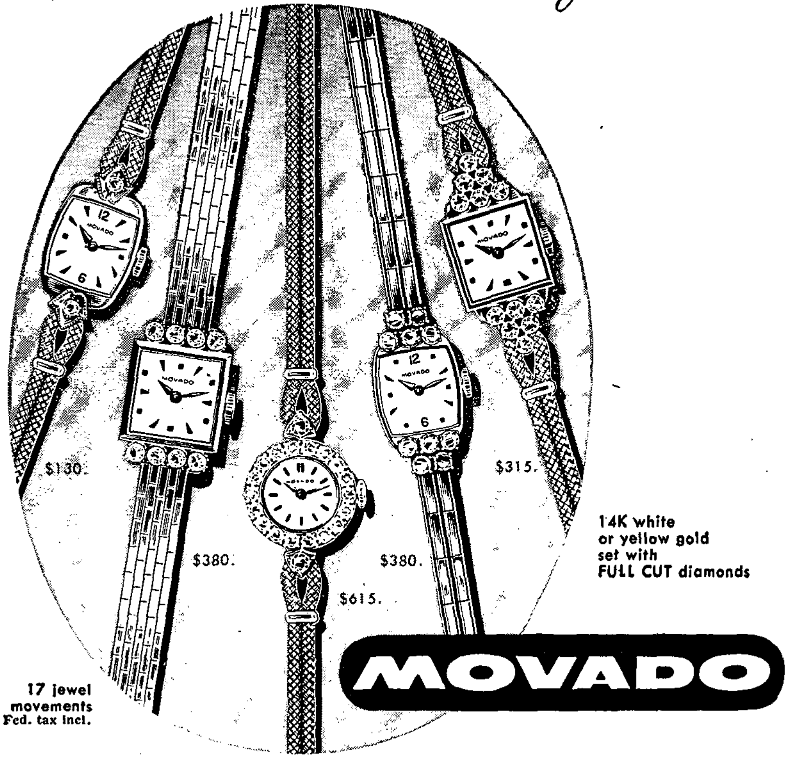
went on. An instant earlier, a hair would have changed the result; now he was thinking in terms of inundation. "If a similar no-holds-barred campaign had been waged for a month," he continued, leaping into the field covered by *Wrestling World*, "there is no telling how complete would have been the victory. The letter that Senator Joseph McCarthy wrote to William Randolph Hearst, Jr., which, in effect, told his personal following he hoped they would generally support Republicans, carried weight. It is no secret that large numbers of Republicans had intended not to vote at all. His letter rejected that concept. Many McCarthy voters who planned not to vote did vote." But for whom, I wondered, remembering my Pegler—for Get-McCarthy-minion Javits and Harriman-equivalent Ives? The mere thought was enough to turn a hair.

Although on November 4th both the *News* and the *Mirror* carried news stories indicating that the Democrats had won control of both the House of Representatives and the Senate, as well as a bundle of governorships they had not held as of election morning, none of the writers seemed to agree with Mr. Desmond, the raw-straw weigher, that one run wins a ball game. In fact, reading them, I got the strong impression that the Democrats had been thoroughly humiliated.

It was an impression that the *Times* and *Herald Tribune* fully confirmed, except in their news columns, where, like their less dignified colleagues, they made concessions—usually expressed in rows of digits. The *Times'* editorial on November 4th, headed "The Congressional Election," commenced in that subdued style identified with *Times* editorials and with advertisements for men's-clothing shops of the better order:

> The extraordinarily close Congressional election has given the Democrats control of the House and possibly the Senate, but the results bespeak no great triumph for either political party. To prove the contrary, Democratic partisans may point to





The most desired watch of all...

$130. $380. $615. $380. $315.

14K white or yellow gold set with FULL CUT diamonds

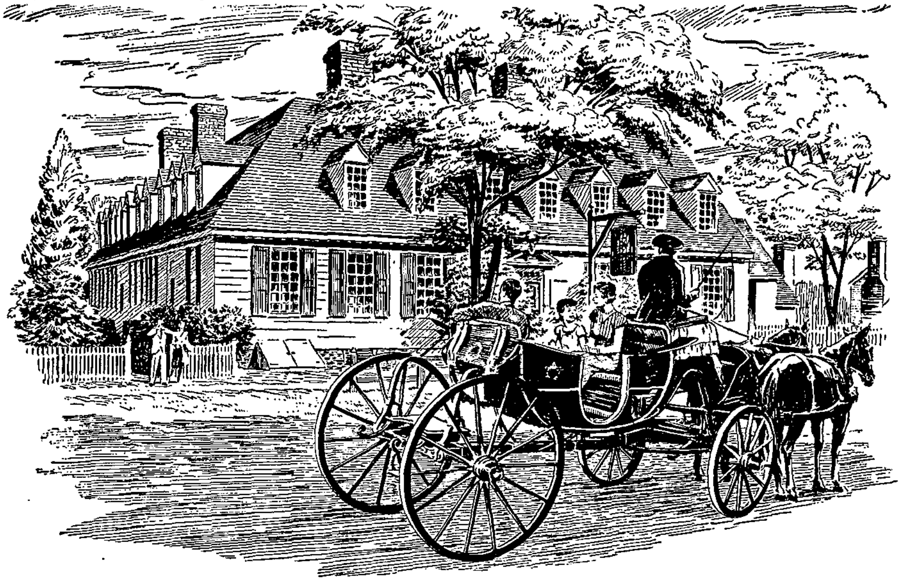
17 jewel movements Fed. tax incl.

MOVADO

Precise and Precious . . . these diamond masterpieces reflect Movado's genius for combining fabulous fashion styling with perfection of performance. Every watch is designed to complement a woman's beauty. For the best in time—always choose Movado.

WINNERS OF 168 OBSERVATORY AWARDS...SOLD AND SERVICED BY LEADING JEWELERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

Copr. 1954 Movado Watch Agency, Inc., 610 Fifth Ave., N. Y. • 44 King St. W., Toronto, Canada



Journey into history at Williamsburg VIRGINIA

Williamsburg Lodge & Taverns
Double from $6.00

Williamsburg Inn & Cottages
Double from $10.00

Write direct or contact Reservation Offices—New York: 630 Fifth Avenue, Telephone CIrcle 6-6800. *Washington: 910 17th St., NW. Telephone* Republic 7-8114.

RIDE down peaceful old Duke of Gloucester Street to the Raleigh Tavern, most renowned hostelry in colonial Virginia . . . the gay social center of the colony where Washington, Jefferson and many famous patriots were guests. With its modern hotels, fine food served in the colonial manner, golf, tennis and other recreational facilities, a visit to restored Williamsburg will be a great delight for the whole family.

At Home & Abroad

Wonderful
Mandarin
Silk
$35

Xmas Red
Orange
Charcoal
Old Gold
Navy
Holly Green
White
Black

DESIGNED AND MADE BY
Alexander Shields
15 EAST 60 NEW YORK 22

the **diamond** feat of the season

SHIRT-MATE colors *inside* the diamonds *plus* contrast-stitching *across* their edges, and behold—argyles you can wear to business with perfect equanimity. In year-round, "California Weight," 4-ply mercerized Durene cotton. Colorfixt® — will not run or fade. $1.00 at leading men's and dept. stores. For name of nearest one, write: Esquire Socks, Dept. Y, 210 Madison Ave., N.Y.

NEXT TIME, ASK FOR
California Weight
ARGYLES
exclusive with
ESQUIRE SOCKS®
"the smartest thing on two feet"
DIV. OF C.H. ROTH CO., INC.

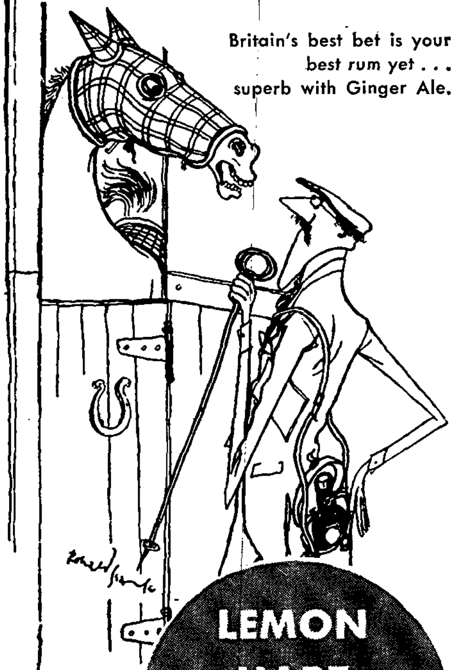
the fact that they have overturned the Republican majority in the House and, according to present figures, have gained slightly more than they have lost in the Senate. [The slight gain transformed a minority into a majority, and carried with it all committee chairmanships.] These accretions of power are of enormous practical importance in a nation whose electorate is so narrowly divided as ours. But in the last ten mid-term elections, the party in power has suffered an average net loss of some forty seats in the House—a far greater reduction in strength than the Democrats were able to inflict on the Republicans on Tuesday. [In only two of those ten elections, however, did the party in power lose both Houses—in 1918 and 1946.] Although the Republicans, then, can take satisfaction in their ability to stem what had looked like a Democratic tide, they obviously can claim no overwhelming victory either.

The one muffled sob on the *Times'* editorial page—it was hardly more than a genteel sniffle—sounded in Arthur Krock's column of emeritus reflection. "The national campaign managers of both parties were disappointed by the results," Mr. Krock wrote. "But the Republican disappointment was the greater." The first reason cited by Mr. Krock for this disappointment was the failure of what he termed the "Eisenhower magic" to operate.

The moderation of the *Times* impressed me still more when I read the *Herald Tribune*. "The citadel of the Eisenhower administration remains safe and whole after the determined attack of the Democrats upon it," the *Tribune's* editorial began. "This seems an inescapable conclusion of the morning after. . . . The argument was made during the campaign that a responsible government, with the White House and Congress controlled by the same party, is preferable to a divided government. This never meant that a divided government would necessarily be fatal. The American people expect their President to work along with whomever they elect. Certainly President Eisenhower will do this. He emerges from the elections bigger and better than ever. [The last five words are not a direct quote, but they save space and convey the general idea.] And so now he stands on a solid base of popular approval. . . . He has every reason to be cheerful and confident; and the country can well reflect his mood." And David Lawrence added, from his adjoining page, "The Republicans have weathered their worst storm."

All this, except Mr. Krock's faintly treasonable utterance, squared with the Hearst and McCormick papers' estimate of a defensive victory, which reminded me of the old minstrel gag: "I

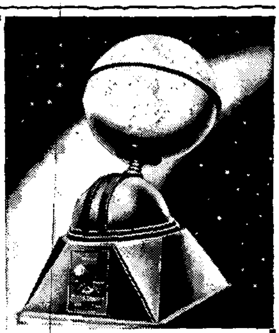
HAVE A GOOD RUM FOR YOUR MONEY



Britain's best bet is your best rum yet . . . superb with Ginger Ale.

LEMON HART DEMERARA RUM

Julius WILE
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
86 AND 151 PROOF
JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



★ ★
Study The Stars with the
SPITZ JR. PLANETARIUM
$14.95
Postpaid
Sorry no C. O. D.'s

Spitz Jr. Planetarium brings the mystery and beauty of 40 constellations into your home, including the Big Dipper, The Little Dog and other northern hemisphere constellations! Completely scientific and accurate, just plug it in AC current to reveal the heavens from the Equator to the North Pole. Made of sturdy plastic, 14½" x 7½" with 7" diameter sphere. 32 page booklet and sky charts with each model.

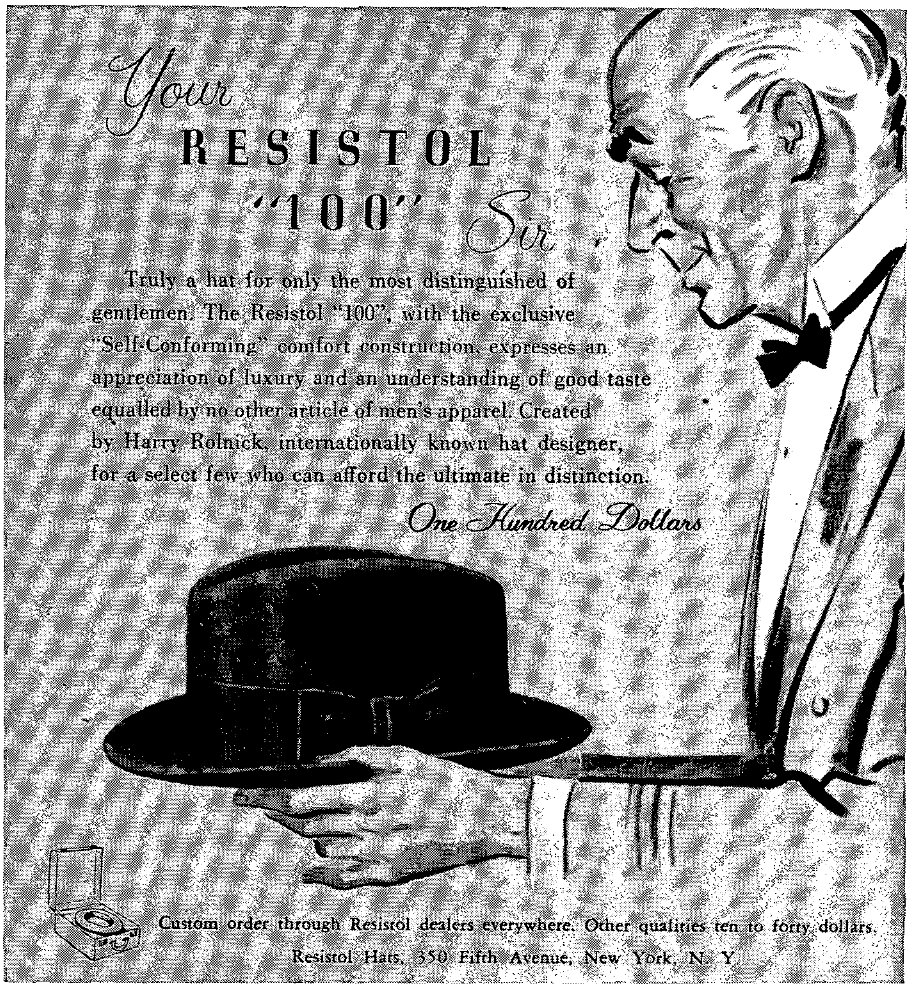
FLOOD YOUR CEILINGS WITH 40 CONSTELLATIONS
PAGE & BIDDLE Send 10¢ for Christmas Catalog
21 Station Road, Haverford 2, Pa.

Soft Music's Nice
but you can count on
MAX SCHLING Flowers
765 FIFTH AVE.
New York 22
Plaza 3-1500
Deliveries in New York & by Telegraph Anywhere!

got my nose between his teeth and I wouldn't let go." But there was a schism on the question of how the victory had been achieved. This was a carry-over from the 1952 election, which had hardly been decided before the Eisenhower wing of the Party announced that McCarthy had ridden in on the President's coattails and the McCarthy faction accused the President of having ridden in on McCarthy's coattails. The *Times'* editorial said that this latest election proved that "the McCarthyites are unnecessary to bolster the G.O.P., and, in fact, there is good evidence that they constitute a serious drag upon it." The writer went on to illustrate: "The New Jersey situation reveals such evidence. The remarkable strength shown by Clifford P. Case in the Senatorial race, despite vicious opposition from McCarthy-Republicans within his own party, indicates that a man who has the courage of his convictions on this question carries an especial appeal to the independent voter. Even more striking are the results in Mr. McCarthy's home state of Wisconsin. There, in one of the few contests in which McCarthyism was directly an issue, the McCarthy sympathizer, Republican Representative Charles J. Kersten, was defeated in Milwaukee by an ardent anti-McCarthy Democrat, Henry S. Reuss. In the same state, the popular Governor Walter J. Kohler, who despite an excellent record in other respects has tried to straddle the McCarthy issue, defeated his Democratic opponent by only the narrowest of margins."

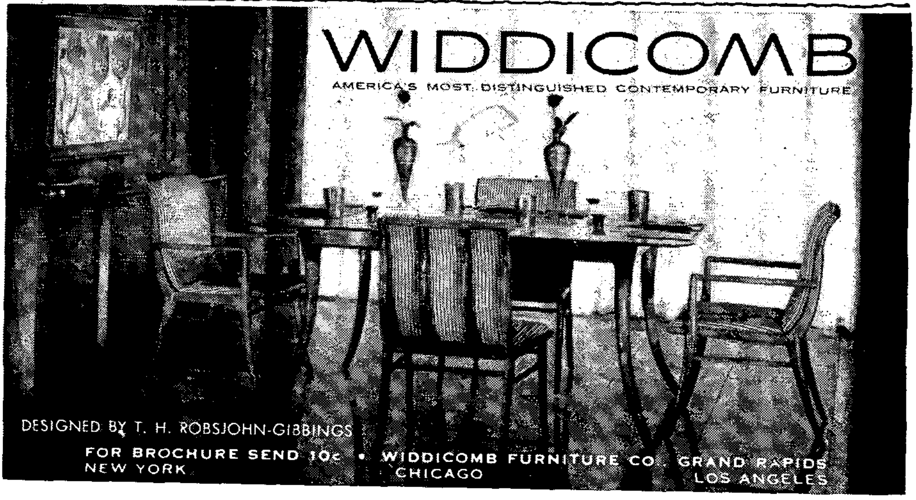
The *Herald Tribune* gave Mr. Case an editorial all to himself. "Mr. Case was opposed in New Jersey by a small group of extremists who would adopt any means to insure his defeat," it said. "Party loyalty meant nothing to them. The urgent appeals of President Eisenhower meant nothing."

As for Vice-President Nixon, whom the *News*, the *Mirror*, Mr. Krock, and Mr. Lawrence all credited with having had a salubrious influence on the Republican campaign, the *Times* editorial on November 4th said that he "came close to the tactics generally associated with the junior Senator from Wisconsin" in his preëlection tour of the Mountain States. "Mr. Nixon may feel that such tactics were effective, but the results do not confirm that opinion," the *Times* added, pointing to the victories of former Senator O'Mahoney, in Wyoming, and Senator Murray, in Montana. "Finally, the smashing victory of Senator Paul H. Douglas in Illinois is one more straw in the


Your RESISTOL "100" Sir
Truly a hat for only the most distinguished of gentlemen. The Resistol "100", with the exclusive "Self-Conforming" comfort construction, expresses an appreciation of luxury and an understanding of good taste equalled by no other article of men's apparel. Created by Harry Rolnick, internationally known hat designer, for a select few who can afford the ultimate in distinction.
One Hundred Dollars
Custom order through Resistol dealers everywhere. Other qualities ten to forty dollars.
Resistol Hats, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS EARRINGS
be the life of the party
$3.85 pair incl. Fed. Tax
$6.60 pair incl. Fed. Tax
Above: Sparkling red candles, green holly and a gold bell trimmed in white.
Left: 5 Gold bells trimmed in white with brilliant green and red enamel holly.
Please add $.25 postage
Jean Allen on the Harbor Southport, Conn.
Orleans, Mass. Ridgefield, Conn.

REJUVENATE
To look at us, to live with us, you'd never believe our beginnings go back to Harrison's presidency.
CHALFONTE-HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 64 years
Write for illustrated folder


WIDDICOMB
AMERICA'S MOST DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARY FURNITURE
DESIGNED BY T. H. ROBSJOHN-GIBBINGS
FOR BROCHURE SEND 10¢ • WIDDICOMB FURNITURE CO. GRAND RAPIDS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LOS ANGELES

McCUTCHEON'S
FIFTH AVENUE AT 49th STREET
MILLBURN
MANHASSET

SOMETHING FESTIVE that's fit for a feast: White rayon and cotton Christmas cloth with red and green print. Wonderful to give, to own, to wash.

52 x 70 with 6 napkins 7.95
60 x 90 with 8 napkins 12.95
72 x 90 with 12 napkins . . . 16.95
72" round (all cotton) 7.95

Add 34c postage beyond delivery area.

Vacation on the warm, sunny desert!

La Quinta
HOTEL

15 Miles from Palm Springs
at La Quinta, California

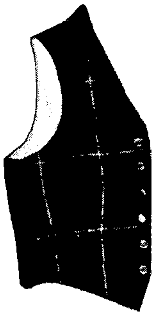
Planning a winter holiday this year?

Whether you ride, swim, play tennis or golf—or just relax in the sun—you'll enjoy a winter vacation more at La Quinta, the luxury desert resort.

Cottage rooms in a 35-acre oasis of flowering beauty—magnificent food. American Plan rates.

For reservations, consult your travel agent; write or phone us direct.

LA QUINTA HOTEL, La Quinta, Calif.
WARNER E. GILMORE, Gen. Mgr.
Coachella Valley 9-3535



OUR NEWEST WAISTCOATS

Popular with men of good taste everywhere.

TARTANS imported from Scotland in these exclusive clan colorings: Black Watch, Dress Gordon, Green Gordon, Hunting Menzies, Royal Stuart, Eracht Cameron $14.50

TATTERSALLS red and black on white, blue and black on white $12.50

Sizes 36-46

Mail orders:
state height and
chest measurement
Add 35¢ shipping
No C.O.D.'s please

Fenn-Feinstein
of NEW HAVEN
Tailors and Furnishers
9 EAST 49th ST. NEW YORK
264 YORK ST. NEW HAVEN

wind." If the editorial writer had been able to make a late insert in his copy, he could have included Richard L. Neuberger, the new Senator from Oregon, in his list, because the Vice-President campaigned furiously against Neuberger and in favor of the incumbent Republican, Senator Cordon. News of the Oregon Senate race, made doubly late by the time difference and by slowness in counting the vote, reached the East in time for the late-city-edition morning news columns on November 4th, but not early enough for the editorial writers.

The Nixon Far Western campaign, incidentally, produced one story that I will probably remember for a long time. It was a United Press dispatch in the *Herald Tribune* of November 1st, datelined Seattle:

> NO POISON IN NIXON'S FOOD;
> "WARNING" LAID TO JOKER

The story said, in part, "Technicians at a private laboratory spent ten hours testing the supper Mr. Nixon ordered in his room at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel last night before addressing a Republican rally. The experts said they had been unable to find any trace of poison in the food. . . . An anonymous caller telephoned Mr. Nixon at 7:22 P.M. yesterday to warn him his supper had been poisoned. When the tomato soup, Swiss-cheese sandwich, strawberry ice cream, and tea arrived, agents took it away to be analyzed. A second meal was prepared under the supervision of Secret Service men." The call had apparently been a Halloween joke, and a mean one. Such, however, are the perils of a whirlwind campaign in the Far West. But I could not help thinking that Mr. Nixon had always looked to me like the kind of man who would order that kind of meal. I have had a recurrent dream since: I am a candidate for the Secret Service, and after I have shot the pips out of a nine of spades, firing blindfolded with my arms tied behind my back, the examiner asks me, "How are you on making tomato soup?"

It must be rough to come back from a trip like that and find the *Times* disapproving, but if Mr. Nixon read the *Journal-American* editorial page of November 4th, he may well have felt good enough to order himself an extra crouton. "We think there are three chief causes for the comparatively good showing of the Republicans on Tuesday," the lead editorial said. "1: The honest-to-goodness grass roots campaign work put in by Vice-President Dick Nixon. 2: The dramatic last-minute appeal by

Engineers & Physicists

Inquiries are invited regarding openings on our Staff in the fields listed below:

Scientific and Engineering Staff
Hughes
RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT LABORATORIES

Ground and Airborne Radar
Fire Control Systems
Guided Missile Systems
Airborne Digital Computers
Electronic Business Systems
Miniaturization and Advanced Packaging
Communication Systems
Microwave Ferrite Devices
Antennas and Radomes
Indicator and Microwave Tubes
Semiconductor Devices

Culver City, Los Angeles County, California

Assurance is required that relocation of the applicant will not cause disruption of an urgent military project.

"Oh, zat Pernod!"

For a martini with dash . . . add a dash of Pernod

PERNOD
liqueur • 100 proof
PRODUCED & BOTTLED IN U.S.A.
SOLE U.S. AGENT CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD.

the ONLY NEW YORK HOTEL overlooking the EAST RIVER . . . UNITED NATIONS . . . the entire City. Discriminating guests say "it's New York's best hotel value". Single $4-8. Double $8-15. Suites $12-22. Special weekly rates. Write for Booklet N.

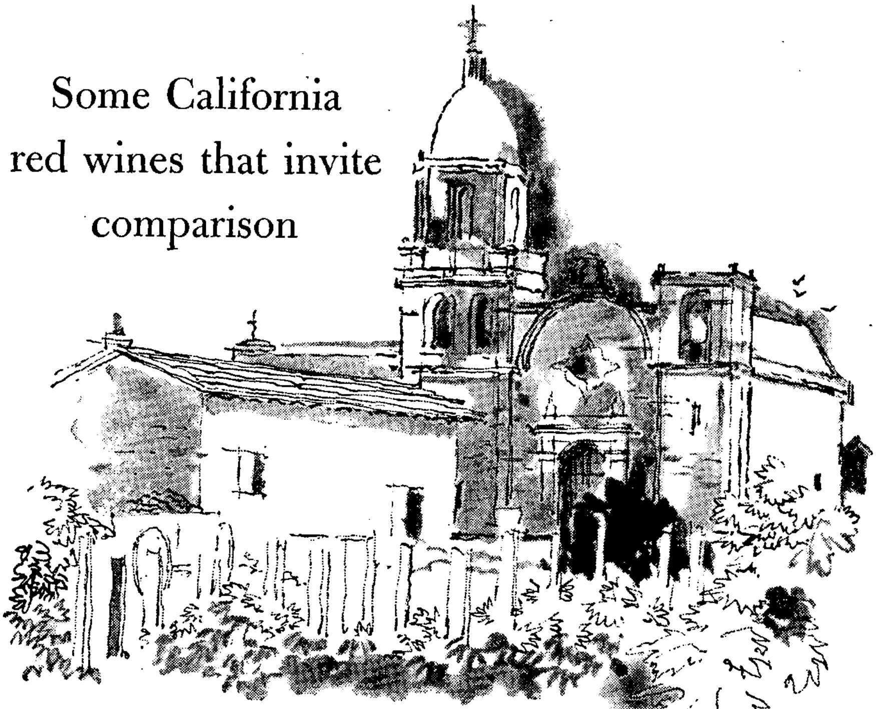
BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL
Exclusive Beekman Hill—49th St. & 1st Ave.

India House
Long Island's Foremost Restaurant
Lunch • Dinner • Supper
Private Banquet Facilities
2 MERRICK RD.
COR. BELLMORE AVE.
BELLMORE, L.I. SUNSET 5-1929

Senator Joseph McCarthy to Republicans to forget their differences and unite behind the Party. There is no way of estimating the effect of this appeal, but it must have been tremendous. It ripped the blinders away from opinionated hard-heads and made them look at the facts of life. 3: The eleventh-hour realization by Republican campaigners that they were in a fight and not punting in the moonlight." I stopped to visualize Dick Nixon and Tom Dewey kicking footballs around in the moonlight—the President, I knew, had once been a fair kicker—and then it occurred to me, suddenly, that the editorial writer meant *English* punting, as on the Thames. It was the kind of slip that would have meant a man's life in the time of the original, Anglophobe William Randolph Hearst; the one-worlders and internationalists must be taking hold under his son.

A story on the *Journal-American* editorial page by a man named E. F. Tompkins gave the strawberry-ice-cream whirlwind an even better break. "In this still early aftermath of the elections, the figure of Vice-President Nixon looms large as the real, if not the only, Republican hero," Tompkins said. (What did he mean by "if not the only"? Was he even suggesting that McCarthy might not be one?) "Almost lonely in his courage and attitude, and mainly restricted by circumstances to Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States, Mr. Nixon could not himself win a national Republican victory. But virtually single-handed, he averted a G.O.P. debacle." After the way the editorial writer called Nixon "Dick" and called the Senator from Wisconsin "Senator Joseph McCarthy," Mr. Tompkins' piece made me wonder if the Hearst people are switching their bets in the future books.

THE evening *Post*, the only Democratic paper in town, had been running the daily results of the opposition *News*' poll during the later stages of the campaign. The *Post's* first editorial on the results, appearing Wednesday, before the evidence had clouded up enough, sounded as let down as though the *Post* people had been taking the poll seriously; on Wednesday, Neuberger was still trailing, and it wasn't certain which party had captured control of the Senate. On Thursday, the *Post* ran no general editorial on the election at all, as though the editorial writer had stayed home with a headache in his egg. By Friday, the *Post* had brightened. "To have such a character [as



(*Advertisement*)

Some California red wines that invite comparison

TO THE WINE FANCIER, nothing equals the pleasure of discovery... of coming upon a wine with a delightful new harmony of bouquet, body and taste.

Such an experience is always possible, always hoped for. Because each wine is a distinct individual, reflecting its own grape parent, its particular soil and climate and, ultimately, the care and the skill of its vintner.

So it is that some extraordinary taste experiences are to be found in the red table wines now coming from California. Many are born of such world-famous wine grapes as the *Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir, Gamay* and *Grenache.*

Yet none of the California wines of these grapes have the exact characteristics of their European counterparts. For each has taken personality from California's own wine-loving soils and climates to produce a gloriously unique—and quite often a superior—taste-experience.

We California wine growers would like you to compare these with your other favorites:

CLARETS—Many of California's finest are made of the renowned *Cabernet* grape (and often labeled with that name). Here this grape produces wines that are sensitive and melodious — with provocative bouquet and suave, lingering aftertaste.

BURGUNDIES—the *Pinot Noir* is California's great Burgundy grape. Wines of this grape (sometimes labeled with the grape name) are mainly grown on cool, sloping hillsides. Their wines are noted for aristocratic bouquet, velvety smoothness and generous character. The *Red Pinot* is another of our Burgundies worthy of your taste.

ROSÉS—In California they are made from *Gamay, Grenache* and *Grignolino* grapes and often bear those names. They are typically light, pink wines...lively and gay, they go with most every food.

Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California

An exciting new taste in Wine
WIDMER'S
VINTAGE
CANANDAIGUA
LAKE NIAGARA
SEMI-DRY WINE MADE FROM NIAGARA GRAPES
A LIGHT,
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED AT THE WINERIES
WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC.
NAPLES, NEW YORK

Widmer's Lake Niagara!

Here is a true aristocrat inviting comparison with the fine wines of the world. Delicate, semi-dry, rich with the rare flavor of the famous Niagara grape. Distinctly a New York State wine . . . proud of its heritage: the warm, sunny slopes of vine-famous Naples Valley; the meticulous, patient vintning skill of Widmer's Wine Cellars, Inc., Naples, N.Y.

Write for our booklet, "Wine Manners and Wine Cookery"

WIDMER'S
New York State WINES

Neuberger] chosen as Oregon's first Democratic Senator in forty years," it said, "and chosen under such fateful national circumstances, must be a shattering blow to the know-nothings who long ago pronounced the egghead a dead political species." And in Michigan, the *Post* added, a McCarthyite representative named Kit Clardy had been beaten by a college professor. But by the bottom of the column the editorialist was worrying again. He had just finished rejoicing over the Democratic acquisition of the Senate through Neuberger when it occurred to him that Lyndon B. Johnson, the Democratic leader in the Senate, might be a Republican in disguise. "Is he the G.O.P.'s secret weapon?" he asked.

Joy, on the *Post*, is never unqualified.

—A. J. LIEBLING

◆

THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Summary of the motion picture "The Caine Mutiny" in the program of a theatre in Tokyo*]

THE STORY

The time is 1943. Willie Keith, a graduate of Princeton University, joins American navy as a naval cadet. He has a girl friend named May Wynn Who is night-club, asks him to marry befor his sailing.

Willie is on board the Caine in parl Harbour. Among the crew, Lieutenant Tom Keefer who is writing a novel and et Stene Mark who holds real power the Caine. Captain De Vriess appoints Willie to an Correspondent. During mine-sweeping operation, Willie takes the message, put it in his pocket and forget all about it. . . . It is the massage for the transformation of Captain the Cane.

New Captain Queeg set foot on the deck of the Caine. Nobody is expecting the new Captain.

The Caine cut the towing net during the towing manoeuve of torpedo. For the explalation of this accident the Cane arrives in San Francisco. After spending with May, Willie proposes her, but refused. Captain Queeg blames the crew for the failure. The crew recognize that Captain Queeg has no sense of responsibility. In the landing operation, for the miss-conduct of Captain Queeg, landing boat goes ashore. Lt Keefer and other officer can not help recognizing Captain's mental derarangement.

At that time, the Caine is visited by a typhoon and stands on the brink of ruin. Lt Maryk takes command of the Caine against Captain Queeg, and escapes danger. Upon returning in San Francisco, Maryk and Willie is tried by court-martial. Before the court-martial, Willie promises May to marry her. In the Court-martial, Willie and Maryk win by defence of a lawyer, Barney Greenwald. Seeing off by new bride May, Willie starts for a new naval duty. Unexpectedly the ship is commanded by former Captain of the Caine, De vriss.

Wille ventures on the sea by the order of Captain De Vriss.

Traditionally the Finest...

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS

Fall and Winter are delightful in the beautiful Bahamas . . . and the Royal Victoria Hotel, centrally located, yet "out of this world" amid acres of world-famous exotic jungle gardens, offers the finest in facilities for your convenience and pleasure.

Enjoy Nassau's most luxurious pool in Nassau's loveliest setting . . . new Poolside Cafe and Cabana Bar.

Other famous Royal Victoria features: 100 rooms with private tiled bath; outdoor dining and dancing; Starlight Terrace Bar; handsome Harlequin Room; ocean bathing at Old Colonial Beach nearby. For reservations see your travel agent or write

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS
Charles W. Freeman, President
North American Offices—New York,
Chicago, Miami and Philadelphia

213

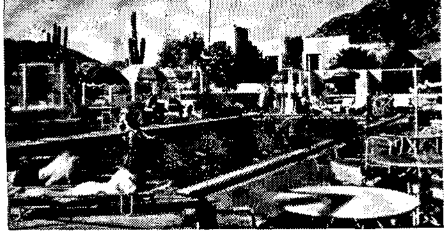
Dinner in *The Ivy*

Timed for early theatregoers
or late diners

Sunday Brunch
11 A.M. to 3 P.M.

HOTEL *Drake*
440 Park Ave., at 56th St.
Bing & Bing Inc., Mgt.

Camelback Inn
AT PHOENIX, ARIZONA

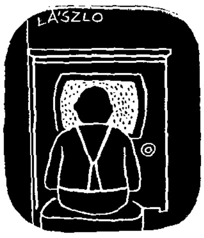


If you are coming West this winter you'll want to include a stop at famous Camelback, one of the world's most interesting American Plan winter resorts. Every desert recreation including golf. Mouth-watering food. Genial informality. Dry, healthful air. *Our Hopalong College for kids* takes the children off your hands. Honeymooners are enraptured. October to May. Write

JACK STEWART, Camelback Inn, Phoenix, Arizona

TELEVISION

But Where Are the Laughs?



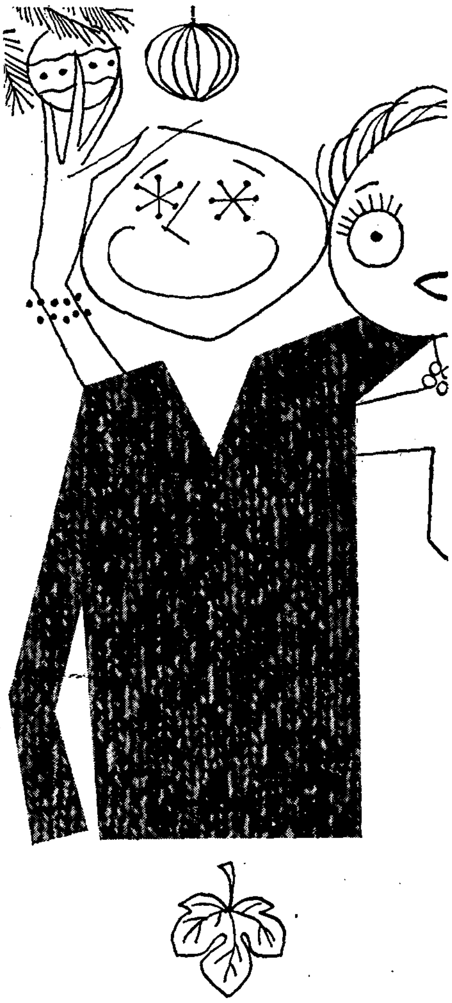
I FIND "Omnibus" a perplexing program. It's fairly obvious that this ninety-minute, Sunday-afternoon show is in the hands of literate and intelligent people who are trying their darnedest to produce a literate and intelligent program. Sometimes I think they're trying too hard. The proceedings have a self-conscious air, as though all hands were saying, with a certain monotony, "This is *it*, friends; this will *really* elevate you." To get down to details, the program strikes me as being entirely too long. I've watched a good many "Omnibus" programs in my time, and offhand I can't think of one that wouldn't have been a good deal more entertaining, not to say interesting, with cutting. For example, I can recall some fancy French ballet movies a year or so ago, as well as an interminable series on the life of Lincoln, that had splendid possibilities but dissipated them simply by going on and on and on. For another thing, there is a startling lack of humor on these shows. The authorities seem to think that humor is something frivolous, and perhaps even low-grade—unworthy of the time and attention of the high-minded "Omnibus" public. One program, some time back, had Bobby Clark and Bert Lahr on hand, cast as a couple of French house painters, and I remember watching it with great expectancy and being dreadfully disappointed; somehow or other, all the fun had been refined out of these two masters, and, what was worse, they knew it. I would be willing to bet that someone down at "Omnibus" headquarters decided that Clark and Lahr were not *really* the merry chaps they'd always seemed to be, and should be given serious, philosophic-type parts.

For still another thing, "Omnibus," as we all know, has a connection with the Ford Foundation—a connection that permits the program to call itself "experimental." Every week, it is implied that "Omnibus" is no ordinary commercial program. We are led to believe that it is working its way through graduate school, studying hard and long, and is far removed from the muddy arena of commerce. But every week what do we find on the screen? Not only commercials, and plenty of them, but commercials raised to equal billing with the show's performers and creators. The sponsors turn up, in solemn, wind-blown listings, at the beginning and end of every program, and in between there is a periodic plugging of their wares.

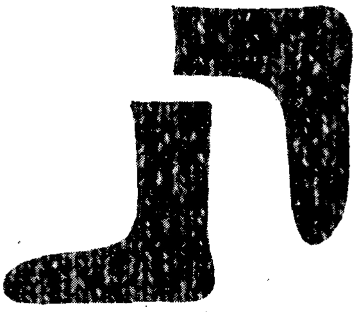
A week ago, "Omnibus" put on a fairly typical program. Some of it was engrossing and some of it wasn't. Business got under way with an extensive investigation of the art of wrestling, "honest and otherwise." Alistair Cooke, the soft-spoken Manchester *Guardian* writer, who is on hand every Sunday as moderator, made a few soft-spoken remarks about wrestling. "Wrestling is like science fiction," he said. He then introduced Bert Shurtleff, a professional wrestler, who told us that in addition to pursuing his career on the mat he lectures a good deal and writes a book every summer. Mr. Shurtleff advanced the opinion that the public enjoyed being hoodwinked by professional matches, and didn't give a damn when the participants faked. We were then permitted to observe a couple of wrestlers writhing and wriggling, while Mr. Shurtleff exposed their tricks. For instance, he exposed the eye gouge. Nobody, it seems, gets hurt by the eye gouge. Nothing to it. Likewise blows to a wrestler's jaw. The jaw isn't hit at all; the chest bone is hit, painlessly. When Mr. Shurtleff and his wrestlers went away, a real wrestling match of three one-minute periods took place, between a Mr. Blair (Navy) and a Mr. Oberly (Penn State). This, I gathered, was classic wrestling—absolutely on the level. Blair won.

Pearl Buck followed the wrestlers, reading aloud from her latest book, "My Several Worlds." She was calm and collected and lovely to watch, reading her manuscript with considerable elegance. The "Omnibus" people tried to help out by showing us, from time to time, vignettes of life in China, but these were just disconcerting, it seemed to me, since Mrs. Buck and her prose were quite capable of carrying the day by themselves.

The final offering was a dramatic version of Gertrude Stein's novel "Brewsie and Willie," adapted, with imagination and style, by Ellen Violett and Lisabeth Blake. I had seen this adaptation a year or so ago on the stage, at the Theatre de Lys, and had been impressed by it; a group called the Touring Players did it there, and they also did it the other afternoon. The stage production seemed a good deal better than the television one, with a

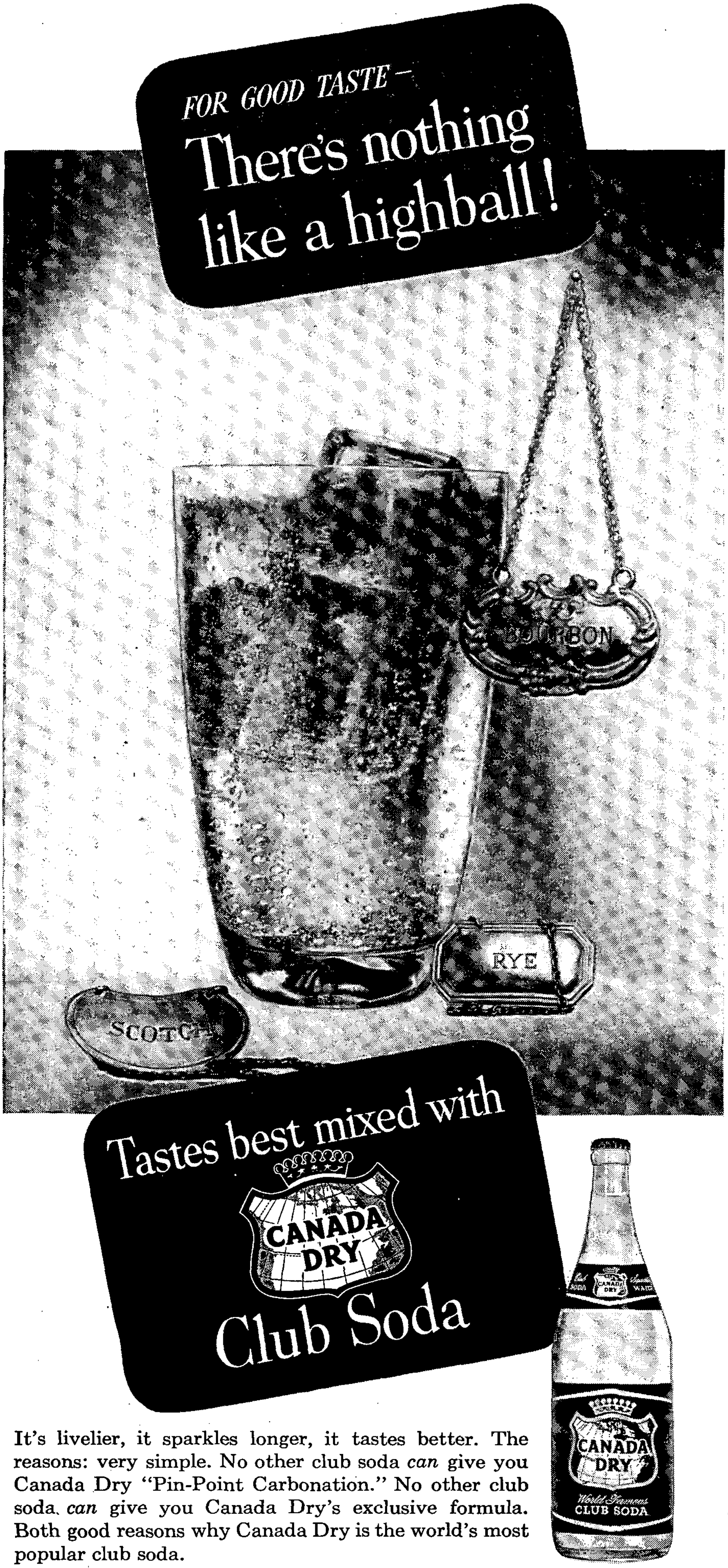


HE WON'T WEAR A THING
BUT A **TOWNE AND KING**



"My man is a sweater man.
Believe me, he knows Lamb's Wool from
goofer feathers...and the right colors!
I have to fit his mind as well as his shape,
and that demands Towne and King.
For good measure, I'll give him sox
to match...a real match!"
100% imported Lamb's Wool;
27 California colors. Pullover,
long sleeves, 36-46. 11.95. KING Size
(for 6-footers) 13.50. Sleeveless, 8.95.
Sox, crew length, 10-1/2 to 13. 1.75.
For nearby dealer's name, airmail:

TOWNE AND KING, LTD.
Redwood City, California



It's livelier, it sparkles longer, it tastes better. The reasons: very simple. No other club soda *can* give you Canada Dry "Pin-Point Carbonation." No other club soda *can* give you Canada Dry's exclusive formula. Both good reasons why Canada Dry is the world's most popular club soda.

lot more vitality and meaning. Perhaps it was because the lighting on television was so atrocious, or perhaps it was because these fine actors are more at home on a stage. Or perhaps it was because the television setting, a French café, seemed pretentious and out-of-place and anything but French. But in any case Miss Stein's long, deep thoughts about the loneliness of G.I.s at the close of the last war were still valid and touching. There is great beauty and sensitivity in this story of Americans far from home, disturbed and uncertain, sensing that they have a place in history and not knowing precisely what it is, and "Omnibus" is to be congratulated for presenting it. David Hooks played Brewsie, and Jerry Ansbacher played Willie, and they were both splendid. There was a large supporting cast of capable actors, who occasionally got in one another's way, thanks to the limitations of the tiny screen.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Palm Springs* (*Calif.*) *Desert Sun*]

SUNDAY BRUNCH

Sunday's party to celebrate Tom (hotelman) Hull's birthday . . . held at the Hull's Palm Springs home on Paseo de Marcia . . . will be a hard one to top . . . for it was fabulous fun . . .

It was an 11 o'clock brunch and set a record even for Palm Springs affairs . . . as the party never got around to the brunch until 3:40 p.m. . . . but there was a reason for it . . .

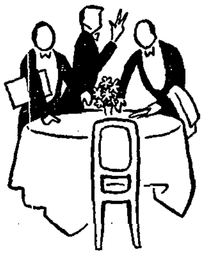
The big surprise arranged for Tom by his wife Jerry (I like that name combination and that's what is inscribed on their mailbox "Tom and Jerry") a new heavenly-blue Cadillac was two hours late arriving from Hollywood . . . It was a sensation, however, when it was driven up by two policemen . . . who came in asking if the car had been stolen . . . There were plenty looking at it who would have liked to . . .

The party which was held in the patio . . . was an oasis with clumps of palms and joshua trees about a pool . . . and a gorgeous view of the mountains as a background . . . got off to a good start when the Rubinis trooped in . . . Jan and the two boys Michel and David were wearing enormous moustachios and Mexican hats and fiddling . . .

Mrs. Rubini was carrying a big birthday cake, the gift of Tom's friend Vic McLaglen . . . Beautiful cake . . . you just couldn't cut it . . . It was a decorated cake tin . . . Next excitement was when a board shaped like a giant telegram was brought in . . . It was pasted solidly with telegrams signed by names well-known in movie and hotel circles . . . Young Tommy Hull had a new motorboat going in the pool . . . and it exploded into raucous noise as a sort of sound effect for the gay party . . .

TABLES FOR TWO

Sunshine in the Night



THE other evening, I was walking by the Hickory House, on Fifty-second Street, and I decided to stop in. I hadn't been inside that cavernous room in a long time, and the only thing that prompted this visit was a mild curiosity about the work of Marian McPartland, a jazz pianist who has been there for three years. I arrived toward the end of one of her performances, as she and her deft assistants—a bass player and a drummer—were giving a suave and swinging run-through of Cole Porter's breezy "From This Moment On." Having wrapped that up, Miss McPartland announced that a solo pianist would spell her trio. While I waited for the new pianist to appear on the platform—an elevated perch, surrounded by a large circular bar, in the center of the room—I studied a long row of photographs on the wall nearest my table. They were all of generals except one, and that was of a pretty girl whose autograph identified her only as Roberta. A few young couples were sitting at tables in the place, and one or two parties, but most of the customers were sitting or standing around the bar. Aside from scattered conversation and the occasional clatter of dishes in the kitchen, off in a far corner behind a glass partition, the room was fairly quiet. Then a young man named Johnny Mehegan mounted the platform and went to work. I knew that he was a teacher of jazz, but his complex and introspective playing was familiar to me only through a couple of recordings that I hadn't found very edifying. Mehegan improvised with an air of great concentration, but I'm afraid my mind wandered during the ten or fifteen minutes he was on, except when some especially tortured passage would jar me back to attention. Now and again I tried to place that Roberta.

It was during Miss McPartland's second set that I really began to appreciate her splendid, precise technique and her rich imagination. Her playing has a sort of cheerful composure about it that seems to me very nearly unique among jazz pianists. There is such grace and joy in every phrase she turns that her work, although far from superficial, looks delightfully easy. A sunny personality that combines the excitement of invention with rare good taste shines through her playing. As you might expect, all this has communicated itself to the other members of the trio, and the result is a marvellously integrated ensemble. Now and then, while she fills in with occasional chords, the bass player or the drummer takes a solo—superb in variety, and yet never flashy or overextended. Another thing I noticed with admiration during this second set was that when she turned her attention to a couple of Jerome Kern pieces—"All the Things You Are" and "Pick Yourself Up"—she put each through several arresting variations without ever losing the essential form of the work. Thoroughly won over, I stayed on for a third set, and was rewarded by a charming piano solo of "Greensleeves" and a diverting treatment of "How High the Moon." Miss McPartland introduced the latter with a solo chorus that began by bending the melody to the main theme of "Rhapsody in Blue" and ended with a suggestion of "Clair de Lune." She followed this with another solo chorus, played in the manner of a Scarlatti sonatina, and then the bass and drums joined in for a long series of flying variations on the theme. All in all, it was a wonderful recital.

ON another recent evening, finding myself at loose ends in the Village, I paid my first visit to El Chico, a cozy club just off Sheridan Square that has been there for a quarter of a century. There is a lounge and bar on the street level, and below is the club proper, a good-sized dining room with a dance floor on which, at intervals, some Spanish entertainers put on a show. The show, I'm afraid, was more to be praised for its enthusiasm than its expertness. The veteran singer Rosita Rios, whom I had heard in some uptown room a long time before, acted as mistress of ceremonies and at one point launched into a song that quickly degenerated into a business of trying to tempt one of the customers into doing a little dance with her—an effort that achieved a feeble success when a portly old gentleman got up from his table and, casting doubtful glances back at his wife, executed a few steps with the ponderous agility of a dancing bear. As for the rest of the entertainment, there was an exceedingly youthful pair of flamenco dancers, a very young and very tiny girl who undertook a more classical style of Spanish dance, and a guitarist, whose work was occasionally supplemented by the

FURRIERS HAVE A WORD FOR IT...

It's Umpa! And behind that word, a world of tradition in mink. Blue-blood, lineage mink—waited on, pampered . . . reared in luxury to *become* luxury. Word of how all good dark mink go to Umpa.

From some two hundred large mink ranches . . . large for greater uniformity, large because they're most successful—come the only dark mink of Umpa's *controlled* quality standard.

Holding their valued Umpa membership by meeting inflexibly high standards, these skilled mink ranchers have their efforts measured each season by the price furriers will pay, for only those pelts they prefer.

And, in dark mink, it's been Umpa—for 20 years!

There's more, and a note from you will bring a copy—of, "patter on a pedigree." Delightful, informative, rewarding.

Umpa dark mink

UNITED MINK PRODUCERS ASSOCIATION
Janesville, Wisconsin

The finest compliment a photographer can pay himself

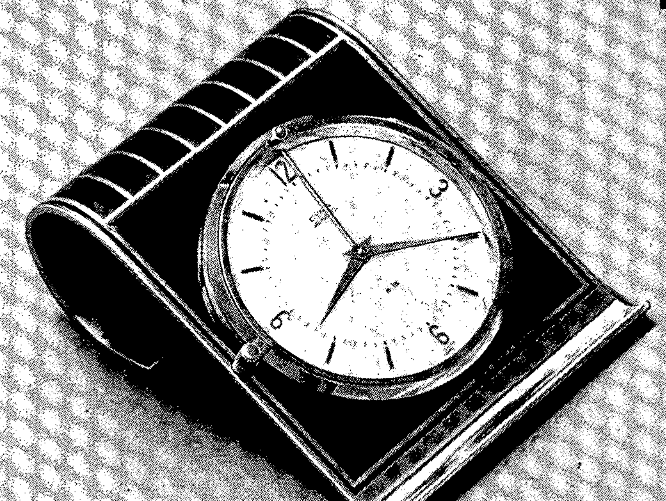
It takes beautiful color slides—crisp black-and-whites. A truly great lens—the Argus Cintar f:2.8—gives sharp detail, even in dim light. A lens-coupled rangefinder-viewfinder lets you focus and compose simultaneously. A superaccurate shutter—speeds up to 1/300 second—is the perfect complement to the critically sharp lens. A built-in flash synchronizer permits the use of *all* types of bulbs at *all* shutter speeds. A new Color-matic setting guide makes it easy to get superb color shots without charts or computations. No wonder so many camera connoisseurs say, "It's America's most distinguished 35mm camera!"

argus c-four

now only $84.50

MARK CROSS
Fifth Ave. at 55th • New York 22, N. Y.

MARK CROSS TRADE MARK



THE EXECUTIVE ALARM

A gentle but effective bell, controlled by a fingertip lever, never lets an important executive miss an important appointment. Highly accurate 8-day, 15-jewelled desk clock impressively mounted in a heavy gold-color metal base with tortoise shell finish. $59.00. (Other desk clocks from $22.50, travel clocks from $10.00.) Plus 10% excise tax. Initials engraved—30¢ per letter. Mail and Phone Orders. SU 7-4000.

The new 65-page Mark Cross Christmas Catalog is ready. Yours for the asking.

playing of a small ensemble stationed at the far end of the dance floor. The room itself, with its ancient Spanish tiles, carriage lamps, grillwork, and so on, interested me far more than the rather primitive revels, but I found El Chico a pleasant retreat, anyway.

HAZEL SCOTT, a handsome and authoritative jazz pianist who hasn't been around for quite a while, moved into the Embers the other night for a five-week engagement. She was nervous when I saw her (but that was understandable, because it was her opening night), and, probably as a result, she seemed to lose contact now and then with her accompanists, an assured bass player and an excellent drummer. For the most part, though, she offered a good program. The high spot for me was an Ellington medley that opened with "All Too Soon," a number I'd never heard before. For the first two bars, I thought I was listening to "Cabin in the Sky," and that, I was suddenly reminded, is rhythmically identical for the first *four* bars with "I Can't Give You Anything but Love." By this time, the medley had gone on to "Jump for Joy" and "I Got It Bad," Miss Scott singing the words to both in a light, agreeable voice; it ended with "Perdido." Other particularly enjoyable renditions of Miss Scott's were "Cubongo," a Mary Lou Williams creation; "Caravan," an Ellington number that she had held out of the medley; and "Mountain Greenery," by Richard Rodgers. Alternating with the Scott trio on the stand was the Don Elliot quartet—a pianist, a bass player, and a drummer, along with Elliot, who plays the vibraphone, mellophone, and trumpet. A lively and accomplished group, it offered, among other things, engaging interpretations of the slow ballad "Moonlight in Vermont" and the old swing piece "Five O'Clock Whistle."

—D. W.

•

Mrs. Crockett filed the bill which extended daylight saving time in Massachusetts through October. Her argument was it would prolong the twilight hours when most automobile accidents occur.—*Providence Journal.*

She the lady that raises vampire bats?

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Boston Herald*]

Extend your daily cleansing routine to your neck to improve your appearance, protect suit and dress necklines from dirt and grime.

DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

THE SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE
NEW YORK, N.Y.
NOVEMBER 10, 1954

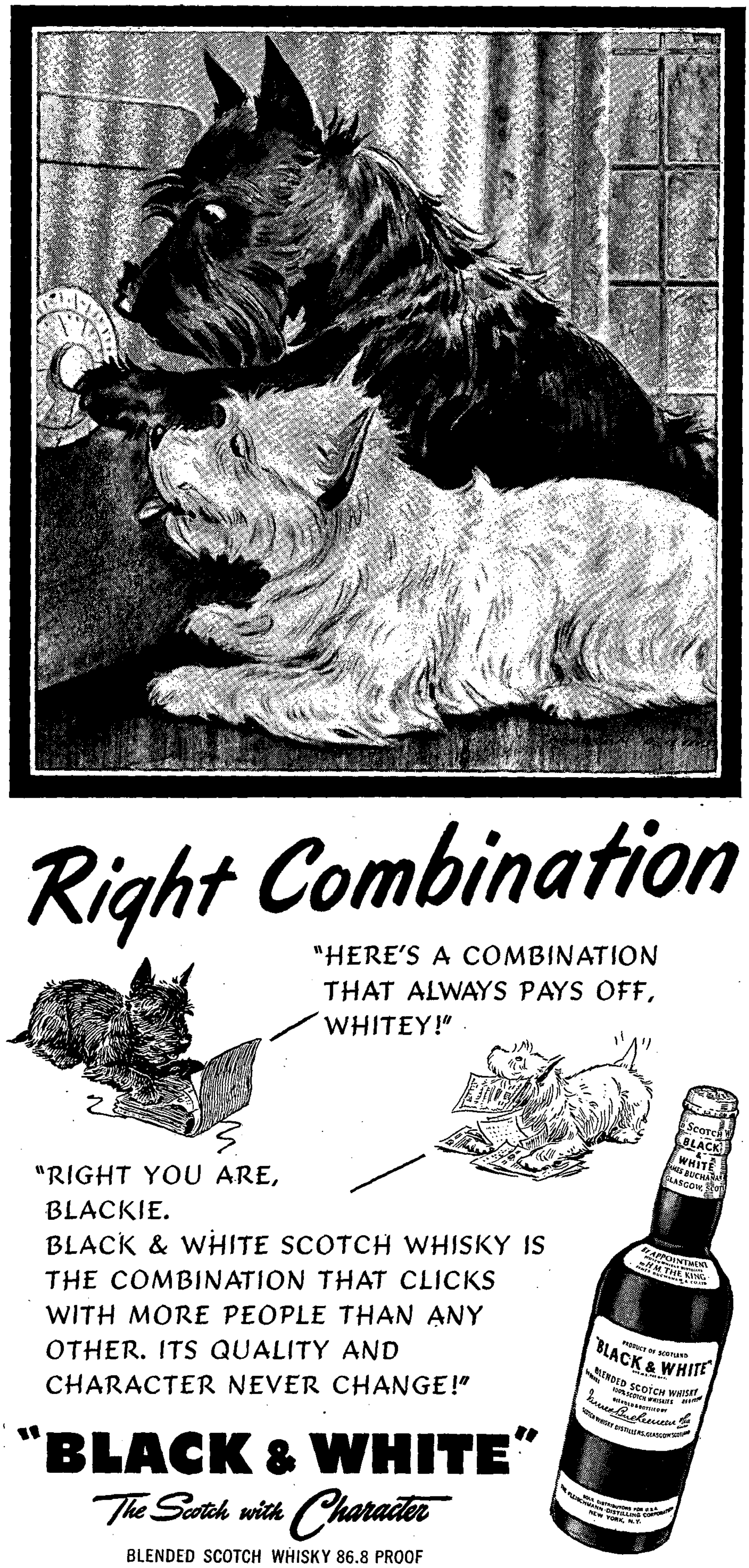
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

MAYBE we as a people, instead of being merely conscious of slogans, are getting to be convinced by them. At any rate, "Accept No Substitutes!" expresses part of the American psyche so well that most of us wouldn't be caught dead in anything but a "genuine" casket. This large generalization has a specific point. In Geoffrey T. Hellman's recent article on the Seligman family, he makes a passing reference to the Society for Ethical Culture as "a kind of substitute for religion." The statement is so matter-of-fact that Mr. Hellman surely intended it to be descriptive, not malicious. But it is an inaccurate description.

The one thing we can be sure of in regard to religion is that it does not mean the same thing to everyone. Some people find this deplorable. Others, mindful of the richness of a pluralistic society, think it highly advantageous. Whatever one thinks, the facts are not thereby changed one whit. By religion, some people mean a way of belief—specifically, a belief in God. By religion, others mean a way of life—specifically, one that will promote good or right living. Ethical Culture is a religion in the latter sense. It is based on the proposition that one's cosmic or metaphysical or theological views are one's private affair. The Ethical Culturist believes that, in the absence of objective proof of the truth or falsity of any particular conviction in these matters, there is room for a great many differing views. He believes that such disparate views should not be permitted to be the ground for hostility and conflict. He believes that since people cannot, and perhaps should not, be of one mind in this respect, they should join together in common dedication to raise the level of human relations. He believes that such dedication is a religious attitude toward life.

That is why Ethical Culturists are sensitive (I hope not hypersensitive) to certain descriptive epithets. For, whatever some people may think, we who belong to this movement believe that we've embraced not a "substitute" for religion but the real thing. And, for the record, the Federal Census of Religious Bodies agrees.

Very sincerely yours,
JEROME NATHANSON
Chairman, Board of Leaders


Right Combination

"HERE'S A COMBINATION THAT ALWAYS PAYS OFF, WHITEY!"

"RIGHT YOU ARE, BLACKIE. BLACK & WHITE SCOTCH WHISKY IS THE COMBINATION THAT CLICKS WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN ANY OTHER. ITS QUALITY AND CHARACTER NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

PASCO FINE BAVARIAN CHINA
by Lorenz Hutschenreuther
SINCE 1856

The Dundee

The charm of the Windsor Rose, enriched by raised scrollwork, graces this lovely shape of the Louis XV period. Pure white translucent china accented by rich coin gold trim.

Five pc. place setting.....$11.80
Slightly higher South and West

The Belrose: Same pattern in silver finish palladium trim, at same price.

Write Dept. Y-11 for illustrated leaflet and name of nearest dealer

Paul A. Straub & Co., Inc.
19 East 26th St., New York 10, N. Y.

executives don't carry money...

Years ago it was a mark of great wealth and prestige to go about without money in your pockets. Today there is an equivalent of that distinction called The Diners' Club card. This international all-in-one credit card:

Gives you more than 3,000 charge accounts at leading hotels, restaurants, night clubs, car rental agencies, florists, gift shops.

Assures instantaneous credit in every key city of the United States and more than a dozen foreign lands.

Ends carrying large amounts of cash or individual credit cards.

Prevents your ever being caught short of cash when check is presented.

Acts as a handy guide to the leading establishments throughout the world.

Saves on taxes by providing one statement, once-a-month—an automatic record for tax purposes of business, travel and entertainment expenses.

For the single $5.00 yearly fee, any number of individualized cards may be issued to authorized members of your organization. For application, information, plus a full list of member establishments, write:

the Diners' Club
DEPARTMENT NY-2
EMPIRE STATE BLDG. NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
910 N. LaCIENEGA LOS ANGELES, CAL.
33 N. LaSALLE ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

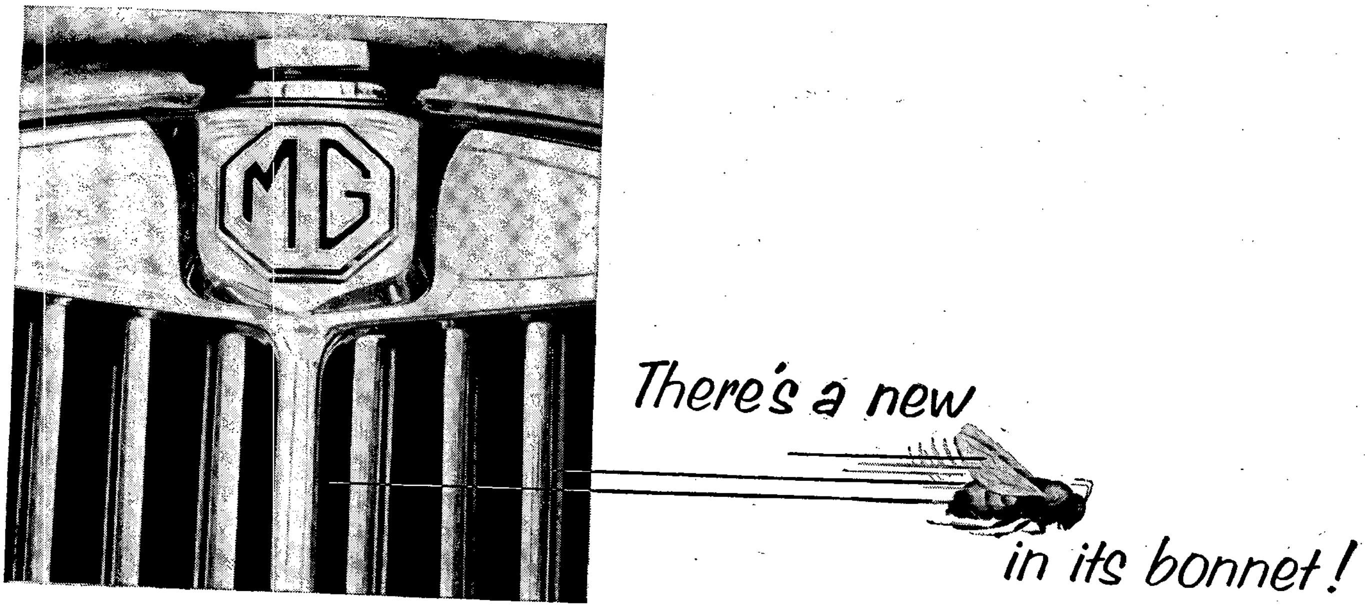
LETTER FROM PARIS

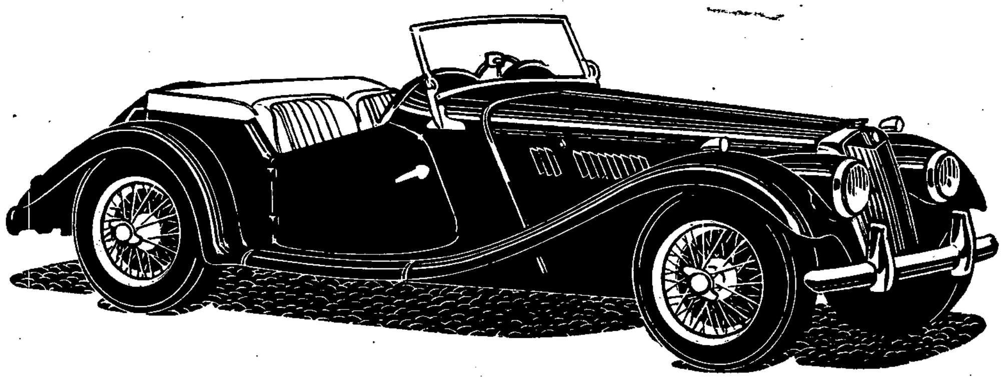
NOVEMBER 9

THE death in his eighty-fifth year of Monsieur Matisse, as he was always called, brought an end to his long, orderly, and individual reign of genius as *"le roi des Fauves,"* or the king of the artistic wild beasts. He and the young Fauve painters with him in the celebrated 1905 Salon d'Automne—Rouault, Derain, and Vlaminck—along with Braque, who joined them later, founded contemporary French art but no dynasty, because the others soon abandoned Fauvism for painting realms of their own, and although M. Matisse continued to be the emperor of Fauve color, he has left no heir. Early isolated, the revolutionary Matisse, born in Picardy, combined his precise Northern character with the sunny chromatics he discovered in Morocco, and developed into France's greatest modern classic painter. An indefatigable perfectionist, he once made (or so he said) three thousand sketches for one painting. Art became the unfaltering technique of his hand, variety a calculated part of his restricted, disciplined pattern, and only pure color remained free. He was a professorial and magical creator, whose improbable and dazzling Moroccan odalisques lacked all sensuous qualities except the voluptuous coloring he gave them. "If I met a woman on the street who looked like my paintings, I would faint," he once admitted in terse explanation of his theory of style. "I do not paint women, I paint pictures," he also said, summing up the artist's problem of composition. Just the same, his female figures have furnished much of the recognizably human art population of France over the past fifty years. His alternate title to fame came four years ago, when he completed his chapel for the Dominican nuns at Vence, with its modernist black-and-white Stations of the Cross.

M. Matisse was an explicit, logical talker. While painting, he enjoyed listening to gossip, which he did not repeat. He was a born organizer. Two years ago, on hearing that a M. Guillot, municipal councillor and pastry cook in Matisse's birthplace, Le Cateau, was planning a one-room museum of Matisse souvenirs in the town hall, M. Matisse took over. He sent color schemes for the walls, exact measurements for hanging his drawings precisely (one metre and three centimetres from the floor), and also seventy-five original art items, including his 1891 charcoal sketch of a male nude (which earned him a refusal at the Paris Beaux-Arts), some sculptures, some textiles and tapestries he had designed, and two paintings—a collection valuable principally for its intimacy. Though his pictures figure in all important modern collections, especially in the United States, two of the biggest agglomerations of his early works are temporarily invisible to the general public—seventy-five in the Barnes collection, in Pennsylvania, and fifty in Soviet Russia, including the panels "The Dance" and "Music," which he painted for the collection of his White Russian patron, Sergei Shchukin. With the revolution, Shchukin's collection was nationalized and put in the Moscow Museum of Modern Western Art, but after the Second World War, the museum's treasures were officially condemned as "artistic bourgeois servility." Their whereabouts was lost in mystery until last summer, when the magazine *Nouveau Femina* printed recent snapshots of the collection, and in particular of the Matisses, showing them unframed, hung by the dozen on portable racks, like washing, and kept locked from the public eye in the attic of the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, whose catalogue does not mention Matisse's name. However, the greatest unseen collection is the reported two thousand of his pictures that were owned by M. Matisse himself, many of them stored in a Nice bank. As he once said, *"Ce sont des valeurs."* Their value today is many millions of dollars.

THERE was difficulty at first in finding a French publisher for General Charles de Gaulle's "Mémoires de Guerre" (of which the opening volume has just appeared), owing to the astronomical price the General demanded for the manuscript and for various rights. There was also a feeling in publishing circles that the memoirs might not sell, because he has lost popularity through his retirement from politics, because his R.P.F. party is splintered, and so on. The highest—and, it now turns out, the luckiest—bidder was the firm of Plon, which is said to have paid him, for only this first volume, a twenty-million-franc advance (about fifty-seven thousand dollars) and, instead of retaining the usual half of the revenues from for-





The New MG Series TF 1500 c.c.

There's a brand new 1500 c.c. engine under the hood of this latest model MG Series TF. Drive it and you'll agree that it outperforms all its famous predecessors.

It's priced lower too...
starting at only $1995
(including Federal Tax) at seacoast port of entry.

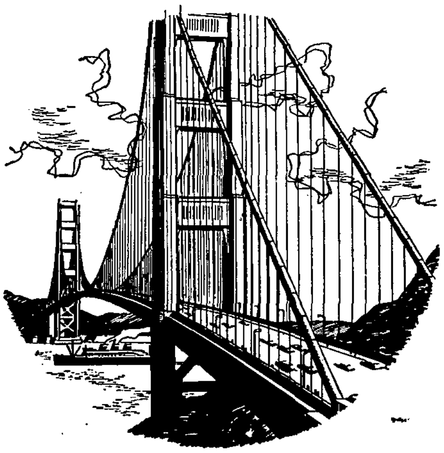
Write today for an illustrated brochure and the name of the MG showroom nearest you.

HAMBRO
TRADING CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
17 East 54th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

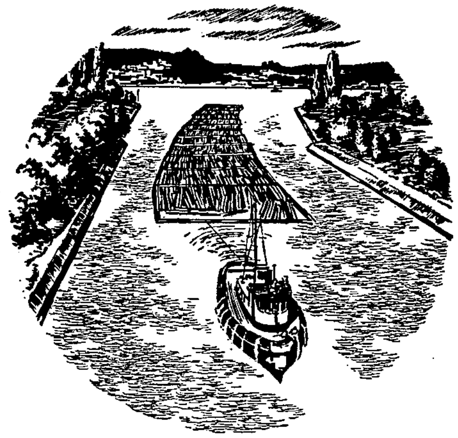
or write to any one of these distributors—

CHICAGO: S. H. Arnolt, Inc. • **SEATTLE:** British Cars & Parts, Inc. • **SAN FRANCISCO:** British Motor Car Distributors, Ltd.
DENVER: Denver Imported Motors, Inc. • **LOS ANGELES:** Gough Industries, Inc. • **HAMPTON, VA.:** Imperial Car Distributors, Inc. • **NEW YORK:** J. S. Inskip, Inc.
DALLAS: Intercontinental Motors, Inc. • **MIAMI:** Waco Motors • **MINNEAPOLIS:** Archie Walker Jr. Imported Motors

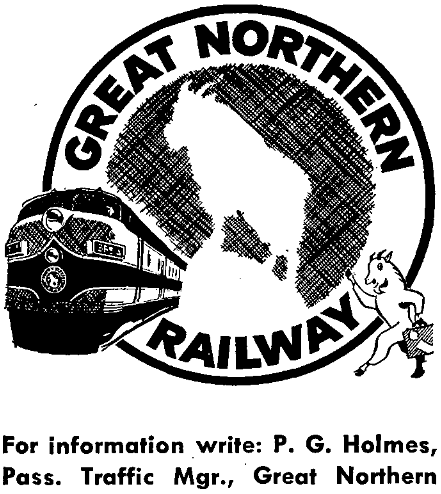
Relax
Going to or from
CALIFORNIA



Thrill to the
Pacific Northwest



Go streamlined
EMPIRE BUILDER



For information write: P. G. Holmes, Pass. Traffic Mgr., Great Northern Railway, Dept. NY-114, St. Paul, Minn.

eign and serial rights, ceded him forty per cent of the publisher's share. The first regular edition of the first volume, "L'Appel" ("The Call to Arms"), has sold out like lightning. And the limited and numbered de-luxe Holland-paper edition, at twenty-five thousand francs (or more than seventy dollars) a copy, as well as all the other numbered editions on alfa or pure-linen paper, priced at from twenty-one hundred to forty-five hundred francs a copy and reserved for "Les Anciens de la France Libre" and for "Les Membres de Toutes les Associations Combattantes et Résistantes de la Guerre 1939-45," were heavily oversubscribed a month before publication. De Gaulle's memorialist style is nothing like Sir Winston's. At its best, his writing has the elegance and precision of fine eighteenth-century French literary style, which is a kind of patriotism in itself. He has a rich vocabulary of simile, recruited into the service of his critical mind by years of cultural reading. The aristocratic detachment of his recollections of his many enemies has been much commented on here, especially this brilliant word portrait of Marshal Pétain: "What a current swept him away, and toward what a fatal destiny! The entire career of this exceptional man consisted of his long effort toward self-repression. Too proud for intrigue, too strong for mediocrity, too ambitious to be froward, he nourished in his solitude a passion for domination, hardened over in time by his consciousness of his own worth, by the setbacks that had waylaid him, and by the contempt he had for others. Formerly, the bittersweets of military glory had been lavished on him. But glory had failed to gratify him fully, because she had not given herself to him alone. Then, suddenly, in the extreme winter of his life, events offered to his gifts and to his pride the opportunity, so long awaited, to burgeon to the full, though on one condition—that he accept disaster as the banner to decorate his fame. . . . But old age betrayed him to the uses of dishonest people, hiding behind his majestic weariness. Old age is a shipwreck. So that nothing might be spared us, the old age of Marshal Pétain was to be identified with the shipwreck of France." Up to the week of publication here, the English-language rights to the memoirs had not been sold, saving some translator a bad time, since the General's French defies easy translation.

A BRAND-NEW blue stained-glass window in the thirteenth-century manner was recently installed in the

Sexton
RESTRICTED DIET
HALVES
Yellow Cling
Peaches
IN WATER
Sexton
RESTRICTED DIET
SIFTED
Sweet Wrinkled
Peas

Sexton
Quality Foods

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

The Green Label
Is the Green Light
If You're on a Restricted Diet

SEXTON pioneered canned foods without sugar or seasoning. The green label identifies this complete line of fruits, vegetables and juices.

Sexton Restricted Diet Division brings you delicious and nutritious foods prepared under the same high standards of all other Sexton foods. They have the acceptance of the American Medical Association.

Better food stores have the green label Sexton Restricted Diet products.

John Sexton & Co., Sexton Square, Chicago, Ill.

MADE-TO-ORDER SKIRT

Skirt with 8 yards of enchanting, uncrushable, hand-pleating, and top; both in washable cotton.

Regular skirt sizes, 10 to 20, or made-to-order; (Please give waist and length measurements) only **14.95.** Top, sizes 10 to 40, **8.95**

Navy, royal blue, spice brown, kelly green, violet, aqua, pink, white, black.

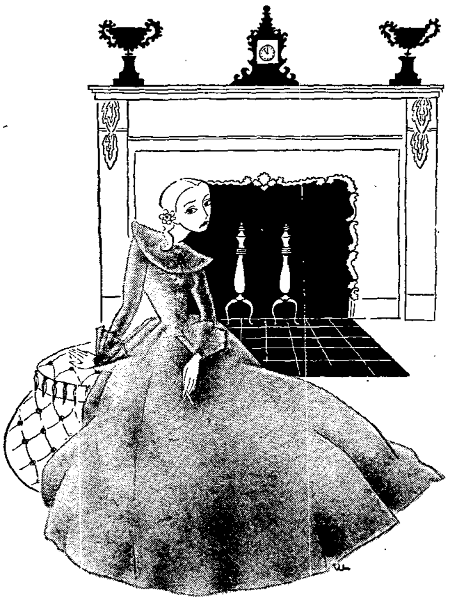
Prepaid mail orders only. Tax incl.
STYLERS 51 E. 34 St., New York 16, N.Y.

The Perfect Christmas Gifts

Angel Records
Opera...Concert...Theatre...
Glittering Gala "Factory-Sealed" Packages

At your favorite dealer . . . or write for catalogue to:
Dario Soria, Pres., Electric & Musical Industries (U.S.) Ltd.
38 West 48th Street, New York 36

south transept of Chartres Cathedral. In small red letters in the window's upper left corner appear a list of its donors and a dedication, written in a mixture of French and English that reads oddly in that medieval setting. It says, "Aux Maîtres Bâtisseurs de la Cathédrale de Chartres, Hommage des Architectes des Etats-Unis. Don de The American Institute of Architects, 1954, avec le Concours de The American Architectural Foundation." It adds the name of the French designer and master glassmaker, François Lorin. His family for generations has worked at the Cathedral, which has been unrivalled since early Gothic Christendom for its celestial sky-blue glass—the famous blue Lorin has aimed at in his new window. His approximation of this azure brightness, surrounding multicolored insets, is so impressive that one French museologist has declared, in confused praise, that "it is not desirable for such successful experiments to be followed by others that might be less so." The subject chosen by the American architects for their window is, properly enough, the life of the architect-bishop Saint Fulbert, who in 1021 was one of the Cathedral's many rebuilders. Unfortunately, Saint Fulbert, not having been martyred, led a dull life, as nearly as one can judge from the window's pictorial medallions, in which he can be identified by his mitre rather than by any vivid scenes. Probably the real success of the window is that while at a distance it seems homogeneous enough with those of seven hundred years ago, on closer inspection one can see a deliberate vertical twentieth-century stylization in all the figures, which insistently declares its modern date—a remarkable accommo-



Model boss John Powers keeps his martinis **dry** *with*

LEJON EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

A discerning taste has John Powers. He chooses the vermouth that was judged best among *all* brands at America's two major vermouth-tasting events this year. Best *dry.* Best *sweet.* We think you'll judge Lejon best too.

P.S. *Ever taste a dry Brandy? Remarkable! Only Lejon makes it. Lejon DRY Brandy.*

SHEWAN-JONES, ASTI, CALIFORNIA • DRY OR SWEET • PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
VERMOUTH
EXTRA DRY
LEJON

"the comfort is guaranteed —in writing"
Allen-Edmonds
THE SHOE OF TOMORROW
THE BRETON $24.95

Combining all 'round stitching, naliess construction and heel-to-toe flexibility. The comfort is guaranteed — in writing.

Write for catalog NY-6 ALLEN-EDMONDS, Belgium, Wis.

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS
by barra
COIN PURSE
FROM
ITALY
$3.00
Tax Included
Beautiful suede leather with metal frame and unusual side snap. Keep it in your bag or carry it. Red, black, green, toast, mustard, navy, and purple.
(Mail and phone orders carefully filled — postage paid).
Write for Catalog, Dept. N
barra
519 MADISON AVE. bet. 53rd and 54th Sts.
NEW YORK, N. Y. ELdorado 5-5881
ITALIAN EXCLUSIVES . . .
Gloves, Bags and Men's Accessories

When your guests request
MANHATTANS!
MARTINIS!
OLD FASHIONEDS!
GIBSONS!
Serve the world's finest...
CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S
Cocktails
look...even the Garnish is included
just Ice ...and Pour!
Certainly the Best!
• MANHATTAN (66 proof)
• MARTINI (70 proof)
• OLD FASHIONED (75 proof)
• GIBSON (75 proof)
The Aristocrat Co., Baltimore 1, Md.

dation. The original fenestration of the south transept—records say that it showed the highly animated life of the martyred Saint Blaise, who tamed wild animals—was destroyed during the French Revolution, and the space has been filled in ever since with plain glaring yellow glass. The American architects' new blue window is regarded at Chartres as a welcome, beautiful replacement.

IT is so rare for any radio management to sponsor a program that is not threadbare or surefire that a good word should be said for the Radiodiffusion-Télévision-Française—France's state network—in recognition of its recent six-day broadcasts in collaboration with the 1954 festival of the Centre de Documentation de Musique Internationale. Last year, the first C.D.M.I. festival programs were presented in Cologne, in coöperation with the Nordwestdeutscher Rundfunk. This year in Paris, the concerts were variously given at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, at the Church of Saint-Eustache, at the Ecole Normale de Musique, and at the Salle Gaveau, and were either broadcast direct or transmitted later. Music by Polish, German, Austrian, Mexican, French, Hungarian, English, Turkish, Belgian, Czech, Japanese, Italian, and American composers was played—most of it contemporary and new, some of it good, some of it no great shakes but informing. Some was played by the excellent national French radio orchestra—notably, the highly counterpointed Sixth Symphony, written in 1953 by Karl Amadeus Hartmann, which is ranked as outstanding in Germany and which opened the festival. Olivier Messiaen's "Apparition de L'Eglise Eternelle," full of his familiar etherlike harmonies, was played on the Saint-Eustache organ. Some of the music was sung, like the talented American Ned Rorem's song cycle, "Poèmes pour la Paix." Probably nobody could go to all the concerts or sit by the radio afternoon and evening, so the pleasures one received were haphazard, and it was no doubt only by chance that most people heard the festival's high point, "Nocturne," by the Polish refugee Andrzej Panufnik. At the Salle Gaveau matinée of Experimental Music, which included Concrete Music, which, in turn, included the art of noises, John Cage, of New York, and a partner played extracts from his "Trois Danses" on pianos stuffed with paper, etc., hit the pianos' insides with mallets, etc., and blew duck calls, etc. It did not

No wonder this cocktail spread tastes so good!
Flashing rainbow trout are caught from cold, Rocky Mountain waters more than a mile above the sea. They're cleaned at once, and leisurely smoked over slow hickory fires. Then they're boned, and blended with butter and fresh milk and spices, according to a private recipe. That's High Valley Farm's Paté of Smoked Rainbow Trout.
The flavor? Well, you know how fresh-caught rainbow trout taste. Add to that the savor of hickory smoke (not too much!) and blend it with butter and farm-fresh milk and just enough spices. It's downright *good!*
Try it yourself—get a couple of the small jars, to see what we mean. Then stock up your pantry shelf, so you'll always have some on hand to delight your guests. For parties, the large tin is most economical; for cocktails *à deux*, the jar is just right; and the small tin is the thing for "in-between" entertaining. All three sizes contain the same delicious, delightful Smoked Rainbow Trout Paté cocktail spread.
SMOKED RAINBOW TROUT
Easy to serve—just spread it generously on Ritz crackers.
	EACH	PER DOZ.
3½ oz. tin	$1.10	$12.75
2¾ oz. tin	.89	10.15
1¾ oz. glass jar	.69	7.85
At fine food stores, or direct by mail from the farm, postpaid.
HIGH VALLEY FARM
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO

fine pianos by
KRANICH AND BACH
since 1864

SCRABBLE IS MOST ENJOYABLE WITH THE NEW, EASY TURNING
SCRABBLE®
TURN TABLE
CORRECT SPACE FOR GAME-BOARD AND TILES
$3.00
AT DEALERS EVERYWHERE
MADE ONLY BY M-K ENTERPRISES, INC.
2029 N. Clybourn Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

RESTAURANT AND COCKTAIL LOUNGE
The Whiffenpoof
1057 LEXINGTON AVE. at 75th ST.
Luncheon • Cocktails • Moderate Prices
Dinner Served to Midnight

even look funny after the first sixty seconds.

MANY of Mendès-France's well-wishers wish, for his sake and theirs, that he would stay at home right now, rather than distribute his energies visiting Canada, Washington, and New York. He has been demonstrating in his speeches, activities, weekly fireside radio talks, journeys, and projects on the home front the same talent for programmed momentum that distinguished him in his early, dramatic dealings with vital foreign affairs at Geneva and London, when he molded a new diplomacy for France. He has so much under way that those who believe in the possibility of his renewed France, uprooted from its immobility, feel that he should not drop his hold even for ten days in America, for fear that something may start slipping into reverse behind his back now that his political ill-wishers are recovering their wits and organization. During his five months of power, he has governed in a new kind of political space that he created for himself—above the political parties—and what has upheld him has been public opinion. His popularity with the dominant majority of the French people and with the younger element of Parliament—for he is the leader of the young-generation postwar politicos who are daring to try to do what the old politicos have only talked about—is what has given him the elevation he needed in order to operate in his new political style. But to set in motion the economic, social, and administrative reforms that undoubtedly are his greatest aims, and that Parliament has voted him special powers to tackle, he will have to come closer to earth and will have to rally support in the parties and give pledges somewhere—always the fatal danger of French parliamentarianism on the lower level. Mendès-France is now passing from his first stage, the phenomenal, into his second stage, the actual.

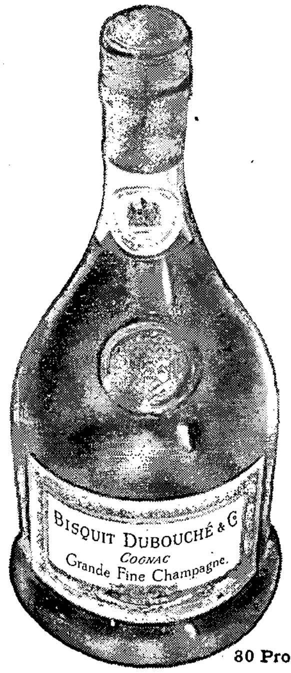
The French say that in addition to having Bidault's M.R.P. party, which has now become Right Wing, and the Communists bitterly opposed to him, Mendès-France has two elements in society against him. First are the all too numerous small manufacturers, whose poor organization, low production, and abnormally high profits make them a losing proposition for the national economy, and whom his reforms would first wipe out and then relocate more usefully. Second are certain high-tariff, power-lobby, and monopoly groups, some of which have been receiving enormous

EBONY JEWELRY
SET IN SILVER
FOR CHARCOAL GREY
...and all the black-tones men have been wearing this season. The smooth, polished black wood is embedded in carved-out sterling silver—in a handsome Christmas trio. Prices plus federal tax. Mail and phone orders.

Cuff-links 7.50
Key Chain 5.00
Tie Bar 5.00

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK • WHITE PLAINS • CHICAGO • DETROIT • BEVERLY HILLS

Men's Shops



THE SUN IS OUR BEST CUSTOMER

Millions of people (including several Kings) enjoy Bisquit* Cognac each day, but our largest consumer is the sun. Evaporation—in the aging process, drinks up thousands of bottles. But we profit—as this leaves Bisquit with character, vigor, and velvety perfection. You too will be a good customer when first you savor the delight of Bisquit—straight, on the rocks, in a highball.

*Say Bis-Kwee
Since 1819

Bisquit Dubouché & Co
Cognac
Grande Fine Champagne

80 Proof

Sole U.S. Representatives MUNSON G. SHAW CO. INC. New York 17, N. Y.

government subsidies; he has already collided with the beet-sugar-alcohol group and a number of big textile interests. He may soon have against him the *bistro* owners and barkeepers, to judge by his strong feelings about the disaster of France's rising alcoholism. A recent graph in *Le Figaro* shows that the French annually consume more than three times as much alcohol as Americans, with all their dry Martinis, do. Mendès-France is the first French Premier ever to drink milk in public, which his wife says he learned to do in the United States in the course of his short stay during the war. His announcement that, beginning with the New Year, France's surplus milk will be distributed to schoolchildren and to the boys in the French Army has caused consternation among French mothers, for the French think that no drink is as bad for the liver as milk. The *Mendésistes*, as his supporters are called, believe that the next three months will tell the story of how far his courage, lucidity, and exceptional intellectual grasp of economic affairs will be permitted to go in making the up-to-date France that everybody has been telling the French they ought to have.

—GENÊT

•

THE MAGIC FLUTE

To JANICE

Far in the woods my stealthy flute
Had jailed all gaudy feathered birds
And brought their songs back true to life;
Equipped with lime and quick salt, fruit,
And fifty linking nets of words,
I went to whistle up a wife.

My mouth was padlocked for a liar.
Losing what old hands never seek
To snare in their most cunning art,
I starved till my rib cage was wire
Beneath a towel. I could not speak
To hush this chattering, blue heart.

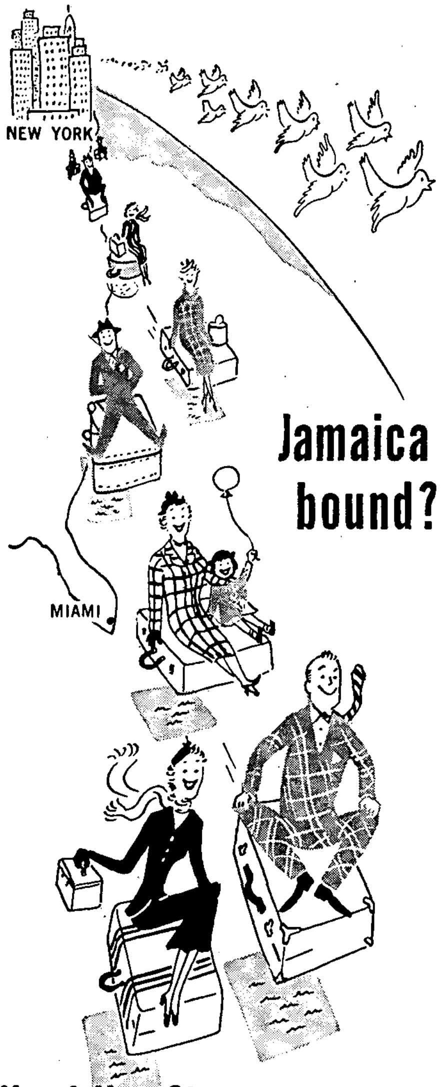
I beat about dead bushes where
No song starts and my cages stand
Bare in the crafty breath of you.
Night's lady, spreading your dark hair,
Come take this rare bird into hand;
In that trim cage, he might sing true.

—W. D. SNODGRASS

•

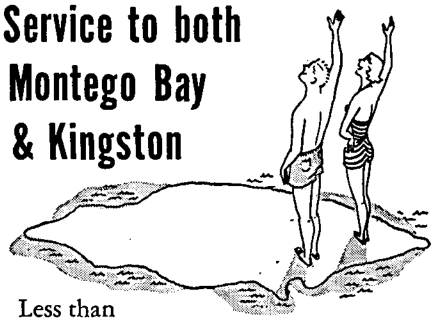
His attorney from the remote slopes of Mount Everest to Jaynagar, on the Indian-Nepalese border, will have taken him 150 miles on foot across narrow mountain tracks, over icy, 12,000-foot passes, and across frail bamboo bridges spanning Himalayan gorges.—*Corpus Christi* (*Texas*) *Caller*.

Wait till he sees *that* fee!



Jamaica bound?

Now! Non-Stop
Super Constellation
Service to both
Montego Bay
& Kingston



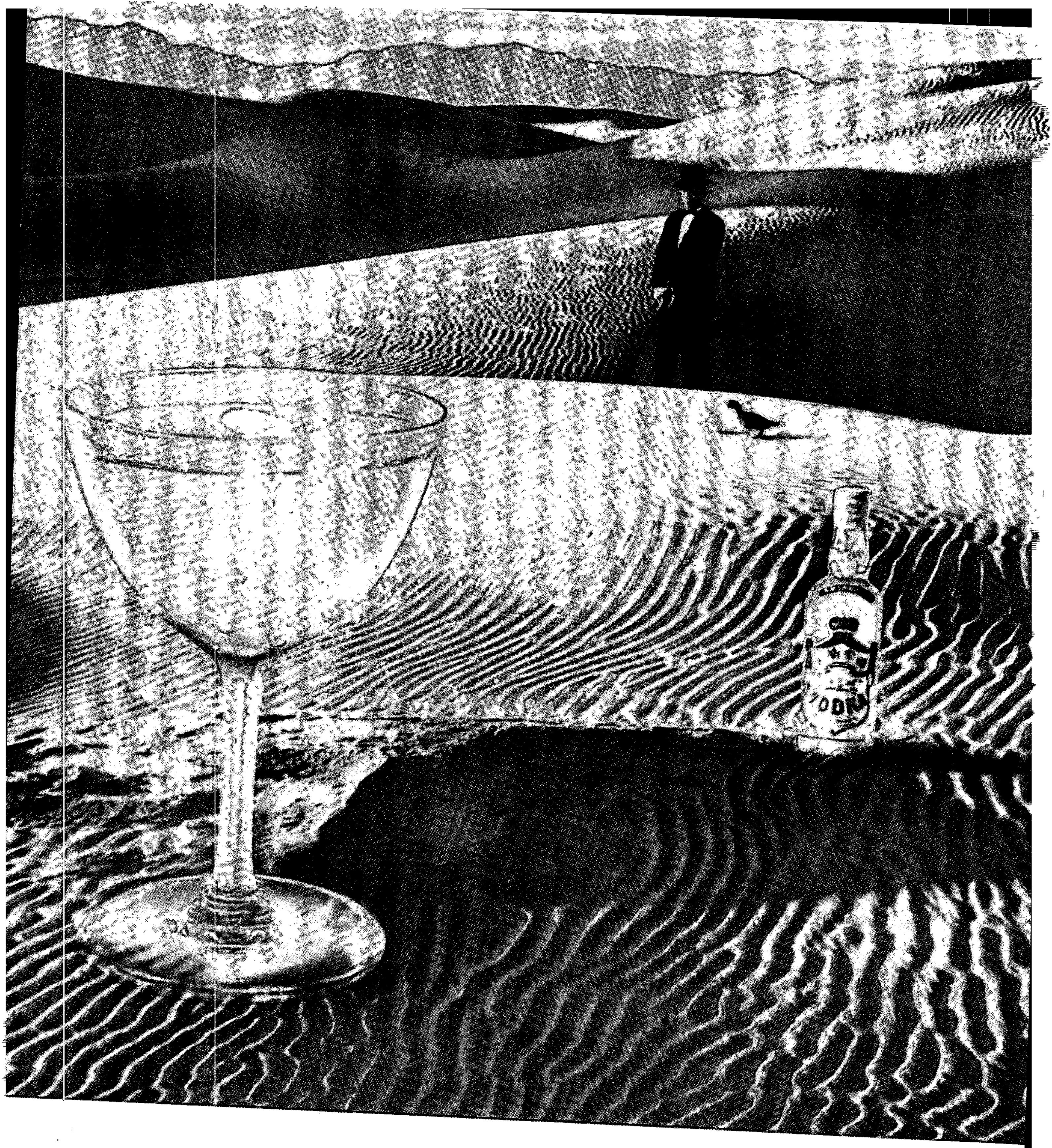
Less than
6 hours from New York! Luxurious accommodations ... wonderful food and service. Comfortable tourist flights, too, via Miami.

AVIANCA
"Oldest Airline in the Americas"
See Your Travel Agent or
PAN AMERICAN Gen'l Agts.
80 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. • ST 6-0600

In
CHICAGO
There Is
Really Only One Address
The
AMBASSADOR
Hotels—East & West
Relaxed Comfort, Charming Decor
Television and Radio
Air-Conditioned Suites and Rooms
The World Famous
Pump Room
and THE BUTTERY
Frank Bering, Chairman
James A. Hart, President
Eugene Barrett, V. P.
North State Parkway
at Goethe
Chicago 10, Illinois

Before or after
BRANCUSI
Luncheon at
LA MER
RESTAURANT
FIFTH AVENUE AT 86TH ST., NEW YORK
Near Metropolitan Museum

RIDING
THE
RANGE?
You'll find a wide range of riding equipment ... one of the world's largest collections ... at Miller's. From Levis to Ten-Gallon Hats, Jodhpurs to Hunt Coats. Particular riders prefer Habits from Miller's ... at these sensible prices.
FRONTIER PANTS 8.50 • JODHPURS 8.50
FRINGED SUEDE JACKETS 27.50 • LEVIS 3.95
miller's
Send for FREE Cat. 92N.
123 East 24th St., New York, N. Y. Free Parking



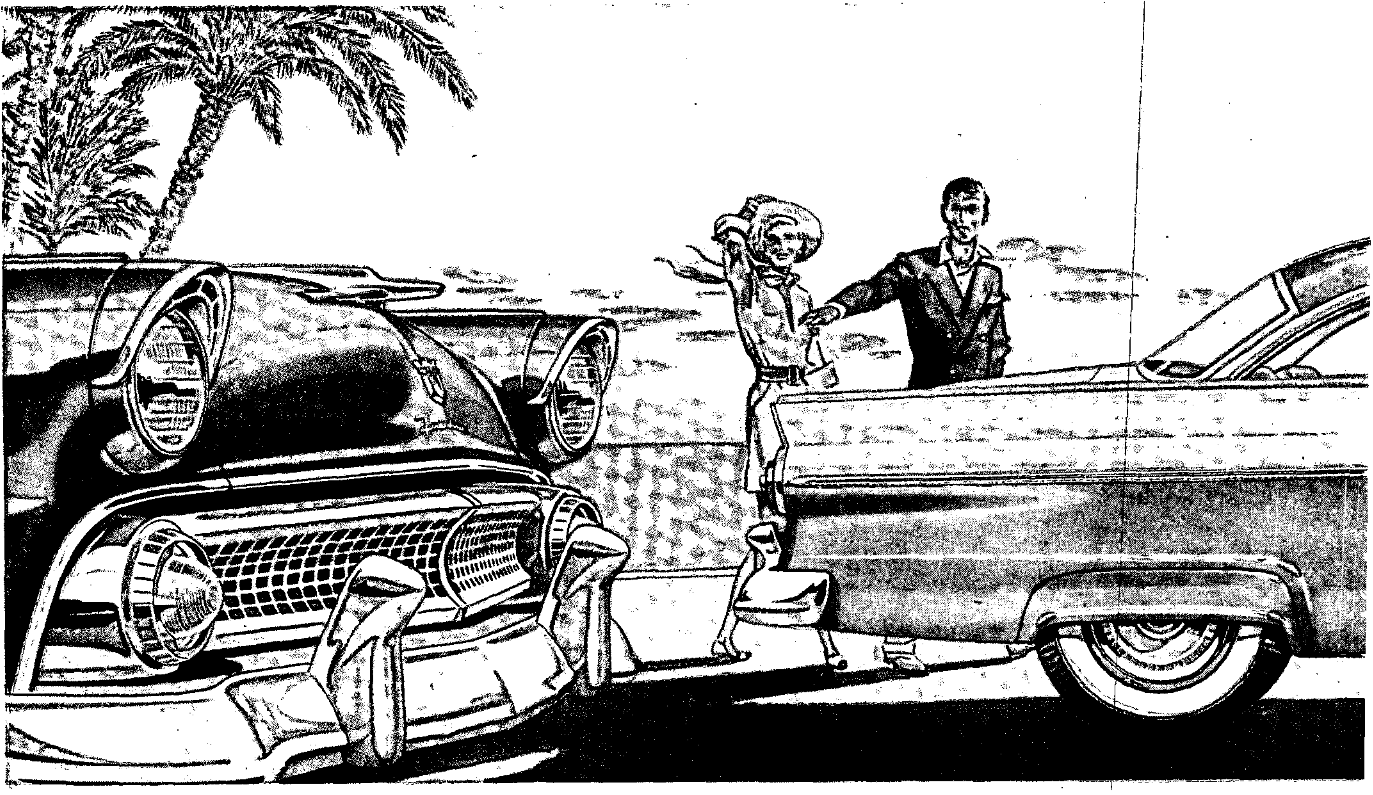
DRIEST OF THE DRY. No mirage, but something very real, we present the *smart* Martini, the Vodka Martini: *"The Martini with the Marvelous Taste."* It's sheer perfection . . . the driest, smoothest, most pleasing Dry Martini of them all. *The Recipe:* Follow your usual procedure—make it any proportions you like—with one simple, but all-important difference: Use Smirnoff Vodka instead of gin.

it leaves you breathless...

Smirnoff®

THE GREATEST NAME IN **VODKA**

80 or 100 Proof. Distilled from 100% grain neutral spirits. Ste. Pierre Smirnoff Fls. Inc., Hartford, Conn



The fine car of its field... The totall

You're headed for a grand adventure when first you try the '55 Ford.

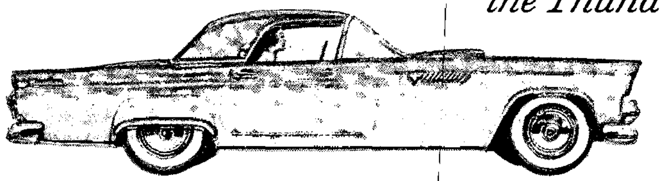
And no matter what you've ever asked from a car before, the totally new Ford gives some totally new answers. First, there's Thunderbird styling. You can see it in the lower, wider grille, the huge wrap-around windshield, the flat clean sweep of the rear deck.

New, totally new, inside, too! With high fashion fabrics and color combinations you'd never expect to find in a car.

Totally new performance . . . Trigger-Torque performance from totally new high-torque Y-block V-8 power. It's the kind of performance that gives you the instant responsiveness you want and need for today's driving. There's flashing get-away . . . and a trigger-fast rush of power for added safety when passing at highway speeds.

And the '55 Ford sets totally new high standards of quality, as your own critical inspection will reveal. You'll see quality wherever you look in each of the 4 new lines . . . 16 body styles. Why not see your Ford Dealer soon—about *your* Ford?

Four new lines with styling inspired by the Thunderb

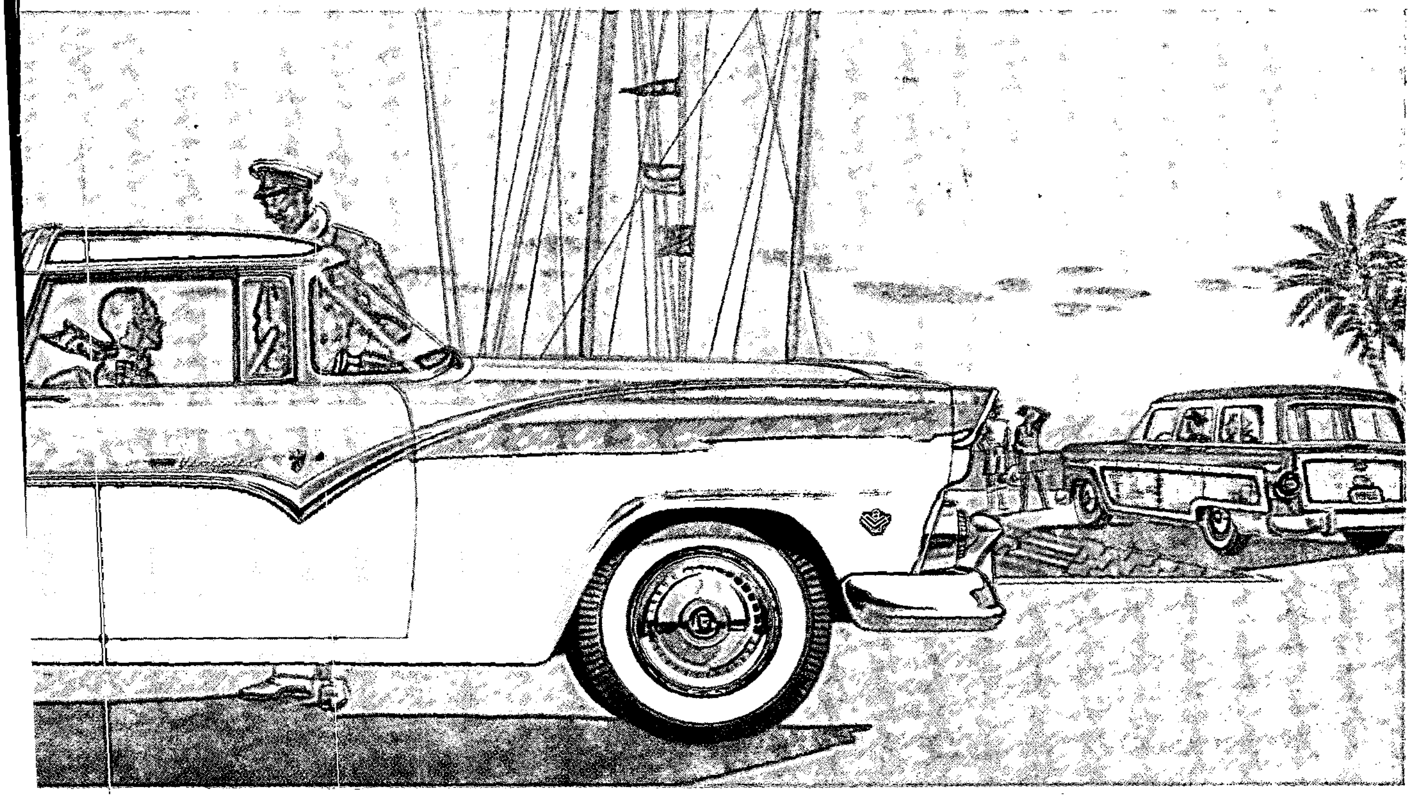


Wherever the Ford Thunderbird has been exhibited, it has created a veritable sensation. No personal car has ever offered such long, low, exciting lines, and such comfortable interiors. Quite na rally, the styling of America's sauc personal car is reflected in each of four brilliant new series of Fords for

---

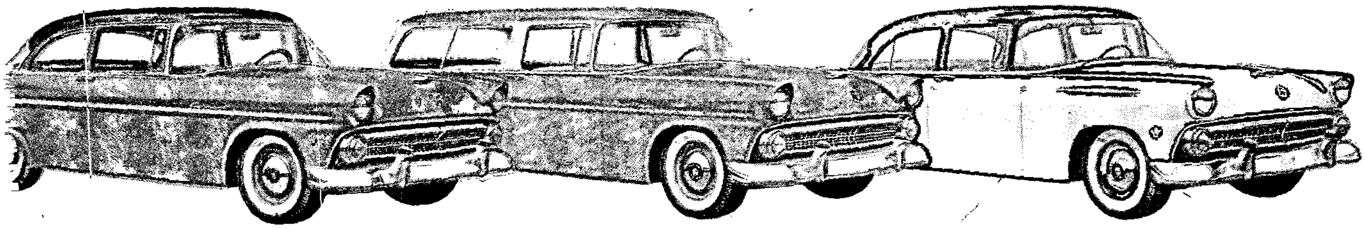
New Y-block V-8 with TRIGGER-TORQUE performance

Ford's new high-torque, deep-block V-8 design tells a powerful tale. The greater displacement and higher compression ratio mean greater torque at all speeds. The result is new Trigger-Torque performance . . . the ability to deliver breath-taking acceleration under all driving conditions . . . smoothly, quietly. What's more, Ford's traditional economy is built-in.



Fairlane Series. The new Crown Victoria features Ford's new all-around windshield, new luxurious interiors and a wide choice of jewel-like single and two-tone exterior colors. Five other smart new body styles complete the Fairlane Series.

ew FORD for '55



omline Series. The Tudor Sedan
wn above) and the Fordor Sedan, like
55 Ford models, have a new wider grille,
visored headlights and sturdier, extra-
ow pillar-posts for better visibility.

Station Wagon Series. The Custom Ranch Wagon is one of five new do-it-all beauties. There's also a 6- and 8-passenger 4-door Country Sedan, an 8-passenger Country Squire and popular 2-door Ranch Wagon.

Mainline Series. Each of the three Mainline beauties offers the same engineering advances, the same graceful contours and clean lines that distinguish all '55 Fords. The Fordor Sedan is illustrated above.

---

us all these totally new features

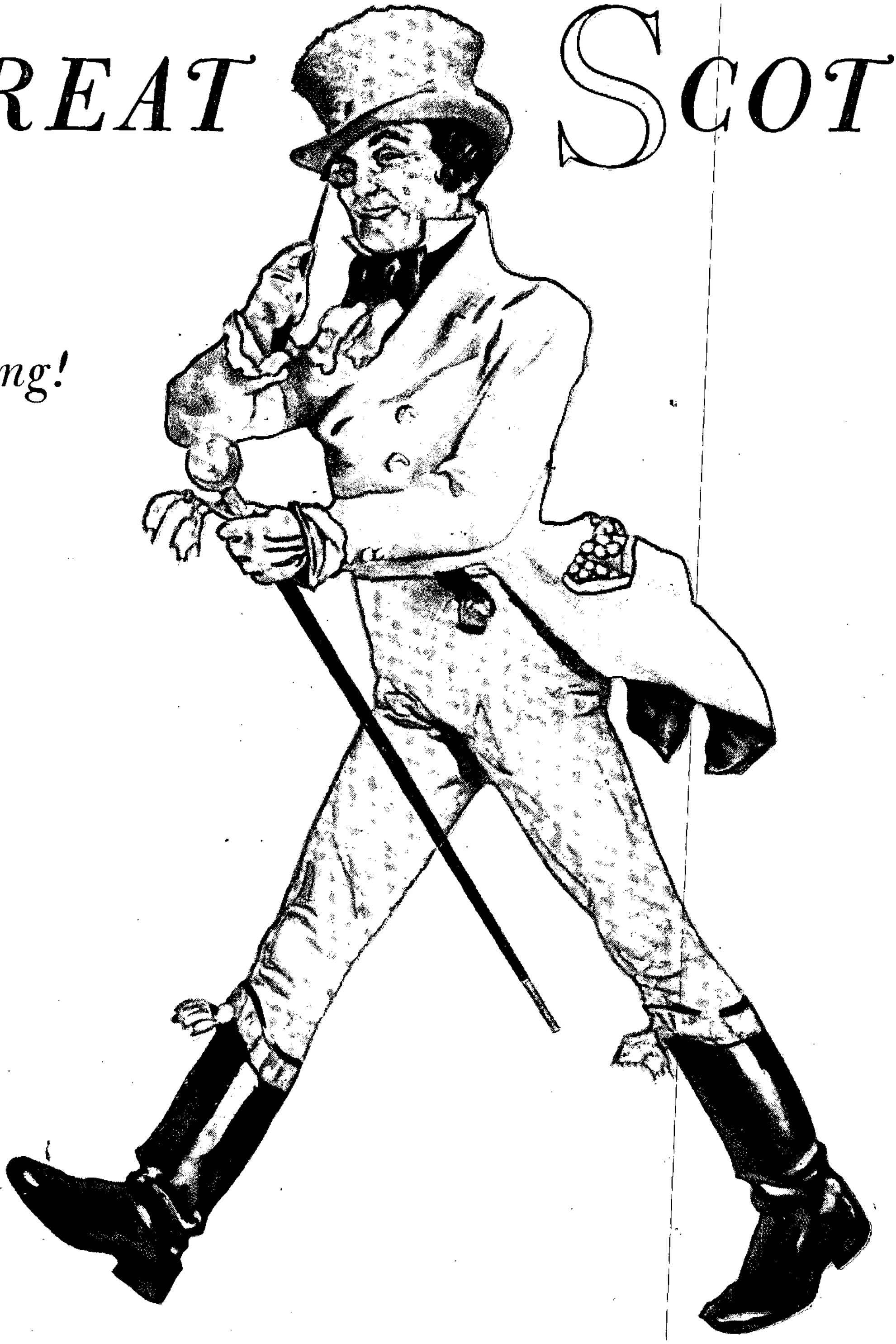
"Speed-Trigger" Fordomatic Drive has an
omatic low gear for quicker starts and better passing
ity. **10% larger brakes** mean smoother stopping
up to 50% longer brake lining life. **Tubeless tires**
extra puncture and blowout protection, a softer
quieter ride, longer tire life. **Angle-Poised Ball-**
t Front Suspension reduces "road joint jar."
bo-Action Spark Plugs resist "fouling" up to 3
s as long. **Sleek Silhouette** is longer, lower, with
room inside . . . and more luggage space.

(Fordomatic Drive optional)

More than ever the "worth more" car!

'55 FORD

GREAT SCOT



Born 1820...
still going strong!

Johnnie Walker
Black Label
Johnnie Walker

WHAT WONDERFUL WHISKY! Smooth, suave, mellow...the choice of connoisseurs the world over. That's Johnnie Walker—Scotch from Scotland, and Scotch at its best *always. Red Label...Black Label...both 86.8 Proof. Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer.*

JOHNNIE WALKER

Blended Scotch Whisky

THE RACE TRACK

Hard Worker

ALTHOUGH Native Dancer has been out of racing for months, Alfred Vanderbilt's stable hasn't done at all badly this year (it has won more than half a million dollars) with a collection of what at best you'd call just useful horses. Not the least of these is the four-year-old Social Outcast, who won the Gallant Fox Handicap at Jamaica last weekend. As you may remember, Social Outcast was a fair sort of two-year-old but didn't win a race at three. He lost his form that spring, and was sent back to the farm. A long holiday did the trick, for since he went back to work—at Belmont Park last June—he has won five of his twelve starts, earned $192,675 ($60,550 of it in the Gallant Fox), and been out of the money only three times. He has done a bit of travelling, too. The stable as a whole never leaves Belmont Park during the season, except to go to Saratoga, but Mr. Vanderbilt runs his horses in the more important out-of-town stake races when the conditions and weights are right. (It helps pay expenses.) So Social Outcast, a rangy, wear-and-tear fellow, has run in the Michigan Mile at Detroit and the Trenton Handicap at Garden State Park (he finished third in both), he has been to Lincoln Downs, where he won the Rhode Island Special (in that one, Crash Dive, a stablemate, was second), and a week before the Gallant Fox he galloped off with the Narragansett Special at Providence by lengths after bolting at the stretch turn and causing Guerin, who rode him, to lose a stirrup iron. Guerin wasn't on Social Outcast in the Gallant Fox, because earlier in the week he had been set down at Jamaica for what the stewards termed careless riding, on Brother Tex, at the first turn in the Remsen Stakes, but Scurlock, who took his place, really didn't have much to do. Social Outcast, who has his own notions about running, trailed far behind the leaders for nearly a mile of the mile and five furlongs, then took command in the last quarter and won with something to spare from Bicarb. Subahdar was third.

To tell the truth, I was just as excited over the victory of M. J. Kaplan's Sunshine Nell in the Golden Rod Handicap earlier in the afternoon. Like Social Outcast, she gave big weight to most of her opposition, and she got up in the very last strides to beat Case Goods by a neck. In the five years she has been campaigning, Sunshine Nell has started more than sixty times—no negligible feat for a lady.

OFF and on during the summer, I heard that the Pin Oak Farm had a real runner in Roman Patrol. As a matter of fact, he won three times on end last month, but then was beaten in the Garden State Stakes, as I thought he would be. I must say, however, that I liked the resolute way he polished off Grandpaw and six other two-year-olds in the Remsen Stakes the other afternoon. (The crowding Guerin was set down for had no direct bearing on the result.) Now, if Roman Patrol doesn't have too much racing this winter, he may be something to remember next spring, but I doubt whether he's going to be a serious threat to Nashua at distances of more than a mile.

As noteworthy as anything during the closing days at Jamaica was the riding of a young, up-and-coming apprentice from Louisiana named Ray Broussard, the leading rider of the meeting. One afternoon, he had three winners, including a 22–1 shot. Horsemen say he's the best prospect they've seen in years. One reason is that he admits he makes mistakes and tries to correct them. As a rule, popular young riders aren't at all like that.

FOR once in a way, it looks as if this weekend's Pimlico Special at Baltimore will really *be* special. Only three-year-olds have been invited this year, and since Helioscope, Fisherman, Jet Action, Hasty Road, and King Maple are among the probable starters, it's sure to be a good show. Naturally, everyone is sorry that High Gun won't be on hand. He went lame a couple of weeks ago while galloping over the turf course at Laurel, and is out of training. Well, if anybody cares, I think Helioscope will win. Even if he doesn't, though, the winner won't pay any $420.60 mutuel, as a beast named Ruff Mate did down there the other day. That happens at Pimlico only once in forty years.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY RESENTS
KIM STANLEY IN
THE TRAVELING LADY
—*Adv. in the Times.*

Well, they must have their reasons.

Thanks-giving

We specialize in a real old-fashioned New England Thanksgiving feast. Nowhere, even in Grandma's country kitchen, did you ever taste such delectable turkey, carefully prepared and seasoned—then roasted to golden brown perfection. Complete with delicious chestnut dressing, cranberry sauce, and all the "fixin's". Served "family style" with second helpings—all you can eat. And if you're a party of 8 or more you can carve the turkey right at your table.

This year give the whole family a treat. Let us do the work while you relax and enjoy Thanksgiving the White Turkey way. For your convenience, we suggest you call for reservations.

THE WHITE TURKEYS *Open Sun. from 1 p.m.*

38th STREET *at Madison Ave.* MU 3-1581
12 EAST 49th ST. *off Fifth Ave.* PL 3-1181
300 EAST 57th ST. *at 2nd Ave.* PL 9-3584

THE RED BARN, WESTPORT, CONN.
OPEN DAILY ALL YEAR

BOOKS

The Beautiful Future

"SON OF OSCAR WILDE" (Dutton), Vyvyan Holland's account of his childhood and youth, is a story of intense unhappiness wantonly inflicted and of great courage and steadfastness. No matter how one feels about Oscar Wilde's homosexuality, it is surely beyond argument that neither his wife nor his two sons, Cyril and Vyvyan, aged ten and nine at the time of the scandal, should have been punished on that account. How any healthy-minded person could have felt anything but sympathy for these wholly innocent members of the family when the facts of the situation came out is difficult to imagine. It must have been hard enough for Mrs. Wilde to bear the money worries, the prolonged absences, and the inexplicable tensions generated in her home by her husband's relationship with Lord Alfred Douglas; it can only have been appalling to discover, when the matter came to court, that behind that relationship, which was comprehensible in terms of an overwhelming infatuation, was the moral ugliness of Mr. Taylor's squalid call house and its blackmailing habitués. Anyone close to her or in a position to help her should have wanted to do whatever was possible to shield her from further pain and distress. The incredible truth is, however, that everything was done to punish her for having loved Wilde and to implant a sense of guilt in the children.

In one of the more ironical passages in "De Profundis," Wilde turns from a discussion of the errors Douglas's mother made in bringing him up to express the hope that his own wife will not make the same mistakes in preparing her sons for life:

> I told her that if she was frightened of facing the responsibilities of the life of another, though her own child, she should get a guardian to help her. That she has, I am glad to say, done. She has chosen Adrian Hope, a man of high birth and culture and fine character, her own cousin, whom you met once at Tite Street, and with him Cyril and Vyvyan have a good chance of a beautiful future.

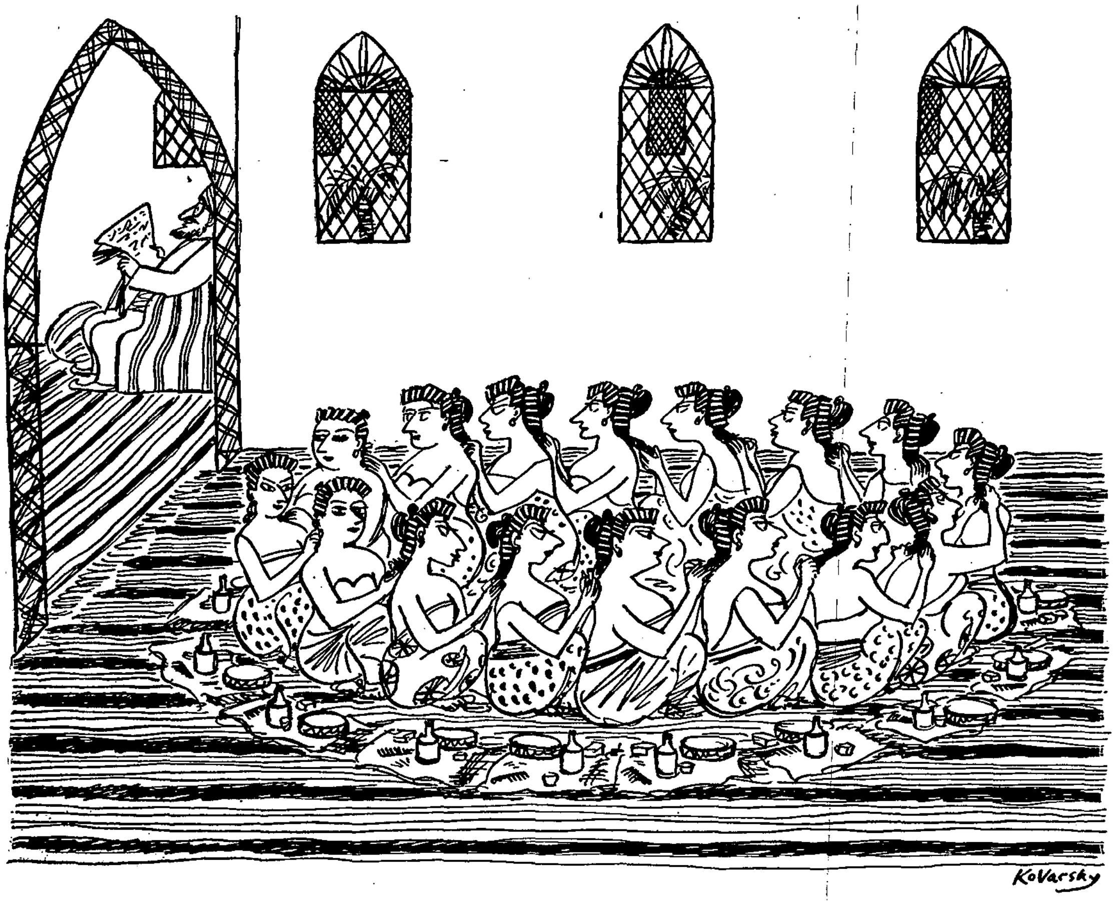
It was not a good chance. The two small boys were packed off abroad while the scandal was at its height. They could see their father's name on the newsstand placards and in the headlines of the papers they occasionally glimpsed, but they were forbidden to mention his name. He had vanished into a blaze of notoriety, but no plausible explanation of why was ever given them. Cyril finally got hold of a newspaper and found out, but he could not bring himself to tell his younger brother, and the secret festered between them until it destroyed their friendship. They were thrown out of a Swiss hotel, with their mother, for bearing the name of Wilde, and presently their name was taken from them in a curiously primitive ceremony:

> One day, shortly after our arrival at Bevaix, my brother and I were called into the dining room, which also served my uncle as a study. We were told to sit down and were then informed that in future our names would no longer be Wilde, but would be changed to Holland. And we were told to practice writing our new names, and were given some sort of document to sign. . . . At the same time we were told to forget that we had ever borne the name of Wilde and never to mention it to anyone. All our possessions were gone through to make certain that the name Wilde did not appear on any of them, and all our clothes were remarked. . . . It is significant that I do not remember my brother ever mentioning our father's name to me from that day onward.

After a few terms together at a school in Germany, the boys were separated lest anyone recognize them because of their Christian names. After their mother died and their guardian, backed by a council of relatives, had taken charge of them, they were not even allowed to spend their holidays with each other, and in a further exercise of primitive ritual they were made to think that their father was dead:

> We were not told this in so many words, as that would have been a lie and I do not suppose that anyone in the family ever told a deliberate lie. But the impression was conveyed and we accepted it as a fact.

It was then thought safe to bring the two children home and put them in English schools. Vyvyan, by now twelve, returned in time for the autumn term, with the happy prospect of the



YOU ARE INVITED TO ACCEPT A

Trial Membership

IN THE HERITAGE CLUB

NOW, *and for a period of six months, you may* TRY OUT *this successful cooperative plan by which you obtain a unique collection of the world's classics, especially illustrated by the world's greatest artists, planned by the world's greatest book designers and well printed on fine papers—for the same price as ordinary novels!*

BEFORE YOU BEGIN to read this advertisement, just take a look at some of the books you have purchased during the past year. Now that you have read them, how many of them will you read *again?* How many of them could vanish from your home without being missed by you? How much more satisfaction will there be for you—if you can this year come into possession of books that you will want to read, and to read *over and over again:* of books you will be proud to own!

At this moment you are given the opportunity to do so, and it is an unusual opportunity too. For you are invited to accept a Trial Membership in The Heritage Club, which will cover a period of six months only. The directors of The Heritage Club have decided at this time to take in just one thousand new members; and on a *trial* basis.

THE MEMBERS of The Heritage Club regularly come into possession of those "classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." They come into possession of books beautifully illustrated and beautifully designed, printed on papers chemically tested to assure a life of at least two centuries, bound and boxed.

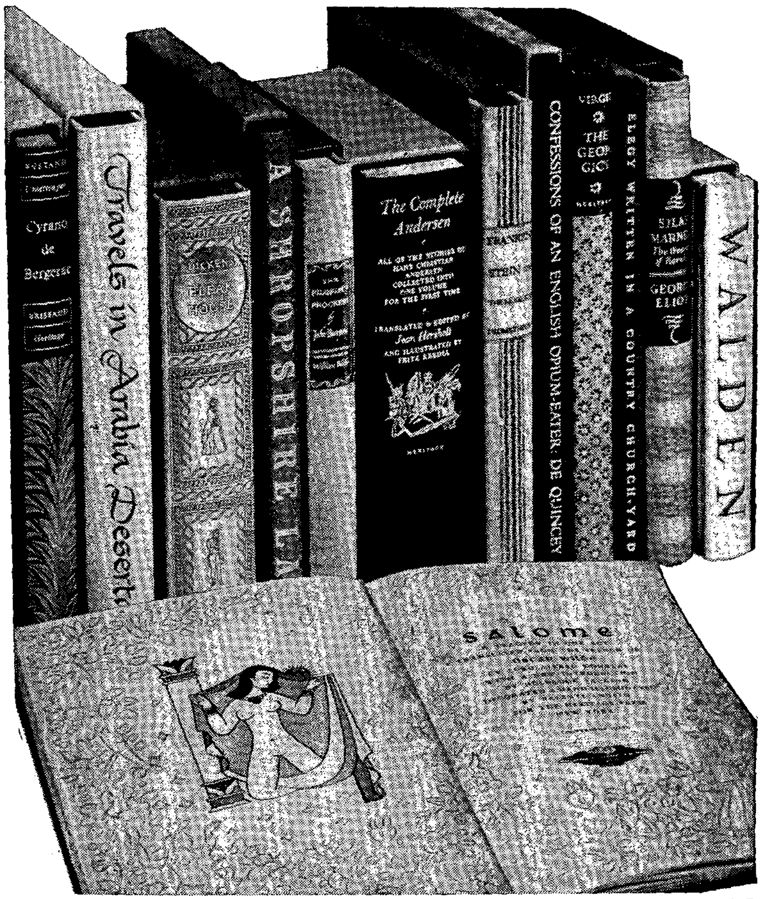
And the members obtain these books for the same price that they are called upon to pay for ordinary rental library books!

If *you* try this system, you will in the coming six months receive just six books, at a cost of only $3.95 each—or *only $3.55 each* if you pay for the books in advance!

DURING your Trial Membership, you will receive *The Complete Andersen:* the *only* complete edition of Hans Christian Andersen's stories existing in the world, in any language, translated by Jean Hersholt and illustrated in colors by Fritz Kredel; and *Sister Carrie* by Theodore Dreiser, illustrated by the great American painter Reginald Marsh; and Doughty's *Travels in Arabia Deserta* with on-the-spot illustrations by Edy Legrand; and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* by Charles Dickens, edited by Vincent Starrett and with illustrations by Everett Shinn; and Goethe's *The Story of Reynard the Fox;* and *Swann's Way . . .*

Or, if for any reason you do not want to have one of these titles, you are permitted to make substitutions from a list of several dozen Heritage books-in-print! This Trial Membership is offered to you now because the directors of The Heritage Club confidently believe that you will find these books rich treasures for your home. Six of them, in the opinion of the directors, will make you want to remain in the Club.

NEVER IN THE HISTORY of book publishing has a greater bargain than this been offered to wise buyers of books. The offer of a Trial Membership gives you the opportunity to put this statement to the test. Please mail this coupon promptly!


Cyrano de Bergerac
Travels in Arabia Deserta
A SHROPSHIRE LA
The Complete Andersen
CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER DE QUINCEY
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD
SILAS MARNER GEORGE ELIOT
WALDEN
Salome

Reservation of Trial Membership

To THE HERITAGE CLUB,
595 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the Prospectus in which are described The Heritage Club's cooperative system of distribution and the books to be distributed to the Trial Members during the coming six months. I understand that you will in the meantime reserve a Trial Membership for me, awaiting my application.

NAME PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS

CITY & STATE

N 196

Music was his life . . .
ambition his mistress
A disturbing story about
a relentless genius

The Man Who Never Changed

a new novel by
JOHN SELBY

"An accomplishment of importance, credibility, stature . . . John Selby knows . . . nearly everything musical, and everything too of the peripheral jungle of money, management, influence, matriarchy, prejudice and intrigue which is symphony orchestra politics in the United States."—MARCIA DAVENPORT, *Saturday Review*

$3.50 at all booksellers
RINEHART • N. Y. 16

"Delicious reading"*

THE
Alice B. Toklas
COOK BOOK
By ALICE B. TOKLAS

"As might be expected, the Toklas' opus is an unusual and often very droll cookbook, firm in its statement of essential eighteenth-century French cooking principles, and interlarded with comments as dry as her favorite Chablis . . . It is also seasoned with pungent recollections of Miss Gertrude Stein . . . It is a book of character, fine food, and tasty human observation."
—*GENÊT, *The New Yorker*

Illustrated by Sir Francis Rose
$4.00 *at all bookstores*

HARPER

Christmas holidays ahead of him. But none of his relatives would have him, so he spent the fortnight's vacation at a wind-swept summer resort near his school, in the care of one of its masters. The following Christmas would have been just as bleak had not a friend of his mother's taken him in. She was very old and could see him for only a few minutes each day, but she managed to give him more warmth and kindness than he had had from anyone else. A year later, he learned of his father's death, and when he went off to spend Christmas with a great-aunt he was wearing a black armband.

> I had not been at my aunt's house for more than four minutes when my black armband was ripped away, and it was once more impressed upon me that my life was not like that of other boys and I could not go into mourning for my father. I was given to understand that I could never make any sort of life for myself in England, but must seek my fortune elsewhere.

The season of jollification and good will began happily enough, but his innocent repetition of a rhyme with a double meaning had such dreadful consequences that it led him to attempt suicide. This was deemed an indication that he needed special attention, and this his family took care to provide:

> I spent most of the year 1901 in a salubrious town in the Midlands, boarded out with a well-meaning gentleman who had been the High Church Anglican incumbent of a very good living in the West Country, but who had become a Roman Catholic in middle age. With the loss of his living, my host also lost his only source of income. Being married, with a wife living, he could not become a Catholic priest. So he compromised by leading an ascetic life and spending a great part of the day in reading the Catholic breviary. I imagine that the first part of this program was not particularly difficult to adhere to. His wife, poor woman, worn out by child-bearing and parochial duties, was well past her prime; she had refused to adopt her husband's new religion and became a dipsomaniac instead; with whiskey at three shillings a bottle it was very difficult to prevent a determined woman from indulging her hobby.

The following year, Vyvyan went back to school, and he finished up in excellent fashion, with an armful of prizes and all ready to go on to Cambridge. His family sent him to Switzerland for the summer to brush up his foreign languages at Dr. Kümmer's crammer, in Ouchy. At the end of his term there, he experienced whiskey for the first time, at a farewell party. It went to his legs, and he had to be helped back to his aunt's house in the town, where he was boarding. She, being a good woman, spread the news to the rest of the family at once, and in a few days those who were truly fond of him were letting him know it:

> My dear Vyvyan, I wonder if you realise how shocked and how distressed I am at the report of you that I have had from your Aunt Nellie: that you were brought home dead drunk on Saturday night by some men who picked you up in the street.
> To think that I have to hear such a thing of you, Vyvyan, you who have had everything done for you to teach and help you to do right, you who know you have loving relations and friends who care immensely what you do, you to whom we have tried in every way to make up . . .

The tirade runs on at length in this vein. Vyvyan returned to England and to more homilies on sin and the need for repentance. He had to sit and watch the liquor in the house being ostentatiously locked up after every meal. It was a relief to escape to Cambridge (he wanted to go to Oxford, because his father had been there, and that was the reason for sending him to Cambridge) and to a siege of cramming for the Preliminary Examination. He sublimated his unhappiness in hard work under the watchful eye of his tutor, a kindly man who was so impressed by his seriousness that after a fortnight he abruptly spoke up: "Look here, there must be some mistake somewhere. When I first saw your guardian, he told me that you were a most difficult case, that you were idle, drank to excess, and frequented bad company." It was a turning point; the long-drawn-out attempt to cripple and warp the youth had failed. He had at last reached a domain of frankness and decency, in which there were many people who were proud to have known his father and who were glad to know him. His brother was not so fortunate, as the tormented letters Vyvyan quotes unhappily make clear:

> All these years my great incentive has been to wipe that stain away; to retrieve, if may be, by some action of mine, a name no longer honoured in the land. The more I thought of this, the more convinced I became that, first and foremost, I must be a *man*. There was to be no cry of decadent artist, of effeminate aesthete, of weak-kneed degenerate. That is the first step. For that I have laboured; for that I have toiled.

This strange chronicle of sustained, cold cruelty to children is not a particularly elegant piece of writing, but it is nonetheless of considerable literary value. The fantastic behavior it describes is that of very ordinary people leading what is known as normal lives. As one reads it one is made to realize how timid the novelists of the time were in their description of the life around them, and how shallow the penetration of the novel still is. When one is confronted with the facts of such

Photo by Fayer, N. Y.

Trygve Lie

Photo by Pach Bros.

Virginia Gildersleeve

Theodore Roosevelt

Photo by Alfred Eris

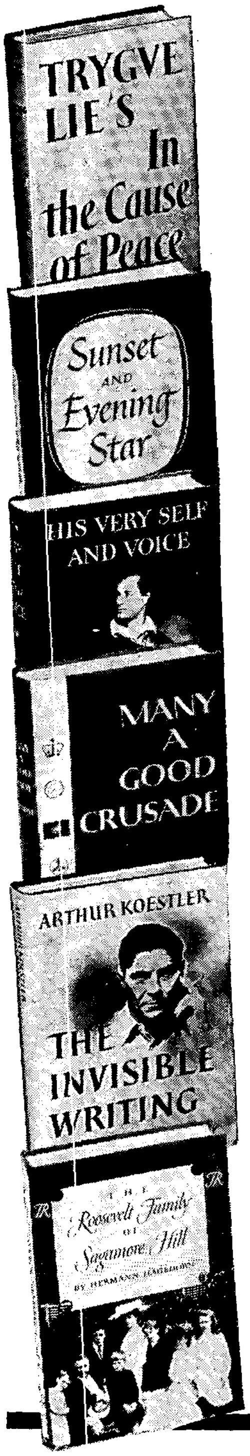
Sean O'Casey

Photo by Erich Hartmann

Arthur Koestler

Byron at 26, Portrait by Thomas Phillips. R.A.

Lord Byron


TRYGVE LIE'S In the Cause of Peace
Sunset and Evening Star
HIS VERY SELF AND VOICE
MANY A GOOD CRUSADE
ARTHUR KOESTLER THE INVISIBLE WRITING
The Roosevelt Family of Sagamore Hill
by HERMANN HAGEDORN

"I BID HIM LOOK INTO THE LIVES OF ALL MEN, AS INTO A MIRROR, AND TO TAKE EXAMPLE TO HIMSELF FROM OTHERS."—TERENCE

In the biographies and autobiographies of great men and women on this page are contained important thoughts for all mankind.

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE

Seven Years with the United Nations

By TRYGVE LIE

As the first Secretary-General of the United Nations, Trygve Lie occupied one of the world's most responsible positions. It was an office requiring statesmanship of the highest order, and itself a unique international observation post. Writing out of his special knowledge and experience, Mr. Lie presents a notably candid as well as intensely human account of a crusade for peace momentous in the history of mankind.

"One of the impressive documents of our generation."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

"No reader who is interested in the survival of our species can afford to miss this book."—*New York World-Telegram.* $6.00

MANY A GOOD CRUSADE

Memoirs of VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE

Here is a book to make Americans proud—of their women, of their educational institutions, and of their ideals. It is the life story of Virginia C. Gildersleeve, a fearless, intelligent, patriotic American and one of the most distinguished and influential women of the twentieth century. Dean of Barnard College of Columbia University for thirty-six years, a leader in the WAVE training program, and a delegate to the San Francisco conference, she was fortunate enough to be in the current of her times, close to the center of great world events. "An extraordinarily interesting book . . . a fascinating story."—Elizabeth Janeway, *New York Times.* $5.00

THE INVISIBLE WRITING

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

In 1931, at the age of twenty-six, Arthur Koestler joined the Communist Party. THE INVISIBLE WRITING is the stark account of his 8 years as a Communist. "Koestler compiles from skulls, rusted barbed wire and interviews with shattered survivors, the history of his old regiment—the commissars, *apparatchiki,* intellectual spivs, poets, peasants, pimps, betrayers and betrayed, who composed his 'crusade without a cross.' . . . He transformed history into literature of such reality that it, in turn, became history."—*Time Magazine.* $5.00

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR

By SEAN O'CASEY

This, the sixth and probably the last volume of Sean O'Casey's autobiography, completes one of the truly great creative works of our time. It covers the past fifteen years, beginning with O'Casey's return to the United States and ending with a fine tribute to his native Ireland and some poignant reflections on old age. There are magnificent chapters on George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Shaw, vivid pictures of Devon in wartime, a superb account of his visit to Cambridge University, scathing denunciations of his critics, and many passages on his championship of the common man. Here is a fitting climax to one of the world's great autobiographies. $4.75

HIS VERY SELF AND VOICE

Collected Conversations of Lord Byron

Edited by ERNEST J. LOVELL, JR.

Here is a new kind of biography—Lord Byron seen through the eyes of his contemporaries—a portrait of the man that reveals for the first time the incredible complexity of his mind and personality. These are the major records of the poet's conversation—the reports of some one hundred and fifty individuals who talked with Byron and left a record of what he said. Mark Van Doren calls this book; "a unique story, told with incredible fullness."
(Notes and a detailed index.) $7.50

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY of Sagamore Hill

By HERMANN HAGEDORN

For over a quarter of a century the Theodore Roosevelts of Oyster Bay gave America exciting and colorful headlines. Now you can read of their wonderful life, laugh, rejoice and weep with them. Hermann Hagedorn has captured the essence of this memorable group in a portrait as intimate as a family album. It's a delightful saga of a lovable American family . . . blending pillow fights, international politics, obstacle races and presidential campaigns . . . "Full not only of warm human interest, but of moral and spiritual refreshment . . . The author throws a golden shaft of light on Theodore Roosevelt in a new capacity, that of husband, father, and daily companion."—Allan Nevins. $5.00

Your local bookstore plays a leading role in the cultural progress of your community. If any of these books are not immediately available in your bookstore, your bookseller will be happy to order them for you. Support his efforts to make your community a better place in which to live.

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

TLSTLSTLSTLSTLSTLSTLSTLS

Good Reading

Wherever books and authors are talked about, *The Times Literary Supplement* is talked about too. For more than half a century it has kept its place as the foremost critical weekly in the world.

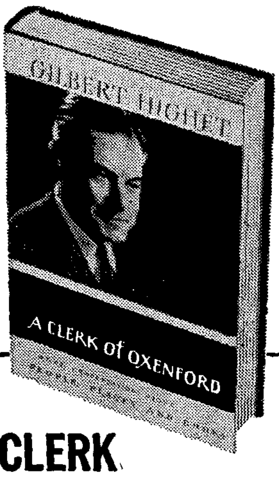
The Times Literary Supplement reviews not only all important English and American books, but also a choice of new books throughout Europe. There is no field of literature which it does not touch, and a review in *The Times Literary Supplement* is often itself literature.

THE TIMES
LONDON
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT

An annual postal subscription makes an ideal Christmas present, the rate is $5.00 which includes all Special Numbers. The recent issue devoted to American literature contained 100 additional pages.

Send your order now to Dept. A.N., *The Times, London, Inc.,* 45 East 51st Street, New York 22, N.Y.

TLSTLSTLSTLSTLSTLSTLSTLS



A CLERK
OF OXENFORD
By Gilbert Highet

"The old flashing wit is still there . . . Bravo."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"He says a good deal and says it well . . . he is superb."
—*Saturday Review*

"Enlarges the pleasure of his earlier volume . . . good Scotch on the rocks of yesterday, today, and eternity."
—*N. Y. Times*

". . . learned, witty, and urbane . . ."
—*The New Yorker*

$3.75 *at all bookstores*
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Inc.

a situation as the one Vyvyan Holland so candidly presents, it is tempting to suspect that many of the recent efforts to steer the novel away from realism, on the pretext that the technique has been exhausted, are evasions rather than aesthetic developments. What was done to Vyvyan and Cyril Holland was the kind of thing that went on in the society from which Henry James gathered the material for his fragile webs of hint and suggestion; the contrast between the thin gruel of mystifications in "The Turn of the Screw" and the evil of the deliberate grinding away by this large group of hearty middle-class people at the happiness and the natural, instinctive appetite for life of Wilde's children is an enlightening one. And it is worth comparing what these real children learned with "What Maisie Knew," for this confrontation shows that Jamesian psychology bears on something other than human behavior and that the questions it so delicately explores—and at such length—are prudently selected substitutes for brutal actualities. The horrid core of the Wilde story is that Oscar Wilde never did anything in his life as wicked as the things that were done ostensibly to shield his children from the consequences of the exposure of his private affairs. The evil people in his story were the nominal defenders of the decencies—the lunatic Marquess of Queensberry, who hated his former wife and their son, Lord Alfred Douglas; the lawyers and policemen who allowed themselves to become the agents of his hatred; the newspapermen who battened on the story—all those people to whom the scandal brought the opportunity of giving pain, and who inflicted it without stopping to think what the results might be. The fascination of the Wilde case—to the literature of which Vyvyan Holland's book is a most important addition—is that it demonstrates the absurdity of the literary convention which identifies evil with sexual irregularity, and illuminates that more deadly brand of wickedness which wears a shining morning face and always claims the very best intentions.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SWAMI AND FRIENDS and THE BACHELOR OF ARTS, by R. K. Narayan (Michigan State). Two of Narayan's best Malgudi novels, bound together into one volume. The first describes the troubles of a young In-

A
MEANINGFUL
ADDRESS
for Social and Business Gatherings

"*At The Park Lane*" on your invitation conveys a world of meaning to your guests, whether the occasion be a wedding banquet, a business conference, a group breakfast or a cocktail party. It signifies cuisine and service of flawless perfection . . . a setting of impressive charm . . . a Park Avenue location of supreme convenience.

Distinctive, air-conditioned meeting rooms for large or small groups include the:

CRYSTAL BALLROOM
TAPESTRY ROOM
CAFE-LOUNGE
and PETIT SALONS

For details and brochure, call Maitre d'hotel
PLaza 5-4100

The
PARK LANE
Park Avenue at 48th Street
PLaza 5-4100

Frank W. Regan, *President*

Shocking Life
Her own life story
BY
Schiaparelli
Illustrated in color and black and white. $4.00 at all bookstores. DUTTON

I Capture Cherished Moments For Christmas — For Ever

The look of a child at play, or just dreaming—I capture such cherished moments so that you may have them forever.
I'll come into your home, play with your child and take black-and-white or color pictures. You can learn how little they cost by writing or 'phoning.

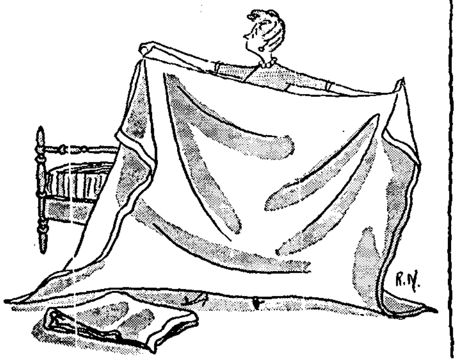
SIRI HENDERSON
46 East 80th Street, New York 21 REgent 7-5487

FINEST SEA FOOD
EL 5-9699
Sea Gull
810 3rd Ave. Bet. 49 & 50 St.
UNDER NEW OWNERSHIP
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS · DINNER · CLOSED SATURDAY
May we suggest Lobster Cardinal, at dinner only

dian boy baffled by a half-Westernized school system and agonized by a crush on the rather nasty fellow who is founding the Malgudi Cricket Club; it is very funny and very sad at the same time. The second is an extremely effective love story. Boy loses girl in the first part, because her family finds that he has an inauspicious horoscope. He recovers from his disappointment by spending some months as a naked holy man wandering the roads of India, and then goes home to become circulation manager of a local newspaper and to settle down to a marriage his family has arranged for him. It is a luminous and enlightening description of the Indian approach to questions of marriage and giving in marriage, and in its quiet way it succeeds in being deeply moving.

BRIDE OF THE CONQUEROR, by Hartzell Spence (Random House). A historical romance that is both diverting and lighthearted. Doña Eloisa, a beautiful nineteen-year-old heiress, sails in 1546 from her home in Spain to Peru, where she expects to be married. A handsome and masterful Conquistador who has usurped the Spanish king's power in Peru threatens to make trouble for her, and she is further bewildered by a scheming priest, who happens to be her travelling companion and chaperon, and by a fair number of ambitious gallants. Her quick wit and her natural good luck bring her to the end of her adventure happily, and in telling of it Mr. Spence manages to impart, in painless fashion, quite a few trivial but interesting facts about the manners and clothes of those days.

NOT FOR LOVE, by Spencer Whedon (Crown). Rex Disbro, an American who loves and enjoys life and is a very successful man, never achieves a moment of peace because he is never able to understand exactly what he wants or why he wants it. He has little time and no patience for introspection, and his story,



Why wonder every night what to have for dinner —when it's so simple to serve something new and exciting every single night for months?

In her new cookbook, **Magic Half Hour Dinners**, Anita Abbott has done all your planning for months of dinners. Here are dozens of menus, complete with recipes and shopping list—so many menus, in fact, you can serve a different dinner night after night for months and months.

Anita Abbott has also scrapped every time-consuming recipe in old-fashioned cookbooks and tells you only the hundreds of wonderful full-course meals you can prepare from start to finish in just 30 minutes.

Meat, fish, cheese, and casserole dishes, desserts, soups, salads, etc. can now be made in just half an hour if you use her reliable advice. You learn short cuts, how you can best use canned goods and frozen foods, and simple, easy to prepare recipes for other foods.

Anita Abbott's menus and shopping lists alone are worth the price of **Magic Half Hour Dinners**. But when you can make the tastiest, home cooked, full-course meals in just 30 minutes, you will wonder how you ever got along without this book. So when you're told that **Magic Half Hour Dinners** costs only $1, you know what a small investment this is for years of wonderful meals. **Money back, too, if you're not satisfied with the book.**

- **Save at least $10 a week if you eat in restaurants because you're too tired to prepare an ordinary, time-consuming dinner after a day at the office (and you save more if you cook for two).**
- **Don't ever again miss a movie or TV or a visit to friends because dinner would take too long to cook.**
- **Add glamour to your meals with dishes such as**
  - **Chicken Curry with Currant Rice**
  - **Chinese Fried Rice**
  - **Sour Cream Meat Balls**
  - **Cream of Crabmeat Soup**
  - **Liver Vinaigrette**
  - **Deviled Veal Steak**
  - **Pineapple Turnovers**

Why wonder how to serve something new and different at every party you give?

If there's any man who can tell you how to make memorable appetizers, snacks, punches, and cocktails, it's Master Chef Louis de Gouy, famous for over a generation as the man who was chef to the great figures of the world from Emperor Franz Josef of Austria through J. P. Morgan to recent days when he wrote the world's best cookbook, the incomparable *Gold Cookbook*.

In his exciting book **The Master Chef's Best**—*Appetizers, Snacks, Punches, and Cocktails to Make Your Party a Success,* Master Chef de Gouy tells you of hundreds of different canapes—both hot and cold as well as hors d'oeuvre platters, salads, snacks, etc. that look good, taste good, are easy to prepare and all so different you'll never again have to worry what's new and exciting to serve your guests.

In this big book you find such taste treats as mushroom bouches, lobster mousse, French mazagran, cheese Friandise, hot anchovy and tomato canapes, hot cheese teasers, honeydew melon in blankets, ham mold Parisian, the gourmet ways to serve ham, Dominican croquettes, Bermuda burgers, bridge canapes, French style cantaloupe (a snack so delicious and unusual your guests will date their parties from the time you served this one of all dishes).

And there are hundreds more besides—most of them simple and fast to prepare. Yet this huge section on appetizers and snacks is but a portion of this complete book, for here too are dozens upon dozens of ways to serve punches, smashes, juleps, eggnogs, coolers, cordials, toddies, etc.

There's so much in this book you'll never be at a loss for party ideas—and these snacks, appetizers, punches, and other drinks are all so tempting you'll want to try them even without a party. Price, only $2.

Mail today for prompt delivery.

HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, 14 Harding Blvd.
Greenlawn (Long Island), New York.

I enclose $............................(cash, check, or money order). Please send me the books checked below. You will refund my money if I am not satisfied.

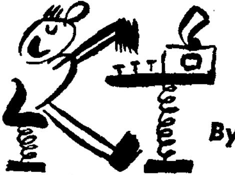
No extra charge for postage to any part of the world

☐ **Magic Half Hour Dinners. $1.**
☐ **Master Chef's Best. $2.**
☐ **201 Tasty Dishes for Reducers** (includes Victor Lindlahr's sane and famous 7-Day Reducing Diet). $1.

All books above ($4 value) for $3.50.

Print name ....
Address ....
City & State ....

Personal Typing IN 24 HOURS



By PHILIP S. PEPE

Learn the alphabet in one hour, and 24 hours of self-instruction later, you type a page-long letter *in five minutes.* You can do it with this handy step-by-step manual. Its effectiveness has been tested and proved by thousands who've taught themselves personal typing — from sea-captains to housewives and writers. *NEW REVISED EDITION. Over 95,000 copies sold. At all bookstores* $2.25

McGRAW-HILL BOOK CO., N. Y. 36

"If there was ever a born writer, it is James Yaffe..."
BRENDAN GILL, The New Yorker

WHAT'S THE BIG HURRY?
by JAMES YAFFE
$3.75 at all bookstores
An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN

The Gift For Him

WALL STREET
FOR DISTINGUISHED MASCULINE APPEAL
The finishing touch in his grooming

Buy Direct from the Perfumer!

PLEASE MAIL ME THE FOLLOWING POSTPAID
☐ WALL STREET SHAVING LOTION $1.50
☐ WALL STREET COLOGNE........ $1.80
I enclose $________ for payment
NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
CITY__________ZONE____STATE______

MICHEL PASQUIER
7 W. 46th St., New York 36, N. Y.

if you've ever wanted to touch things in a museum..

Indian wooden whistle from British Columbia.

THIS HISTORIC SCOTCH IS FOR YOU,
because our Best Procurable is a direct descendant of the old pioneer days of 1701—when we first imported this fine liqueur whisky from Scotland for the exclusive use of our own officers. Best Procurable remained our private stock for more than a century, but we share it now with those who will appreciate a superb Scotch that's been the best procurable for over 250 years!

A54 BP-3

INCORPORATED 2ND. MAY 1670
HUDSON'S BAY
BRAND
Best Procurable
SCOTCH WHISKY
A BLEND 86.8 PROOF

IMPORTED BY
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY INC., N.Y.

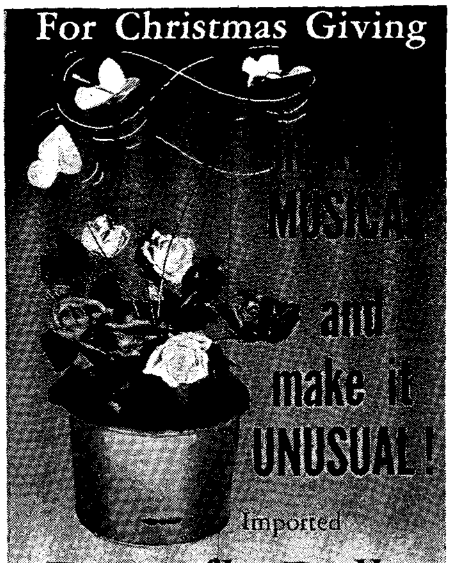
which proceeds from his birth in 1870 to his death in 1940, is entirely one of loud talk and impulsive action. Mr. Whedon's work is entertaining, but his characters seem unanchored to any particular point and uncommitted to any foreseen course, and therefore, in spite of their solidity and naturalness, they never convey the reality that might have made this book memorable.

LETTER TO A STRANGER, by Elswyth Thane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce-Little, Brown). Eve Endicott, a middle-aged widowed author who is womanly and gracious and nauseatingly direct with the opposite sex, decides to rescue a motherless twenty-three-year-old girl, Joanna Marshall, from the clutches of her neurotic father, a handsome, prosperous commercial artist named Beau. Beau promptly focusses his mysterious but deadly charm on Miss Endicott, who feels a distinct undertow at the sight of him, although she continues to stand fairly firmly on the more concrete attraction generated in her direction by the ugly but stunning middle-aged widowed Wall Street man, Richie, with whom Joanna imagines herself in love. Fortunately, Miss Thane, who is resourceful, has a third middle-aged eligible man on hand—a divorced one, this time, but quite rich. This is Tad, Miss Endicott's publisher, who has been courting her but now rebounds in the general direction of Joanna, which is splendid, because what Joanna really wants and *needs* is a father-daughter relationship, although not with her own father. The father, Beau, is left to gnash his teeth in solitude, which serves him right for being neurotic.

GENERAL

THE DEATH OF HITLER'S GERMANY, by Georges Blond (Macmillan). A dramatic account of the final year of the war in Europe, in which the author uses a narrative technique with striking success. M. Blond, a French naval officer, sticks closely to the facts, building his book on published memoirs of the war leaders, on Allied and German archives, and on personal interviews with some of Hitler's lieutenants. He begins with the story of the July 20th plot—the most lucid report of it yet written—and covers subsequent developments on both the Eastern and the Western fronts, ending with the apocalyptic events in the Führer's bunker during

For Christmas Giving



Butterfly Ballet

Here's one of the most unusual musical novelties you've ever seen. As the music box inside plays a charming nursery tune, three colorful butterflies hover and spin above a bowl of red and yellow roses in bright array. Sure to delight both children and grown-ups.

POSTPAID $7.50

Write for free folder of other fine Schirmer musical toys and novelties.

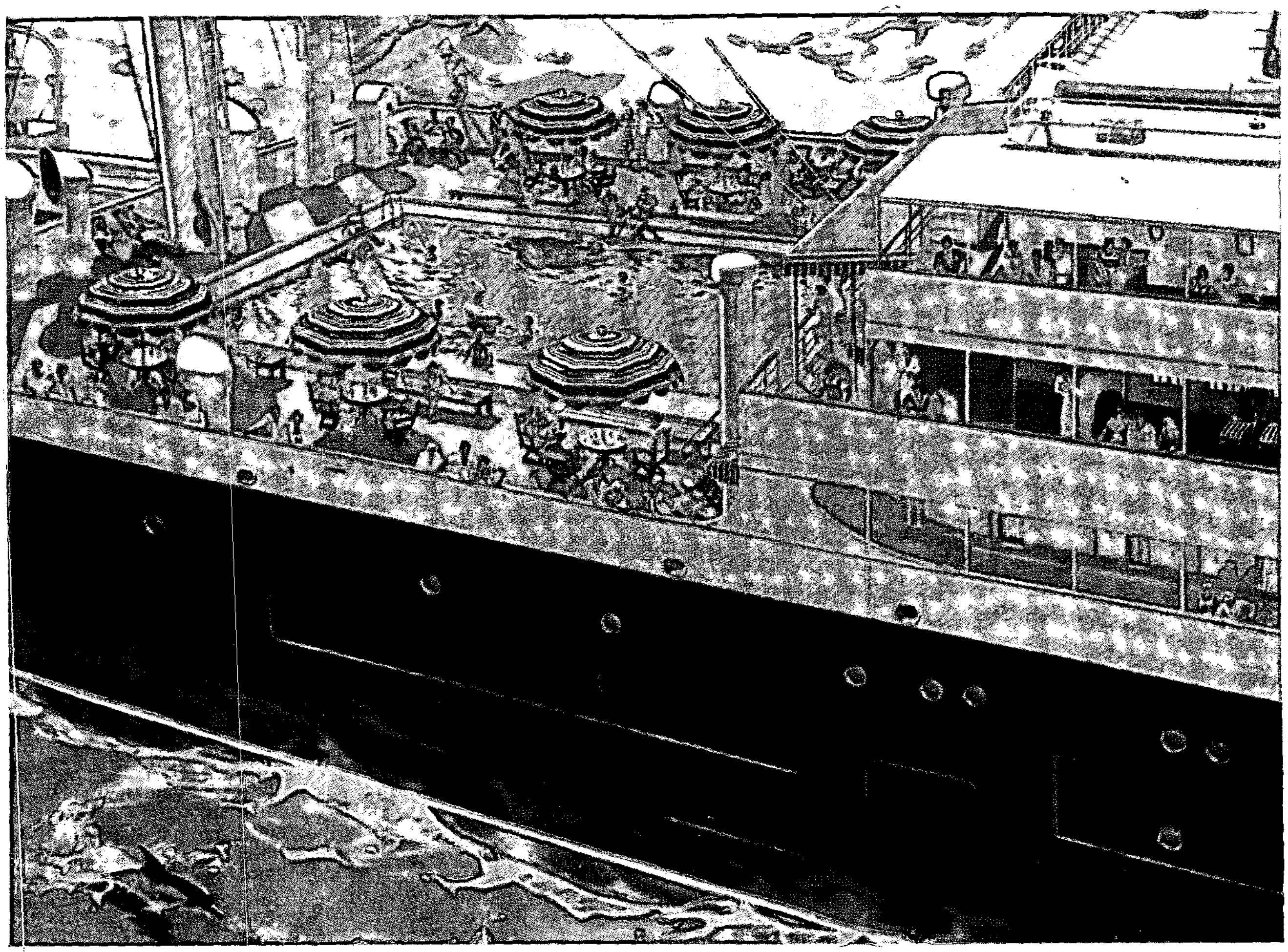
G. SCHIRMER
NEW YORK 17: 3 EAST 43rd STREET

PIERRE
GRILL
Just fine food . . . no music or entertainment. Authentic Indian Curry dishes served every day.
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON
DINNER
Weekdays and Sundays
Hotel Pierre
FIFTH AVENUE AT 61ST STREET

The Aristocrat of Sea Food Restaurants
Sea-Fare 1033 First Ave. at 57th St.
41 W. 8th St. Greenwich Village

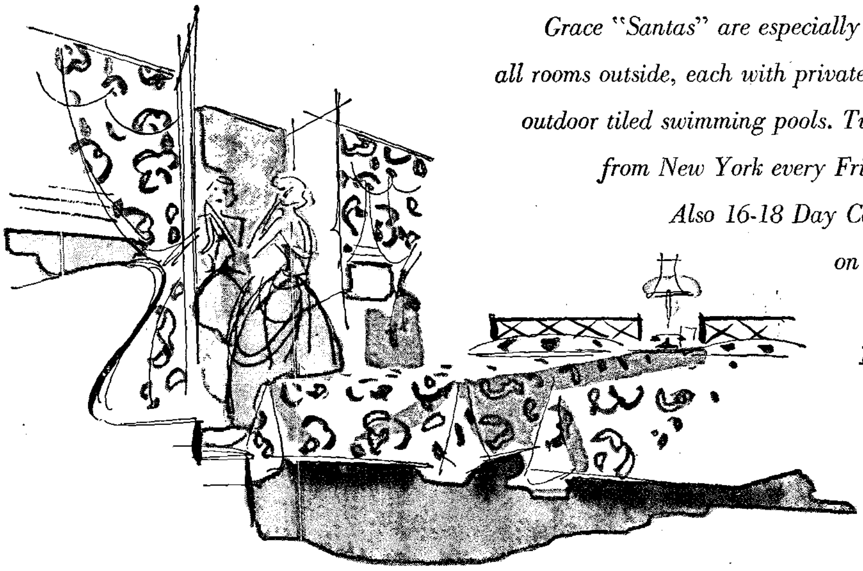
86th ST. **Brauhaus**
GOOD BAVARIAN FOOD
LUNCH • DINNER • COCKTAILS
YODELING • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT
SCHNITZELBANK EVERY NIGHT
249 E. 86 (bt. 2nd-3rd) LE 4-9840

GRACE LINE



SPACIOUS OUTDOOR TILED SWIMMING POOLS ON THE "SANTA ROSA" AND "SANTA PAULA"

CARIBBEAN CRUISES

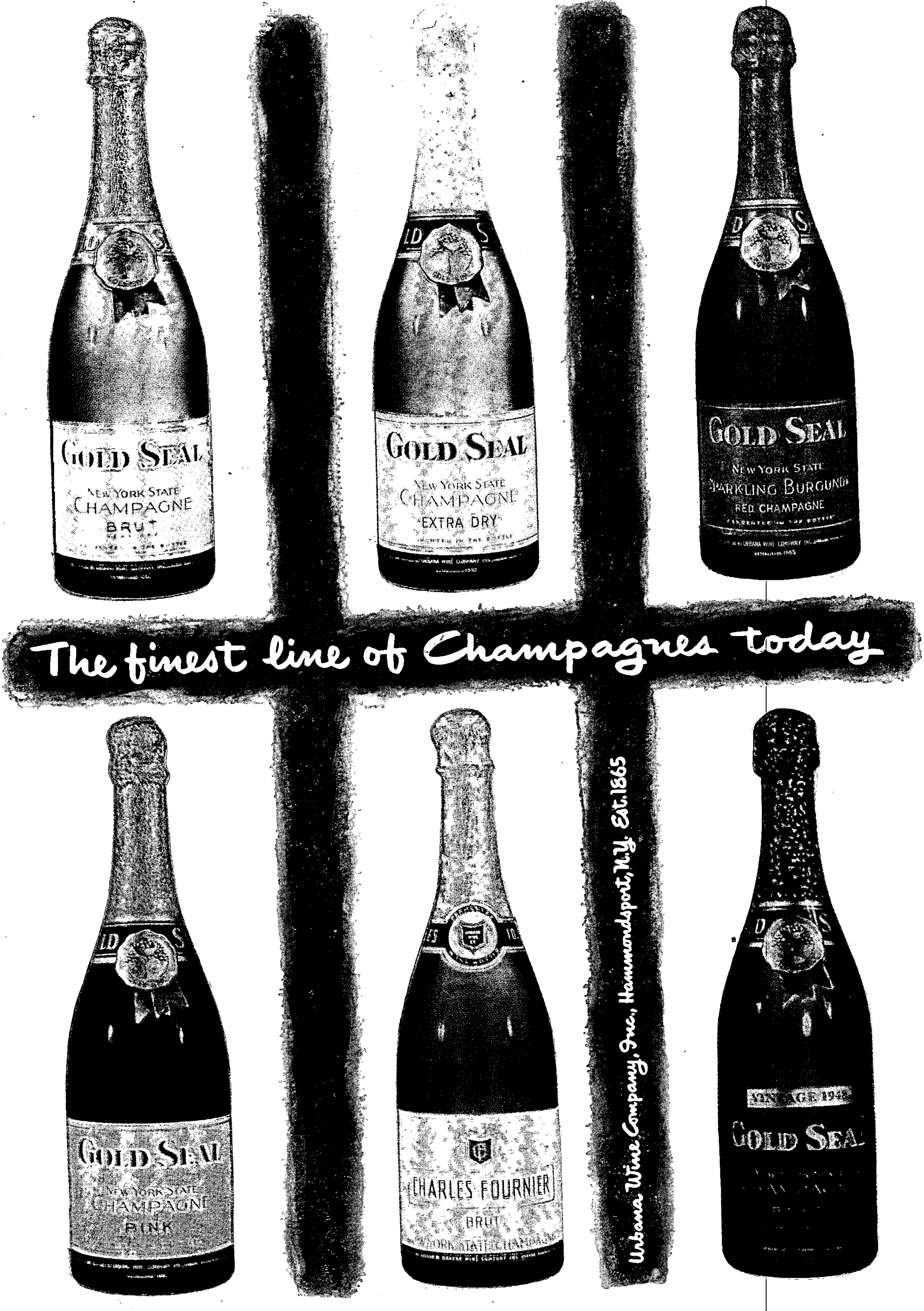


Grace "Santas" are especially designed for cruising . . . all rooms outside, each with private bath . . . light, airy dining rooms . . . outdoor tiled swimming pools. Twelve Day Caribbean Cruises from New York every Friday via "Santa Rosa" and "Santa Paula." Also 16-18 Day Caribbean Cruises every Friday from New York on modern cargo-passenger "Santas."

See your Travel Agent or Grace Line,
10 Hanover Square, New York.
Agents and Offices in all Principal Cities.

GRACE LINE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


GOLD SEAL
NEW YORK STATE
CHAMPAGNE
BRUT
GOLD SEAL
NEW YORK STATE
CHAMPAGNE
EXTRA DRY
GOLD SEAL
NEW YORK STATE
SPARKLING BURGUNDY
RED CHAMPAGNE
GOLD SEAL
NEW YORK STATE
CHAMPAGNE
PINK
CHARLES FOURNIER
BRUT
NEW YORK STATE CHAMPAGNE
VINTAGE 1948
GOLD SEAL

The finest line of Champagnes today

Urbana Wine Company, Inc., Hammondsport, N.Y. Est. 1865 the last week of April, 1945. There is a particularly good description of the Battle of the Bulge as it appeared from the German side.

ALONE TO EVEREST, by Earl Denman (Coward-McCann). The story of an expedition that failed. In 1947, the author, a Canadian-born Englishman living in Southern Rhodesia, smuggled himself into Tibet, then barred to all foreigners, and set out to climb Everest. He had very little money and only the scantiest equipment, but he recruited two Sherpa guides (one of whom was Tenzing), and the trio got up to 23,500 feet before they had to turn back, for reasons the book makes abundantly clear. Mr. Denman had set the ascent of Everest as his life's goal, and his description of the bitterness he felt after his defeat, and especially after the triumph of Hillary and Tenzing, is a fascinating revelation of the bleak *mystique* of mountaineering. Photographs and maps.

THE PEARL SEEKERS, by Norman Bartlett (Coward-McCann). An anecdotal history of the Australian pearling trade, from its violent beginnings in the eighteen-sixties with the discovery of the great beds off the desolate western coast, to its present degeneration into a workaday business of gathering shell for buttons. The author is chiefly interested in the bonanza years, around the turn of the century, and the emphasis is on the innumerable perils (cannibals, pirates, and mutinous crews, as well as the natural dangers of the tropical underwater world) that constantly confronted the fortune hunters and on the monumental finds (among them the hundred-grain Star of the West) that were their occasional reward, but he has also included enough of the background and the mechanics of the trade to give his book real substance. An excellent job. Many fine photographs and an end-paper map.

ALWAYS IN VOGUE, by Edna Woolman Chase and Ilka Chase (Doubleday). Mrs. Chase got a clerical job on *Vogue* in 1895, when she was eighteen and the magazine was three; in 1914 she was made editor, and from then until 1952, when she retired to become chairman of the board, she ruled over that powerful fashion magazine and over a good part of the fashionable world as well. This book of recollections covers the history of *haute couture* in France and of *couture*, *haute* and otherwise, in

IGOR GOUZENKO
The FALL of a TITAN
6th PRINTING

The best-selling novel that the well-informed are reading with excitement and deep emotion

"Exciting . . . a huge and fascinating work . . . Unforgettable." —GILBERT HIGHET, *Harper's*

"Intrigue after intrigue . . . explosive climax . . . A book that one reads with excitement and with profit." —GRANVILLE HICKS, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

"Sweep and vitality . . . that are conspicuously lacking in much of today's fiction . . . Absorbing and powerful." —BEN RAY REDMAN, *Saturday Review*

"Tremendous compass . . . a multitude of characters, a multitude of poignant individual dramas, a multitude of memorable scenes and powerful episodes." —CHARLES J. ROLO, *The Atlantic*

"Energy and power . . . a sweep that often recalls the classical masters of Russian fiction." —CLIFTON FADIMAN

"Undeniable narrative power . . . we are in the presence of a true creative work." —THEODORE H. WHITE, *The Reporter*

A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection 629 pages • $5.00

Faith and Freedom
by BARBARA WARD
How the forces that shaped the past can save the future. By the brilliant author of *Policy for the West* and *The West at Bay*. $3.75

Reach for the Sky
by PAUL BRICKHILL
Biography of Douglas Bader, legless ace of the R.A.F. ". . . a thrilling story."—*The New Yorker*. Illustrated. $3.75

MARY ELLEN CHASE
The White Gate
ADVENTURES IN THE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD
" . . . in words of the title of one of her books it's a goodly heritage." —*N. Y. Times Book Review*
"Writing with quiet humor and a fine clarity and exactness, Miss Chase conjures up a shimmering and affectionate picture of a pattern of existence whose like we shall not see again." —DAN WICKENDEN, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*
Decorations by Nora S. Unwin. $3.00

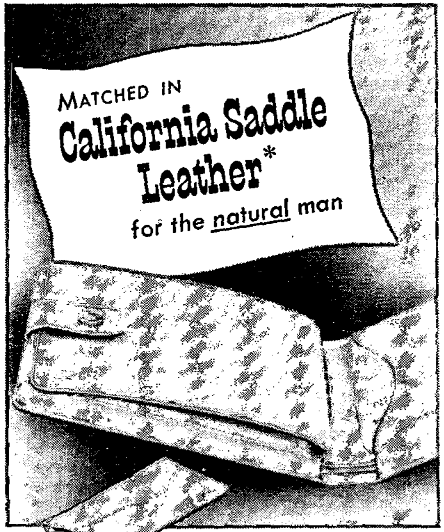
"Begin it and you cannot lay it down..."
The Dancing Bear
By FRANCES FAVIELL. "I do not recall any book that has come out of Germany since the war as moving, or as disturbing." —LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*. *Illustrated.* $3.50

At all bookstores • W. W. NORTON & COMPANY • 101 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER

SMOKING APPOINTMENTS:
elegant French imports exclusive at S.F.A. Brilliantly faceted crystal, hand-cut and mounted with gilt bronze. Bell-shaped lighter (under hinged cover), 39.50. Matching cigarette box, 39.50. Cigarette cup, 15.00. Ash tray, 10.95. Mail, phone. Also in our Chicago, Detroit and Beverly Hills stores.

GUEST AND GIFT SHOP
14 EAST 50th STREET



"The Registrar" by Prince Gardner
Optical case by American Optical

This is the handsome leather with the barbed wire scratches. Natural, oak-tanned color. And a sheen like a saddle polished by a cowboy's Levis. America's finest makes of billfolds, luggage, briefcases and personal leather goods are stamped *California Saddle Leather.*

At all quality stores.
*Trade mark reg. A. K. Salz Co., Tanners, Santa Cruz, Calif.

The Knife & Fork Inn
ATLANTIC CITY
Atlantic City's Oldest Steak House
Latz Ownership

America during the past fifty years, and it provides glimpses into the lives of such people as Condé Nast, Frank Crowninshield, Edward Steichen, Dorothy Parker, and Clare Boothe Luce. It also describes—a little defensively, to be sure—the trials that the votaries of "graceful living" underwent in two world wars. Mrs. Chase tells her story quite soberly; now and then a pert sentence pops up, and one detects the irreverent hand of her daughter. Many illustrations.

THAT REMINDS ME—, by Alben W. Barkley (Doubleday). An autobiography and, considering the author's eminence and experience, a remarkably shallow one. He and his collaborator, Sidney Shalett, have tried to be breezy at all costs, and this book probably contains more anecdotes than any other political biography ever written. (Many of the jokes are pretty good, too.) For the most part, Mr. Barkley writes about his forty years in Washington—years of great crises and great decisions—without ever giving his readers the feeling that he saw history made at first-hand. The most interesting chapters deal with the Democratic National Convention of 1952, at which Barkley arrived with the nomination for President in his pocket, or so he thought. On this subject the Senator-elect from Kentucky makes no effort to be funny. Photographs.

WINGS, by Blanche Stillson (Bobbs-Merrill). Miss Stillson has written an odd and rather engaging book about the three great flying orders—insects, birds, and men. Her story runs from the first brave flight by the Palaeodictyoptera in the Upper Carboniferous period, a quarter of a billion years ago, to the first brave flight by Wilbur and Orville Wright in 1903, with disquisitions along the way on the number of spots on ladybugs, Pettigrew's "dismal" experiments in tearing the wings off flies in the name of science, Oriental captive singing insects, the number of wings on cherubim and seraphim, the art of falconry, and the curious absence of air-mindedness in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Drawings by Kenneth Gosner.

THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS, by Bergen Evans (Knopf). Mr. Evans, who wrote an unusually entertaining and informative book on popular delusions, "The Natural History of Nonsense," has attempted a sequel and has suffered the not uncommon fate

MARGUERITE HENRY'S exciting story of Little Bub—the pint-sized stallion whose amazing exploits became pioneer legends

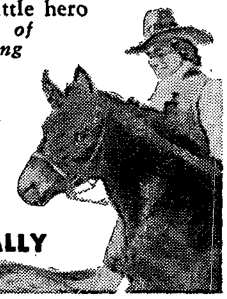
Justin Morgan Had A Horse

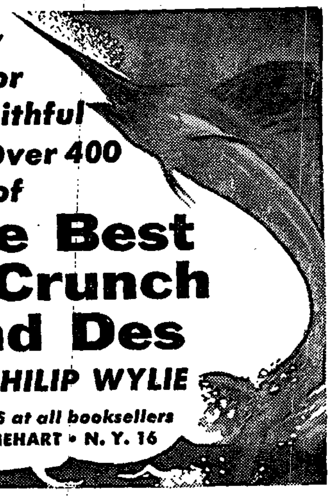
With magnificent illustrations by WESLEY DENNIS

YOUNG AMERICA'S favorite author has *completely rewritten* the first of her famous horse books to make an even more heartwarming story; and Wesley Dennis is at his best in *all-new drawings* (many in full color), of the little hero who joins *Misty of Chincoteague, King of the Wind,* and *Brighty of the Grand Canyon* in the company of immortal steeds.

Ages 7 to 14
$2.95

RAND McNALLY





A lucky catch for their faithful fans! Over 400 pages of

The Best of Crunch and Des

By PHILIP WYLIE

$3.75 at all booksellers
RINEHART • N. Y. 16

FOR TRAVEL...FOR REFERENCE...

Aboard and Abroad
by Harvey S. Olson

World's Finest Complete Travel Guidebook to **EUROPE** and HOW to Get There. 672 pages plus 16 page atlas, $4.95...at your favorite bookseller.
HARVED PUBLISHING CO. • 1 N. LA SALLE ST. • CHICAGO 2, ILLINOIS

THE COLUMBIA
The gift they'll still be thanking you for on Christmas 1964
ENCYCLOPEDIA 2235 pages, 6,100,000 words, 70,000 articles.
$35 at bookstores COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

of appearing with his colors diminished, like a bad silk-screen print of a painting. Some of this pallor is the result of his having in the interval become a television attraction (which seems to have inflated his self-importance and coarsened his style; he shows an unhappy addiction to nouns like "twerp" and "snerd"), but mostly it is just a matter of having the material run thin. Aside from a lively vivisection of Kenneth Roberts, the dowsers' friend, and of Dr. J. B. Rhine, the parapsychologist, there is not much here to interest anyone past the Little Blue Book stage.

ELIZABETH BARRETT TO MISS MITFORD, edited and with an introduction by Betty Miller (Yale). Elizabeth Barrett and Mary Russell Mitford were introduced at a party in London on May 27, 1836, and although Miss Mitford was then fifty years old and a literary lioness of formidable stature, while Miss Barrett was barely thirty, as yet wholly unknown, and almost pathologically shy, they instantly formed a friendship that, though largely epistolary, dominated both their lives for a full decade. This selection of a hundred and forty-two hitherto unpublished letters (drawn from a total of more than four hundred letters in the possession of Wellesley College) is a record, one-sided but adequate, of that friendship—its tempestuous beginning, its alternately wild and wooden maturity, and its explosive upheaval, on September 19, 1846, with Miss Barrett's runaway marriage to Robert Browning. It is also—and even more dramatically—a record of the slow but certain growth of a rare lyric talent. Illustrated.

THE AGE OF EXTRAVAGANCE: AN EDWARDIAN READER, edited by Mary Elisabeth Edes and Dudley Frasier (Rinehart). An attractive glimpse of the asphyxiating comforts that made high life endurable in Newport, New York, and London during the starched decade that began with the coronation of Edward VII and ended, more or less, with the sinking of the Titanic. The witnesses include, perhaps inevitably, such professional purveyors of the period as Sir Osbert Sitwell (on "The Merry Widow" and other entertainments), Somerset Maugham (on Henry James), V. Sackville-West (with a section from "The Edwardians"), and Cecil Beaton (with a trifle on finery), but the editors have also run down a sufficient num-

"no sweet aperitifs for me"

I'm watching my figure.
I ask for "T.O. Peppy".
Really dry—not sweet.

Tio Pepe

THE MOST FAMOUS **DRY SHERRY** IN THE WORLD

GONZALEZ BYASS Y CA • BROWNE VINTNERS CO., INC., N.Y.C. • SOLE U.S. DISTRB.

wishing star

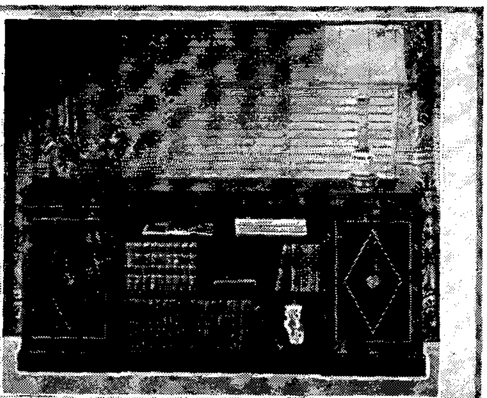
Send your holiday wishes with our shooting star salad bowl of clear blue-grey plastic with embedded celestial glitter and twinkles 13-inch diameter, by Bilmar for us alone 12.50
50¢ for famous N-M Christmas gift wrap.
55¢ for mailing.

Neiman-Marcus
DALLAS

A WELCOME awaits You
at our New York Showroom
305 EAST 63rd STREET
or at any of the other Kittinger
Exhibits listed below

KITTINGER
company, inc

Sold only thru Accredited
Decorators and Dealers



Come in! See this unusual bookcase . . . available in several styles . . . at any Kittinger Exhibit.

BUFFALO NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

FEDERAL LAW
IRISH WHISKEY
JOHN POWER & SON
DUBLIN
POT STILL WHISKEY
This Whiskey is seven years old

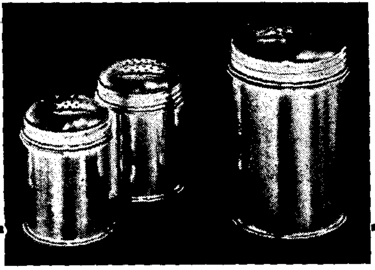
POWER'S
IRISH WHISKEY

86 Proof

a taste of old Ireland...

Power's Three-Swallow Whiskey is as Irish as the Blarney Stone...and just as smooth. 7 *long years,* it ages in casks. And when you start with genuine pot still whiskey made of finest malt and barley, 7 years' aging develops an extraordinarily fine flavor. You'll like it.

SOLE IMPORTER:
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.



COPPER SHAKERS . . . bright as freshly minted pennies to sit on your kitchen range. The two small shakers are for salt and pepper; the large one for confectioner's or cinnamon sugar, also for powdered nutmeg. An attractive accessory for your spice cabinet . . . a wonderful gift for friends.

Complete set.............$4.95

Prepaid anywhere in the U. S. A.
No C.O.D.'s, please.
Write for complete catalog.

Bazar Français
EST 1877
666 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 10, N.Y.
between 20th & 21st Sts
21 ST
6th AVE

JEWELS OF THE HOUR

ORA
CREATIONS
Guaranteed for life

RALPH SINGER CO.
656 N. Western Ave. • Chicago 12, Ill.

ber of less familiar observers—among them the Marchioness of Bath (discussing the staffing of a country house), Richmond Barrett (on horse shows and tennis at Newport), and Matilda Lees-Dods (a monograph on christening ceremonies)—to give their book a most agreeable novelty. Photographs.

THE STORY OF ENGLAND, by Arthur Bryant (Houghton Mifflin). The first volume of a trilogy that promises to be a brilliant evocation of the English past. This volume, which is subtitled "Makers of the Realm," begins in the dark recesses of prehistory and comes down to the reign of Edward I, taking in the many invasions of what in those days was not such a very tight little isle. It covers, of course, the great events of the era—the arrival of Christianity, the reign of Alfred, the Battle of Hastings, the murder of Becket, the Crusades, the signing of the Magna Carta—but the author is concerned less with the historical headlines than with the gradual development of such great institutions as the common law, the monarchy, the yeomanry, and the Council of Fifteen, which was the sire of Parliament and, as a political entity, was something new under the sun.

COMMERCE OF THE PRAIRIES, by Josiah Gregg, edited, and with an introduction and notes, by Max L. Moorhead (University of Oklahoma Press). Since 1844, when this book made its first appearance, scholars of several disciplines have recognized it with increasing respect as the most authentic contemporary portrait of the American Southwest in the years just before the annexation of Texas, in 1845. It is certainly the most comprehensive as well, for while Gregg, a Missourian who took to the high prairies for his health, was by occupation an overland trader, he was also a physician and an amateur naturalist, geographer, cartographer, historian, and ethnologist of more than ordinary aptitude, and almost everything that caught his searching eye (and, more importantly, almost nothing that he didn't see for himself) found its way—methodically, lucidly, and vividly—into his book. In this handsome new edition, Professor Moorhead has faithfully reproduced, along with the unadulterated text, the full panoply of illustrations, maps, notes, and glossary of Hispano-Mexican words that were part of the original. He has also add-

GOOD FRUIT CAKES ARE NOT BORN . . THEY'RE MADE . . BY THE COLLIN STREET BAKERY IN TEXAS!

ORIGINAL
DeLuxe

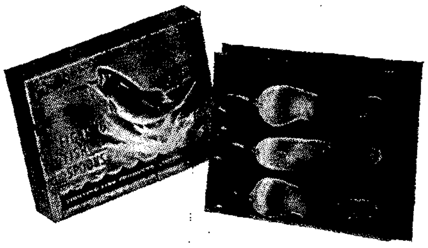
"That Famous 'Corsicana Fruit Cake'"

Nobody knows when a fine fruit cake recipe gets started. Ours was over a hundred years old when we commenced baking DeLuxe Fruit Cakes in 1901. We fill them top to bottom with the highest priced fruit and nuts we can find (less than 15% batter and it's the richest.) They are baked in small batches right here in the little town of Corsicana and sold only by mail to people big and little all over the world. 75% have been regular customers for years.

ORDER YOUR TRIAL CAKE NOW FOR CHRISTMAS

If you don't think DeLuxe is the best you've eaten, we'll refund your money. Send check or money order today. 2 lb. —$3.70, 3 lb.—$5.15, 5 lb.—$8.30. Shipped in pretty tin box postpaid. Delivery in perfect condition guaranteed. P. O. Box 200.

COLLIN STREET BAKERY
CORSICANA, TEXAS



Silver-plated gift for a fisherman

Please that angler on your gift list with these Fighting Fish Spoons. Famous for years among connoisseurs of fine fishing tackle. Complete set of 3 (two silver-plated, one burnished brass). Handsomely boxed. Prompt, postpaid delivery. Send only $5 (check or money order) to:

FIGHTING FISH PRODUCTS
Box 150B Cohocton, N. Y.

TWEEDS AND WEEDS
El Paseo
Santa Barbara,
California

Cashmere Capes
Weightless Warmth from Scotland

Luscious colors! A feather-light knit! Fits shoulder-smooth. Wear daytime or formal evenings. MONROSPUN'S *superb Cashmere.*

Satisfaction Guaranteed

White
Black
Navy
Cherry
Sky Blue
Sun Yellow

$38.50

Gifts Mailed Everywhere

Write: Tweeds and Weeds
Santa Barbara, California

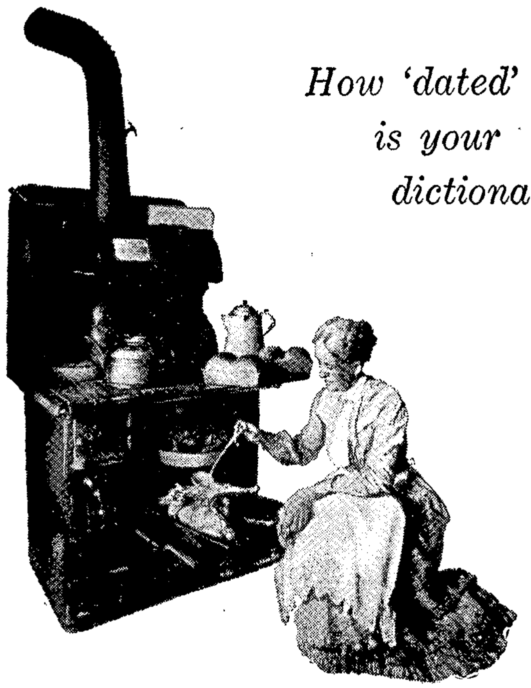
TWEEDS AND WEEDS
IMPORTERS

ed, from his own intensive research, a competent biography of Gregg and a list of all the major sources that Gregg seems to have consulted. The result is a work whose value and charm can hardly be exaggerated.

ANNIE OAKLEY OF THE WILD WEST, by Walter Havighurst (Macmillan). The biographer of Annie Oakley (née Annie Moses) is confronted with an embarrassment of riches in external trappings (Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, the crowned heads of Europe, Tony Pastor's Opera House, Sitting Bull, and Custer's Last Stand) and an almost total void in the center—that is, in the character and personality of his subject. Annie once shot a cigarette out of the mouth of the Crown Prince of Germany, but that and a multitude of similar feats are all that is known about her. Mr. Havighurst has tried to solve his problem by giving his imagination full rein in making up conversations and thoughts for Annie, but it doesn't work. The externals are glittering, though.

APACHE VENGEANCE, by Jess G. Hayes (University of New Mexico Press). A factual reconstruction of the unhappy life and uncertain end of Haskay-bay-nay-ntayl, the celebrated Apache Kid, who was transformed by Arizona frontier justice from a superb Army scout into a bloodstained renegade. One could wish that Mr. Hayes, the school superintendent of Gila County, Arizona, had told his lurid story less luridly, but since he has done an admirably diligent job of sifting the truth about the Kid's blazing career from the mass of hearsay and prejudice that surround it, we can thank him for adding another useful chapter to our record of the lost Wild West. Illustrated with attractive drawings by Horace T. Pierce.

THE WHITE GATE, by Mary Ellen Chase (Norton). Miss Chase has expanded a reminiscence of her child-



How 'dated' is your dictionary?

WEBSTER'S NEW WORLD DICTIONARY *of the American Language*, COLLEGE EDITION, is the newest, most up-to-date. Contains more of everything you want in a desk dictionary – more entries, pages, illustrations – yet costs no more. In cloth, $5; thumb-indexed, $6, at booksellers. THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY, Cleveland and New York, whose permanent staff of editors and lexicographers, with World's printing facilities directly at hand, keeps its dictionaries constantly up-to-date.

STEINBERG

The PASSPORT

350 drawings, two-thirds never printed before, 224 pages. $5.00
At all bookstores. HARPER

THE ONLY COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE "COUNTRIES OF THE SUN"

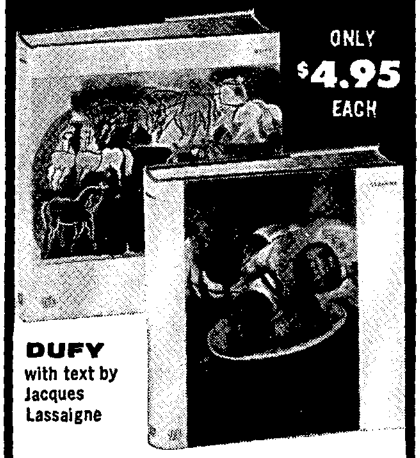
The STANDARD GUIDE to MEXICO and the CARIBBEAN
BY LAWRENCE AND SYLVIA MARTIN
NEW 1954-55 EDITION
AT ALL BOOKSTORES $4.95
FUNK & WAGNALLS 153 E. 24th St., N. Y.

NEW KIND OF HOLIDAY?

This winter, paint, weave, hammer on silver, block-print a skirt, create a pot—Or just enjoy Mexican sunshine, beauty, our new hotel! Free illustrated prospectus:

INSTITUTO ALLENDE
Box 60 San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico

TWO NEW SKIRA ART BOOKS
IN "THE TASTE OF OUR TIME" SERIES!
AT POPULAR PRICES



ONLY $4.95 EACH

DUFY with text by Jacques Lassaigne

CÉZANNE with text by Maurice Raynal

The unfathomable magic of a Cézanne canvas . . . Dufy's melodic interpretations of the visual beauties of the modern world . . . What artists could better represent the taste of our time? The finest works of these two masters are reproduced here, faithfully reflecting the beauty of the original paintings. Each volume is cloth bound with 59 full color plates.

SYMBOL OF FINE ART REPRODUCTION SKIRA ART BOOKS

At all bookstores.

SKIRA, Inc., Publishers
381 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

SERGE OBOLENSKY
presents the New
Embassy Club
OF THE AMBASSADOR
Theatre Dinner—$4.50. Dinner.
After Theatre Supper.
CHAUNCEY GRAY
and his orchestra
JANI SARKOZI
and his Royal Hungarian Orch.
Closed Mondays
Reservations
Henri • PLaza 5-1000
The Ambassador
PARK AVE. • 51st ST.

Your choice of today's foremost portrait painters
PORTRAITS, INC.
PORTRAIT CENTER OF AMERICA
136 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK
LOIS SHAW HELEN APPLETON READ

FOR A GREAT OCCASION
Krug
CHAMPAGNE
...from France
Sole U. S. Importers
Seggerman Slocum, Inc.
Long Island City, N. Y.

hood in Maine that appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal* into a short and quite lovely book. The tone is nostalgic, lyric, and generally joyous, but the warmth and color of the memories are combined with an earthy, and even harsh, reality. The story ends, as it should, with the twelve-year-old Mary Ellen getting a room of her own, with a key for the door. Decorations by Nora S. Unwin.

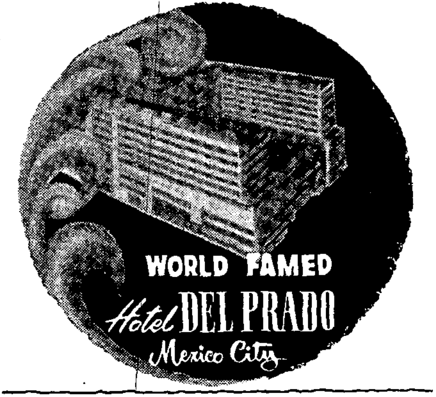
THE OLD SCHOOL TIE, by Arthur Tuckerman (Macmillan). A memoir dealing with an American youth's experiences, in the years just before the First World War, at Oxford, and on vacation tours of the Continent with his parents in an old Hotchkiss. The tone is pleasant and humorous, in a rather low-keyed fashion, and the schoolboy japes and preoccupation with sex seem authentically remembered, but the material is all sadly overfamiliar by now.

ART BUCHWALD'S PARIS, by Art Buchwald (Atlantic-Little, Brown). A selection of the author's columns in the Paris and New York editions of the *Herald Tribune*. Mr. Buchwald began writing movie reviews for the Paris edition a few years ago, and soon afterward, quite by accident, stumbled across his present line of work—interviewing celebrities and nonentities. He is a journalistic *flâneur* with an eye cocked for the unpredictable in human behavior, and his reports on his wanderings are often quite funny. This book includes interviews with Somerset Maugham, Mme. Jolie Gabor, Abe Burrows, and a dubious professor of psychology named Applebaum, along with essays on eating snails, taking dogs to restaurants, and the present state of jazz in the City of Light. There is also some valuable-sounding advice on where and what to eat on both banks of the Seine. Drawings by Ronald Julius Christensen.

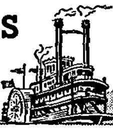
JUNGLE GREEN, by Arthur Campbell (Little, Brown). A partly fictionalized but mostly factual account of the guerrilla war in Malaya. The author, a major in the Suffolk Regiment, fought in the jungle and swamp country around Kuala Lumpur, the Malayan capital, and took part in the hunting down of a ruthless Communist leader, a Chinese named Liew Kim Bok, who had spread a kind of shadow terror over the Malayans in the area for some years. Apart from providing an exciting story, the author describes how young

Supreme OF CHICKEN UNDER GLASS
is just what the name implies: the finest parts of roast chicken . . . garnished with ham and a fabulous sauce of whipped cream and hollandaise . . . served in a setting of luxury. Perhaps you've heard about the wonderful violin music of Henri Gold. Phone CI 6-5800.
Café Louis XIV
15 West 49th Street
IN ROCKEFELLER CENTER
Operated by The Longchamps Company Est. 1864

New York's Oldest Steak House
Established Since 1868
Old Homestead
IN THE HEART OF THE MEAT MART
FOR PRIME STEAKS
SUNDAY DINNERS SERVED 1 P.M. TO 10 P.M.
PARKING
Member Diners Club
CHelsea 2-9040
56 NINTH AVE. • Bet. 14th-15th Sts., N.Y.C.



WORLD FAMED
Hotel DEL PRADO
Mexico City



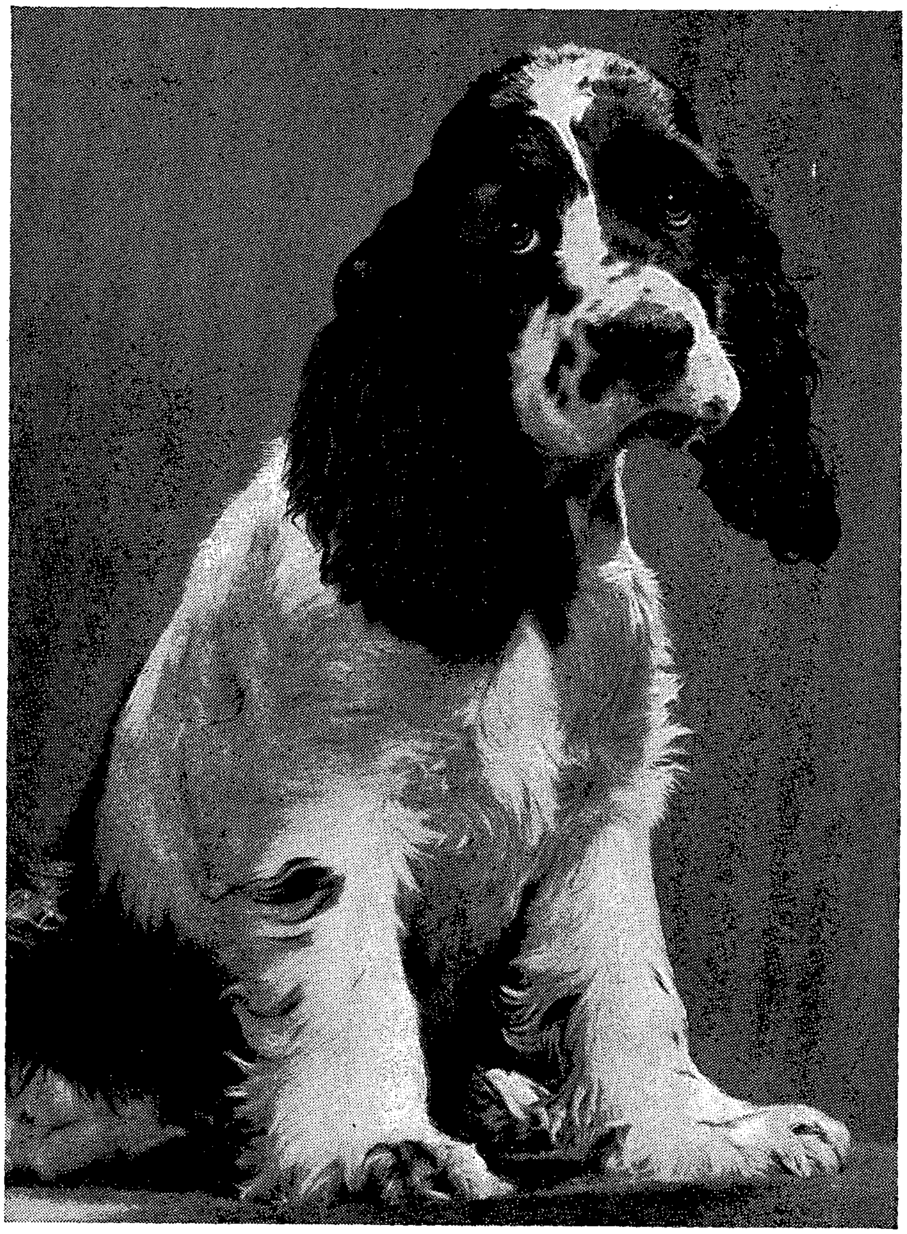
JAZZ IN TIMES SQUARE
CONRAD JANIS
Childs PARAMOUNT

British soldiers, mostly draftees, are trained for jungle warfare, and how the guerrillas—"the bandits," as they are called in Malaya—manage to fight without food or ammunition depots or any of the other refinements a modern army is supposed to require.

THE SACRED FOREST, by Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau (Knopf). Adventurous Frenchmen are turning up these days deep in the caverns, high in the mountains, far down in the ocean, and just about everywhere else. M. Gaisseau was among four such Frenchmen who turned up among the Toma people of French Guinea, where they underwent initiatory scarification in order to get films of the cult ceremonies. The story of the troubles and tribal conflicts surrounding this semi-initiation is moderately interesting, but it is so hoked up with melodrama about devilish rites and dread witchery that it finally becomes just a bore. Photographs.

I SURVIVED, told by Godfrey Lias (John Day). Mr. Lias was in Vienna in 1953 as a correspondent for the London *Times* when he met the young Austrian who told him this story. Erwin Germanovitch, the name Mr. Lias gives his narrator, was an Austrian lieutenant who was captured in Stalingrad in 1943 and for the next ten years was a Russian prisoner. His story is a remarkable one; it has a weird, upside-down quality, for here the rogue is the true hero and the society he operates in is the true rogue. Germanovitch cheated, lied, stole, black-marketeered, and scrounged from the moment he was captured, always with a clear conscience and with tongue in cheek. After one of several escapes, he actually joined the Red Army and rose to the rank of assistant commissar. He finally got away to Berlin, in 1945, but through bad luck he was recaptured and sent back to forced labor, from which he later escaped again. The book has its full share of horror and it has an authentic ring.

’AUL VALÉRY AND THE CIVILIZED MIND, by Norman Suckling (Oxford). The author, a lecturer in French at the University of Durham, in England, says he is "concerned with ideas rather than persons," which would seem to be the natural approach to Valéry, who labored all his life to be a bundle of ideas—the ironic M. Teste—rather than a person. One of Valéry's favorite meta-

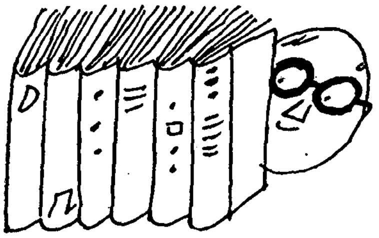


"If he'd only call her up . . ."

"I'm sad, too, when she's upset. If he'd only call her up everything would be all right. Just one little telephone call can save so much time and worry."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

editor at large



I have a friend who makes out two Christmas lists: one for the books he is giving and one for the books he hopes to get.

I suspect that he lavishes more care on his own list than on the other; but I'm sure that he takes his giving list very seriously, for he knows that the best gift of all is the right book for the right person.

He used to worry about choosing books for those about whose reading tastes he wasn't quite certain, people like his sister in Wisconsin, his dentist, his father-in-law, and his boss.

A few years ago, however, he hit upon the solution to his problem: anthologies. Not just any anthology, of course; he looks for one that is edited with taste and enthusiasm. He told me the other day that this year's search had been easy, that he was giving Bennett Cerf's brand new "Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor."

Cerf, of course, knows humor as well as anyone around ("His funnybone is his head," says my friend), and he has put into one big handsome book the best American humor of the last 50 years.

There's no room here to list the contents. It's simpler to say what is true: any American writer you think is funny is here. There are even many you may not think of primarily as writers of humor: John O'Hara, Cleveland Amory, Herb Caen, John Mason Brown, John Crosby and Shirley Jackson (Her story "Charles" is my choice for the best thing in the book).

One thing I know: anyone who can't find plenty to amuse him in this book deserves to be left in the gloom of his TV den.

L L Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Bennett Cerf's "Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor" ($3.95 for more than 700 pages) is published by Hanover House, a division of Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22, N. Y. Copies may be obtained from your favorite bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, all of which offer special services in wrapping and mailing books chosen as Christmas gifts.

(*Advertisement*)

phors was "The Fable of the Pigeons," in which a man watching another man watching pigeons protests to still another man who wants to watch *him* that it is carrying things too far to be a spectator in the third degree. Obviously, Valéry is no simple subject, and even the fraction of this book not in French is difficult to follow. It is made no easier by Mr. Suckling's penchant for inventing words like "ascholic." Some of his second-remove watching is quite rewarding, however, and the bibliography and general scholarly apparatus are excellent.

EUROPEAN THOUGHT IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, by Paul Hazard (Yale). This intellectual history of the period "from Montesquieu to Lessing" centers on the collapse of traditional values—the imitation of Christ giving way to the pursuit of happiness, and the Man of Reason succeeding the Man of Faith and in turn being succeeded by the Man of Feeling, who will take over in the next century. Dr. Hazard, professor of French history and literature at the Sorbonne, is prodigiously learned, and seems equally at home with the triumphs and limitations of such a major intellectual work as the great Encyclopedia and with such low comedy as Bishop Sherlock's trial of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John for perjury, in 1729. (The verdict was "Not Guilty.") A heavyweight book that also manages to be engaging; it has been translated into lively colloquial English by J. Lewis May.

•

"A Self Portrait," the color film on the life and work of Rembrandt, turned out by him in association with Auerbach Film Enterprises, has reached completion and is now ready for distribution.—*Film Daily.*

He'd be good working with color.

•

Warren Olliff and T. V. Johnson have recently joined Bunte Brothers, as sales representatives, according to F. A. Bunte, president. Mr. Olliff will cover northern Texas and Oklahoma and Mr. Johnson. —*Candy Industry.*

Who's going to check on Olliff?

•

ANSWERS TO EASY QUESTIONS

DEAR READER:

Are you one of those fortunate souls who pulls to the side to see what's going on when you come across the sign—Antiques?—*Opening paragraph of letter from a magazine.*

No.

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE ARE LEANING TOWARD

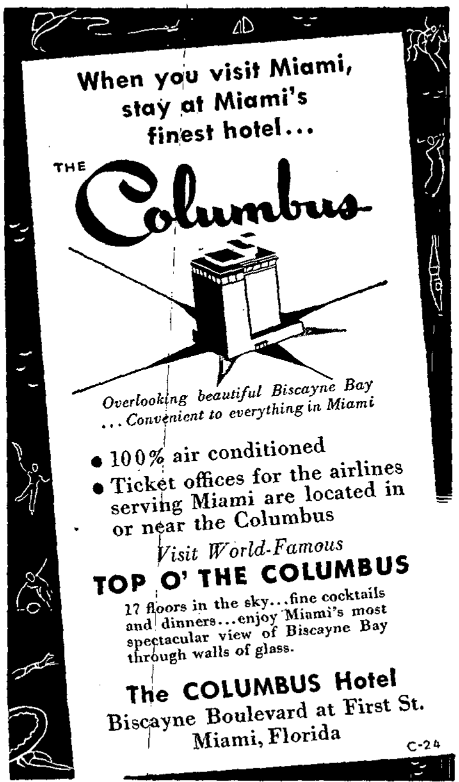
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

(IT'S FABULOUS)

Every room at least 14'x22' with **individual large screen console TV, air-conditioning,** butler's pantry, refrigerator and **bathroom extension phone.** All luxurious hotel services. Just around the corner from Grand Central, both Airline Terminals, most shops and theatres.

THE Tuscany

Bertram Weal, General Manager
39th Street, just East of Park Ave., New York 16
MUrray Hill 6-1600, Teletype NY 1-392
P. S.—*May we send you a brochure?*



When you visit Miami, stay at Miami's finest hotel...

THE Columbus

Overlooking beautiful Biscayne Bay ...Convenient to everything in Miami

- 100% air conditioned
- Ticket offices for the airlines serving Miami are located in or near the Columbus

Visit World-Famous
TOP O' THE COLUMBUS
17 floors in the sky...fine cocktails and dinners...enjoy Miami's most spectacular view of Biscayne Bay through walls of glass.

The COLUMBUS Hotel
Biscayne Boulevard at First St.
Miami, Florida

C-24

SCANDINAVIA & BRITAIN or the CONTINENT by private automobile with the Harts—8th summer. Relaxing—comfortable—leisurely—royal eating. See your TRAVEL AGENT or write Pete Hart at

CROW'S NEST TRIPS
Apt. B1, 7326 Germantown Ave., Phila. 19, Pa.

Hearts
BRIDGE
CANASTA
GIN RUMMY
POKER
OFFICIAL RULES

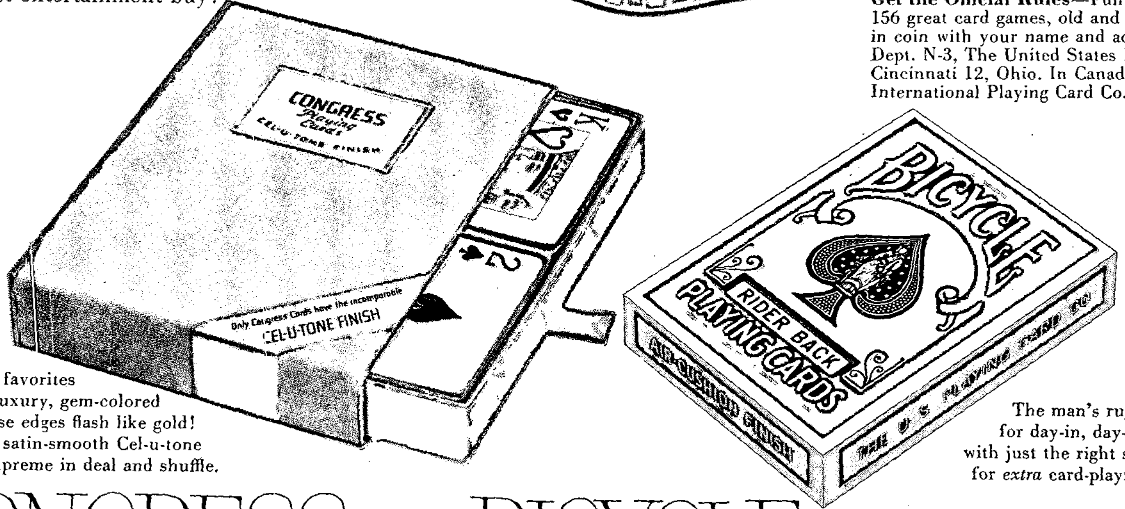
Get your
52 tickets to the

Fun Fair

...biggest entertainment
bargain in the world!

More than 100 different sporting events in one little box! Keenest because you're *in* the game. To leave the cares of the day behind, enjoy sociable competition with your family and friends. Pick up some new Congress or Bicycle packs this very evening . . . your best entertainment buy!

Get the Official Rules—Full instructions for 156 great card games, old and new. Send 15¢ in coin with your name and address to Dept. N-3, The United States Playing Card Co., Cincinnati 12, Ohio. In Canada, 25¢ in coin to International Playing Card Co., Windsor, Ont.


CONGRESS
Playing Cards
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
Only Congress Cards have the incomparable
CEL-U-TONE FINISH
BICYCLE
RIDER BACK
PLAYING CARDS
AIR-CUSHION FINISH
THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO.

e lady's favorites
these luxury, gem-colored
ks whose edges flash like gold!
lusive, satin-smooth Cel-u-tone
ish—supreme in deal and shuffle.

The man's rugged favorite
for day-in, day-out play . . .
with just the right snap and slip
for *extra* card-playing pleasure!

ONGRESS and BICYCLE Playing Cards

This Superb Canadian Whisky is available in the Beautiful Decanter at No Extra Cost

MacNAUGHTON'S
A PRODUCT OF CANADA

Precious to Give Precious to Receive

MacNAUGHTON'S CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY, A BLEND, 86.8 PROOF • SCHENLEY IMPORT CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.